THRU the WAR with OUR OUTFIT

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BEING A HISTORICAL NARRATIVE OF THE
107th AMMUNITION TRAIN

BY
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107th Ammunition Train

TO

"OUR MEN"

"I used to think that none were better than our men. Now I think that none were as good."—Judge James McCully, Ashland, Wis., former Lieutenant Colonel and Commanding Officer of the 107th Ammunition Train.—September 24, 1919.

FOREWORD

THIS book is of a historical nature, as far as names, dates and places are concerned, yet, its intent is not that of being authoritatively detailed as to official acts and actions. It is rather a series of more or less connected sidelights on an outfit which spent fifteen months in the American Expeditionary Forces and six months at the Front.

An ammunition train, such as was organized in the late war, was something new in the army. It is probably the least known and least accredited of any department of the service. Working under conditions and with equipment that ordinarily would discourage a regiment of saints the ammunition train did its duty. Perched high up on a truck loaded with a couple thousand pounds of high explosive material, with enemy shell breaking in such close proximity that a truck was frequently riddled with shrapnel, was but a part of the daily routine of the drivers and ammunition handlers of the Train.

This book is written primarily to those men who were members of the 107th Ammunition Train. It is hoped it will take them back over the old routes.

John L. Acker

Sturgeon Bay, Wisconsin.
February 10, 1920.

CONTENTS

PART I.

TRAINING IN TEXAS.

CHAPTER I.—Page 7

In Training at Camp MacArthur, Texas—Rumors of Reorganization of Division—Buddies Fear Separation—Texas Weather—The "Bust Up" Comes.

CHAPETR II.—Page 10

107th Ammunition Train Formed—Lieutenant Colonel James McCully in Command—Major M. D. Imhoff and Major Anton C. Martin Command Sections—Officers and Enlisted Personnel Assigned.

CHAPTER III.—Page 14

Truck Companies But No Trucks—Horsed Companies With Horses and More Work—Intensive Training—Camp MacArthur's Dump Commander—Sand Storms and Gumbo—Sanitation—Drill and Details.

CHAPTER IV.—Page 19

Civilian Waco—The Cotton Palace—Football—Waco Goes "Dry"—Bootleggers—John Barleycorn Shoots Up the Town—Like Texas Nights In the Movies.

CHAPTER V.—Page 23

More Gumbo and a Dry Spell—Weather Predictions—Thanksgiving—The Artillery Range—Texas a Big State—Theda Baras—Christmas a Lonesome Day.

CHAPTER VI.—Page 28

New Years and Signs of a Move—The Order To Move—Everything Packed—That Snow Storm—The Tie-Up—Entraining and Trip to Port of Embarkation—Camp Merritt.

CHAPTER VII.—Page 32

The Last Night In the U. S. A.—The Orduna—Halifax, and Nearer Home Than When We Left Texas—Scene of the Holocaust—The Convoy—Sea-sick Soldiers—Attitude of the Britishers—In the Danger Zone—Appearance of the "Watch Dogs"—In St. George's Channel—Liverpool—Winchester Hill.

PART II.

IN THE AMERICAN EXPEDITIONARY FORCES.

CHAPTER I.—Page 41

At Winnal Down Rest Camp—Tuscania Survivors—Winchester—England and Her Food Question—The Pretty Country and Villages—Soldiers' Letters and Mail.

CHAPTER II.—Page 45

Entraining For Southampton—Crossing the English Channel—Rest Camp No. 2 Camp Coetquidan a Real Camp—A Regular Home and the First One In a Long Time.

CHAPTER III.—Page 50

Our Division a Replacement Organization—Fear of Another "Bust Up"—Weather in "Sunny" France and Its Scenery—Market Day In Gnerande—Getting Fed Up—Camp Activities.

CHAPTER IV.—Page 55

Our Sick Soldiers and Artillery Ranch Camp—Beautiful Surroundings—Visits About Camp—A New Camp Commander—Graduating From the "Militia"—Learning How To Walk Post—Arabian Philosophy.

CHAPTER V.—Page 62

Changes In Personnel of Officers—Weather Similar To That of Texas—Our Al-

gerian Allies and Chinese Labor—Destined For Details—"Service of the Rear"—The Hospital Wards—St. Nazaire and Rennes—Memorial Day.

CHAPTER VI.—Page 71

A Trip Across France—Itinerary—"Many Dust"—Alsace—Billeted in Roppe—With the Cows and Pigs and Chickens—Ammunition Hauls—Night Work—Anti-Aircraft Bombardments—July 4, 1918—Baseball—Sunday in Alsace—The Flu—No Cooties But Plenty of Fleas.

CHAPTER VII.—Page 84

To the Chateau Thierry Sector—On a Real Front and Real Battles—Wonderful Work of Our Division—Burying Details—Hun On the Run—Americans Fight Different—Dangerous Souvenir Hunting—Gossoncourt Woods—Shelled and Bombed—Resting On Laurels—Quentin Roosevelt's Grave—The Const Artillery

CHAPTER VIII.—Page 98

Victorious Divisions—To Another Front—Town of the Glass House—Pierrefond's Woods—Juvigny—Wonderful Work of the Infantry—Boche Planes Get Observation Balloons—Boche Bombs Come Close—Relieved—In Civilization Again—Back To Rest—Joinville Area.

CHAPTER IX.—Page 113

On the Meuse Argonne Front—Start of the Offensive—Companies Working Night and Day—Bois de Brocourt—Rumors of Peace—Germans Evacuating—Roads Obliterated But Ammunition Must Go Forward—Verdun—Internal "Feuds"—Intellectual Barrages—Scenes Along the Old Hindenberg Line—One Night Stands—Shelled and Bombed From Pillar To Post—Epionville—Very—Overcoming the Impossible In Ammunition Hauls.

CHAPTER X.—Page 134

Those Last Few Days and Nights in Very—"Finis le Guerre"—Negro Pioneer In a Tree—Bois de Placy—When Do We Go Home?—Deloused Again—Metz and "Beaucoup" Souvenirs—Forgotten?—Cruel, Cruel War—Russian Poles of Bois de Nixeville—Bar le Duc Horse Meat—The Move At Last—The Gondrecourt Area and Still Plenty of Work.

PART III.

BEYOND THE RHINE IN GERMANY.

CHAPTER I.—Page 157

Additions and Changes In Personnel—The Trip Into Germany—The Beautiful Moselle—Heimbach—Surrounded by Comforts—Attitude of Germans—Real Service—German Cooking—German Consideration—Embarkation Orders No. 13—Going Home?—"Down the Rhine"—Fooled Again—A Trip Up the Rhine—The Kaiser's Castle—A Football Game.

CHAPTER II.—Page 170

Theatricals and Athletics—Motor Shows—Details To France—More Details—Swanson and Remich In A.E.F. Finals—Divisional Review—Co. A Men Decorated By General Pershing—Trip To Cologne—Fraternizing With the Bloomin' Britishers—Orders For Home Actually Received—Goodbye Deutschland—League of Nations Predicted a Bush League.

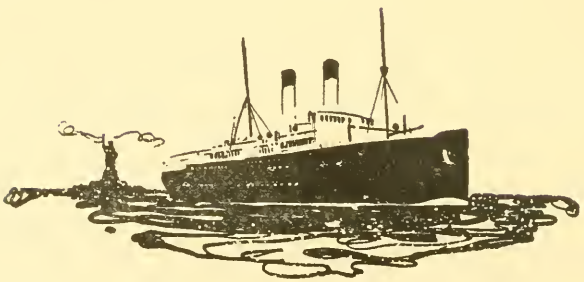
CHAPTER III.—Page 181

Homeward Bound—Sea-Sick Soldiers—A Fourth-Class Battleship—Dizzy Bunks—Incident of the Rolling Ship—Navy Suffers In Comparison With Army—Everything Going Out; Nothing Coming In—Details of the Trip Out of Germany and Life At Brest—The Hurry To Get Home—Over the "Hump"—Amusements Aboard Ship—New York Instead of Newport News—End of Voyage and Out of the Army.

Appendix—Page 191.

PART I.

TRAINING IN TEXAS.



CHAPTER I.

In Training at Camp MacArthur, Texas—Rumors of Reorganization of Division—Buddies Fear Separation—Texas Weather—The "Bust Up" Comes.

THOSE few weeks in the autumn of 1917 at Camp MacArthur, prévious to the actual reorganization of the Thirty-Second Division were trying times for the men who had come down from the North—from Wisconsin and Michigan—to be made into soldiers under plans then recognized as most approved and modern. Speculation was rife; everybody was down in the mouth; no oné knew where he was at when the first rumors of the reorganization started circulating. The home town companies, until then, were quite wéll satisfied with conditions as they were. Then came that fear of the companies being broken up and their members scattered to the four corners of the camp into every branch of the service from aviation to mule drivers

At the same timé the daily schedule was such that there was not a great deal of time in which to worry. The daily workout was a "pippin." Scarcely a fleeting moment got away. There was not a minute from éarliest morning until late at night which was not being used to make regular soldiers of us. What previously required a couple of years to perfect was to be condensed into a sixteen weeks' training period. First call for revéille was at 5:30 A.M. with 15 minutes setting up exercises immediately following. A little double-timing-it was usually included. There was an entire five minutes in which to make up cots, wash and clean up and fall in for mess at 6 o'clock. Aftér washing mess kits there was police and sick call and at 6:45 it was fall in for drill, which continued until 11:45. Afternoon drill call came at 12:55, with recall at 4 o'clock. From then until 5 o'clock was non-com school, with mess at 5 and retreat at 5:35. A fairly busy day. Nights were for study, French lessons and sleep with nothing to do until tomorrow. To the embryo soldiers it was a

case of cheer-up-the-worst-is-yét-to-come, with that dread of being separated at any time from the old home town bunch.

Between the drill schedule and the gumbo it was not exactly an ideal life. Besides thé old squads-east and squads-west, in which the men were becoming so proficient that they could execute the commands with their eyes closed and one hand tied behind thé back, there were rudimentary instructions in gas warfare, grenade and bomb throwing, trench digging, target practice, bayonet drill and various other new stuff of which thé officers were as destitute of knowledge as were the men.

But the climate of Texas was something about which to wonder and marvel. How Texas endured thru the ages was a question which no one could answér. It was difficult to conceive how there could possibly be anything left of Texas. Either the wind was blowing or else it rained in Texas. If one could choose one of the two—rain or wind—he would be up against it for a decision. It would simply be a choice betweén gumbo, which is a subject in itself, and dust, which is another subject.

Why Texas wasn't blown off the map was a mystery. Where the continual clouds of dust, sand and dirt came from was really mystifying, and it would seem that what was left of Texas after a wind storm would be lugged away on the féet after a rain storm.

Gumbo, to do it justice, is beyond description. It is native to the soil of Texas and resémbles nothing so much as a great sea of the stuff that makes Tanglefoot hard on flies. It is strong as well as sticky and does not stretch. A person's hobnailed No. 10's became the size of a ham after the first two or three steps and to traversé the width of the company stréet was hard work even for men whom four months of hard training had madé fit. With each step forward it was necessary to téar from the dry earth six inches below the surface a chunk of gumbo a foot in diameter.

Following the wet spell would come dry weather and dust and sand. Some weeks the wind would blow from evéry point of the compass, bringing temperatures ranging from 31 degrees above zero to 80 degrees in the shade, and there was no shade, but no mattér what the temperature or the direction of the wind the atmosphere was filled with sand. Eyes, ears, nose, mouth and hair all continually filled with dirt; sand even penetrated the clothing and it was one continual disagreeableness. Frequently drill was suspended due to sand storms which at times blew down tents. With some storms came

nearly-freezing temperatures; with others came the breath of the tropics. Variety in direction of wind was the spice of life in Texas. And with all the unpleasantness, underlying it all in the hearts of the men, was that dreadful feeling of impending fate—of being assigned to some outfit where you wouldn't know a soul and where you were positive you wouldn't like your officers.

Then the "break" came. October 15, 1917, the reorganization of the Thirty-Second Division took place and the 107th Ammunition Train was formed with Headquarters, a Motor Section and a Horsed Section. There were certain outfits in the old Second Brigade of the Wisconsin National Guard that were assigned to the new organization almost in their entirety.

After all those weeks of worry and fretting over a possible disruption that would rend the souls of pals, and separate brothers, after thoughts as sorrowful as the parting of Uncle Tom and Little Eva, these certain outfits simply moved from Section F of the camp to Section E. There was nothing to it. Why, it was absolutely painless. In fact, it was a move for the better. It was to be simply fine in the new outfit.

Instead of that everlasting "Squads Right" and "Squads Left" it was to be "Quads Right and "Quads Left," and there would be a nice new line of work for Caisson companies and the Wagon company. Everybody loves an automobile or a motor truck, especially after he has been in the army awhile, and everybody enjoys tinkering around a motor and talking about one. And who doesn't love horses? What is more romantic than an outfit of horses? Can you imagine a picture of the Civil War, for instance, without horses in the picture?

Anyway, it was to a whole lot better than going thru that never-ending "Right by Squads"—"Squads Right"—"Comp'nee-é-e, Halt," forever and ever, day in and day out. Why, it was even rumored there would not be any guard!

CHAPTER II.

107th Ammunition Train Formed—Lieutenant Colonel James McCully in Command—Major M. D. Imhoff and Major Anton C. Martin Command Sections—Officers and Enlisted Personnel Assigned.

IN THE organization of the 107th Ammunition Train the personnel was chosen with a view of obtaining the services of men who were experienced in the crafts necessary to a successful conduct of a branch of the service which had as its duties the transportation of ammunition from the railheads, or dumps, to the front—to battery positions and to the infantry—by motor trucks and by horse-drawn vehicles. Trucks drivers, motor mechanics, machinists, wagoners, saddlers, blacksmiths and many other specialists were required. The entire organization was selected from Wisconsin regiments—from the 4th, 5th and 6th Infantry.

PERSONNEL

The personnel of the various companies and detachments in the train, and the former organization, follows.

TRAIN HEADQUARTERS

Lieutenant Colonel James McCully, Ashland, 5th Wis. Inf., commanding.

Captain Fred E. Theilacker, Milwaukee, Co. K, 5th Wis. Inf., Train Adjutant.

Enlisted personnel of 9 men*, 5th Wis. Inf., 6 from Co. L, Wautoma; 2 from Supply Co., Port Washington; 1 from Hq. Co., Madison.

MOTOR SECTION HEADQUARTERS

Major Martin D. Imhoff, Milwaukee, 2nd Battalion, 5th Wis. Inf., commanding.

——(*) See appendix.

1st Lieutenant Jeromé H. Coe, New Richmond, Adjutant 2nd Battalion 5th Wis. Inf., Adjutant.

Enlisted personnel of 10 men*, 5th Wis. Inf.—5 from Co. L, Wautoma; 2 from Co. D, Hartford; 1 from Co. H, Chilton; 1 from Co. G, Berlin; 1 from Co. F, Sturgeon Bay.

COMPANY A

Captain Richard T. Hill, 1st Lieutenant Wilbur R. Winch, 2nd Lieutanant James P. Christofferson, all of Menasha and from Co. E, 4th Wis. Inf.

Enlisted personnel of 92 men*, 4th Wis. Inf.—86 from Co. E, Menasha; 6 from Co. F, Shawano.

COMPANY B

Captain Harold G. Rogers, 1st Lieutenant William J. Veling, 2nd Lieutenant Nicholas M. Schantz, all of Hartford and from Co. D, 5th Wis. Inf.

Enlisted personnel of 92 men*, 5th Wis. Inf., all from Co. D, Hartford.

COMPANY C

Captain George B. Jensen, 2nd Lieutenant George D. Nelson, both of Black River Falls and from Co. D, 4th Wis. A first lieutenant was not assigned to the company.

Enlisted personnel of 92 men*, 4th Wis. Inf.—85 from Co. D, Black River Falls; 1 from Co. A, Chippewa Falls; 3 from Co. C, Waupaca; 2 from Co. L, Waukesha; 1 from Supply Co.

COMPANY D

Captain William W. Wismer, 1st Lieutenant Robert W. Harness, both of Hayward and from Co. H, 6th Inf. No Second lieutenant was assigned to the company.

Enlisted personnel of 92 men*, 6th Wis. Inf—90 from Co. H, Hayward; 1 from Co. E, Spooner; 1 from Hq. Co.

HORSED SECTION HEADQUARTERS

Major Anton C. Martin, Neilsville, 2nd Battalion, 4th Wis. Inf., commanding.

Ist Lieutenant Robert L. Wiley, Chippewa Falls, Battalion Adjutant, 4th Wis. Inf., Adjutant.

Enlisted personnel of 19 men*, 4th Wis. Inf.—10 from Co. B, Stanley; 5 from Hq. Co., Chippewa Falls; 3 from Co. H, Crandon; 1 from Co. E, Menasha.

——(*) See appendix.

COMPANY E

Captain Harvey D. Weidman, 1st Lieutenant Scott A. Cairy, 2nd Lieutenant Earl Y. Sangster, all of Platteville and from Co. I, 4th Wis. Inf.

Enlisted personnel of 189 men*, 4th Wis. Inf.—135 from Co. I, Platteville; 33 from Co. L, Waukesha; 10 from Supply Co., Waterloo; 1 from Hq. Co., Chippewa Falls; 1 from Co. A, Chippewa Falls; 1 from Co. C, Waupaca; 1 from Co. E, Menasha; 2 from Co. F, Shawano; 1 from Co. M, Kenosha; 4 from Co. I, 6th Wis. Inf., Baraboo.

COMPANY F

Captain Joseph B. Zawodny, 1st Lieutenant Arthur D. Weiher, 2nd Lieutenant John W. Blechacz, all of Milwaukee, and from Co. C, 5th Wis. Inf.

Enlisted personnel of 189 men*, 5th Wis. Inf.—148 from Co C, Milwaukee; 41 from Co. I, Milwaukee.

COMPANY G

Captain John A. Bonin, 2nd Lieutenant Martin F. Blenski, of Milwaukee, the former from Co. C and the latter from Co. A, 5th Wis. Inf.

Enlisted personnel of 150 men*, 5th Wis. Inf.—95 from Co. B, Milwaukee; 55 from Co. A, Milwaukee.

Within a few weeks after the organization of the Ammunition Train there were several changes in the personnel of the officers.

2nd Lieut. N. M. Schantz was appointed Motor Section supply officer and transferred from Co. B to Hq. Motor Section.

Sergt. George Russell Co. C, was commissioned a second lieutenant and assigned to Co. C, 2nd Lieut. George Nelson having been promoted to first lieutenant.

Sergt. Earl W. Foizie, Co. D, was also commissioned a second lieutenant. He was assigned to Co. D to fill the vacancy. 1st Lieut. Robert Harness, Co. D, was on special duty at the Divisional Gas School.

1st Lieut. Clarence J. Wessely, formerly of Co. L (Rhinelander), 2nd Wis. Inf., was attached to the train as motor instructor.

Captain Edward Dayton, formerly of Co. M (Kenosha), 4th Wis. Inf., was attached to the Train as bayonet instructor and for a time was also supply officer.

Captain J. C. Hanley (Stanley), formerly of Co. B, 4th Wis. Inf.,

——(*) See appendix.

was assigned as Adjutant of the Horsed Section. 1st Lieutenant F. C. Fitzwater was assigned to Horsed headquarters as veterinarian.

2nd Lieutenant S. H. Matuszewski, of Milwaukee, was assigned to the Wagon Co.

The only other change in the officers was in November when Major Imhoff was sent on detached service to Kenosha, Wis., to the Nash Quad plant for instructions in the mechanism and operation of motor trucks. During his absence, which was about five weeks, the Motor Battalion was commanded by Major Robert Connor, Marshfield, formerly of the 3rd Battalion of the 4th Wis. Inf.

There was also organized a detachment of Enlisted Ordnance Personnel* which remained with the Motor Battalion thruout the war. Men were selected from the companies of the Train and others were transferred in to this detachment from regiments of the division. The duties of the organization were the care and repair of ordnance, motor equipment, caissons and the like. No officers were assigned to the detachment, which was put in charge of Supply Officer Lt. Schantz.

The Medical Detachment* was in charge of Major Robert H. Gray, of La Crosse, who had been in the 6th Wis. Inf. 1st Lieutenant Thomas E. Mackedon, Cedarburg, of the 5th Wis. Inf., and 1st Lieutenant Fredrick Vater, Milwaukee, of the Dental Corps, were also assigned to the detachment. Lieut. Mackedon was transferred out of the Train before it left the United States, and 1st Lieutenant Carter was assigned in his place.

——(*) See appendix.

CHAPTER III.

Truck Companies But No Trucks—Horsed Companies With Horses and More Work—Intensive Training—Camp MacArthur's Dump Commander—Sand Storms and Gumbo—Sanitation—Drill and Details.

IN the organization of the Train the companies of the Motor Section were called "First," "Second," "Third" and "Fourth" truck companies; the Horsed Section companies were "First Caisson," "Second Caisson" and "Wagon" companies. A short time later an order was issued by Division Headquarters changing the designations from numbers to letters and the "First Truck Company" became "Company A," with the other companies in their order changed to lettered designations alphabetically.

There was much speculation as to why the names of the companies were changed and the more pessimistic prospective chauffeurs claimed it was because "there ain't never going to be no trucks in the outfit."

There is no doubt but that at the time the "truck" part of the designation was a misnomer, like a certain railroad down South, as one of our replacements from Alabama later explained. This railroad, the Mobile, Jackson and Kansas City, operates from Mobile, Ala., to Jackson, Tenn., but is a long, long way from Kansas City. Our friend from Alabama said that the only reason the "and K. C." was tacked on the "M. J." was because the road was headed in the general direction of Kansas City. In reality the Motor Section had to travel a much longer distance than from Jackson to Kansas City to realize the "Truck" part of the name it bore for a short time.

While the men of the Motor Section complained because they did not have their motor equipment, the men of the Horsed Section complained because they did have their's. Taking care of all those horses and harness caissons and wagons was far from being an easy life,

and just because the Horsed Section had its equipment the fact did not let up on the drill to any noticeable extent. When the outfit was not drilling it was caring for the equipment.

No sooner had the men of the Motor Section became settled down in their new quarters in Section E than they began looking around for the trucks on which they would thereafter ride, while the poor old infantry outfits, from which we supposedly had graduated, tramped half over McLennan county each day.

The trucks did not materialize and the same old Squads East, Squads West continued without interruption and without variation or any let up. The only sign of motor equipment in the Motor Section was an automobile which Major Imhoff and Captain Coe acquired, a motorcycle which had been assigned for the use of headquarters, and a poor old dilapitated truck which Lieut. Wessely had somehow managed to pick up somewhere about the camp—maybe down at the dump—and which was loaned to the companies for driving practice a few hours each day.

Mention of "the dump" recalls the guardian of Camp Mac Arthur's dump, whom some of you may have encountered while searching for "lost" property which you might have surveyed and requisition new property in its place. This particular encounter took place while a search was being made for an old piece of junk which at one time had been an incinerator pan but having been burned out was thrown away when it should have been preserved and surveyed according to army regulations before being completely destroyed or consigned to the dump.

An old Civil War veteran presided over the dump. He was quaint and ragged and his shoes and leggins looked as tho he had been working around the stables. He wore an old broad-brimmed Texas Stetson, a G. A. R. coat with brass buttons, frayed sleeve cuffs and elbows sticking out, a pair of khaki breeches and an old pair of army shoes and leggins. He was 78 years old, his face hadn't seen a razor for half that number of years and he "chawed" tobacco as tho he loved it and didn't care who knew it, judging from the way he displayed the "juice" stains on his whiskers.

He simply oozed sour philosophy and opinions. He called the airplanes we were watching "casus belli," and he had to explain what that was before it was understood. He said he had helped fasten the anchor rope of Zeppelin's observation balloon in the Civil War and until Zeppelin's death the Kaiser had depended on the big dirg-

iblés to win the war. He said it was air machines that caused the war and they would end it, explaining that the Kaiser's confidence in the beginning was the result of his faith in Zeppelin. Oh, the old man knew it all. He said the trouble with this world was that it was being killed by improvements, like the Irishman's wife, and that every invention instead of being turned to help mankind was first adapted to killing men and its efficiency judged by its deadliness.

Gee! but the old man was sour. He sputtered away for an hour and come to find out the cause of his whole grouch was Waco. He didn't like Waco and he wouldn't move away, preferring to nurse his animosity where he could continually feed it and keep it alive He liked to sit around and talk to strangers, especially Northeners, and cuss things in general and Waco in particular. He was "run ragged" out of Waco forty years ago and he had been getting even ever since, mostly by cussing.

He was born in Waco and will die there, and with his boots on, he said. He was working on a Mississippi river boat that ran as far north as Dubuque when the Civil War broke out and he enlisted in the Northern army, happening to be on the northern end of one of the trips when Sumpter was fired on. Had the old packet been running on schedule time it would have been in Memphis that day and the presiding official of Camp MacArthur's dump would have fought in General Robert E. Lee's armies. When he joined the army he enlisted to fight, and he didn't care who, not being troubled with any slaves or slavery problems except his own daily grind which he classed as nigger work and the opportunity to fight was an excuse to "git shut of it."

After the war he served four "hitches" in the regular army and then in his brass buttons and blue army uniform he very foolishly thought the South had forgotten the war and he came marching back home to Waco. His reception was such that he hadn't forgotten it or forgiven it. He didn't mind the abuse or the fact that he was "run ragged out of town," or any of the names he was called, except "a damned Yank," and that is what he had been mad about all those forty years.

Intermittently dust and sand storms and gumbo were still with us. There would be an occasional reminder of winter and everybody was getting set. There were frequent rumors of a move to a port of embarkation but it was no longer believed that we would spend

"Christmas in France," the slogan which followed us from Camp Douglas.

Pyramidal tents had wooden floors and wooden sides and more than likely wooden doors nicely fitted in. There were electric lights, baths and conical shaped stoves which threw out a lot of heat. When it was not for fear that the tent would blow down sleeping was very comfortable. The winter issue included plenty of clothes and there were many sweaters, wristlets and woolen helmets knitted by the folks at home. Every indication was that preparation was being made for a period of training to be uninterrupted by cold weather.

Camp sanitation was strict and the health of the outfit very good. Comparatively there was but little illness. There were numerous cases in the hospital but measles was the principal trouble and considered more of an excuse for not drilling than anything else. The S. C. D. board was working and there were quite a few cases under observation for heart and lung trouble. The absence of throat disease was remarkable.

Six or seven soldiers were in the regimental infirmary one morning at sick call, all feverish and with flushed faces.

"Ah ha!" says 'Doc,' "been sleeping with your tent flaps up in all the cold air, I suppose."

"No sir, Lieutenant, we close up our tent tight every night," came back the protest to such an unfair accusation.

An order was issued that very day to the effect that tent flaps must be raised every night and there was an inspection after taps to see that the order was obeyed.

All the talk about the war being over "pretty soon" and that we would "never see France" was not believed for a minute by anyone in the outfit. Aside from the army of 25,000 men drilling on the parade grounds daily, there was another army of approximately 4,000 men engaged in construction work, building a cantonment at which to train others after our division was gone. All that labor, and drill, and expense had not been ordered by the War Department with the expectation that the war would "soon be over."

Our ammunition train was a popular branch of the service. Every man in the division who ever ran a flivver wanted a job driving a truck, or a car, and every man who was ever around horses wanted a transfer. The impression seemed to be abroad that it was "pretty soft" in the ammunition train, but anyone that found a soft berth in

the outfit could write his own pay check, because there was no such thing.

It was drill, drill, drill and then occasionally there were details more tiresome than drill. Of all the disagreeable details the one that hurt the most was when 200 men from the Train were sent over to old Section F for three days to prepare the camp for a big bunch of drafted men who were expected from Camp Custer. Not only did the detail have to put up tents, build floors and walls, put in tables and benches for the expected "tourists," but they were compelled to put up cots and fill straw ticks. It was the unkindest cut of all.

CHAPTER IV.

Civilian Waco—The Cotton Palace—Football—Waco Goes "Dry"—Bootleggers—John Barleycorn Shoots Up the Town—Like Texas Nights In the Movies.

WACO had already started flirting with National Army men. We made her what she was and she was showing her fickleness even before we were gone. National Army successors to the 32nd Division were expected 34,000 strong and in addition to them 16,000 soldiers from the Signal Corps and Aviation were expected, making Waco's army camp twice the size, and in anticipation of all that Waco was planning on being a city of 100,000 inhabitants.

That Texas town was slated for a growth more phenominal than in the boom days of its pioneer period. It was planning on extending its street car system, enlarging its telephone plant and other municipal utilities, and was taking its war prosperity with the philosophical assurance that "civilian Waco is working for the government of the United States"—but not at $30 a month.

Taps were at 11 o'clock those days and there were frequent opportunities to visit Waco, which was about four miles from Section E. Service automobiles charged 25 cents one way and there were hundreds of cars getting the two-bit pieces. Street cars were always jammed.

Waco is a nice clean town and is pretty with its wide streets and many shade trees, a great contrast to the army camp which was as barren of foliage as Lake Michigan and as devoid of scenery as the Sahara desert. Citizens of the city tried to be pleasant and often spoke a few kind words while making the change, which was a very simple operation because the soldier usually didn't get anything back. The congestion was too great for pleasantries, even for service.

Oftentimes a soldier would not wait for the evening mess at camp but would hustle down town with visions of a nice big steak served with regular silverware and table linen, and with a great ap-

petite and all the pleasures of anticipation. For two solid hours he would probably roam the streets fighting his way from one eating house to another trying to find a waiter that would take his order, and would finally land at some lunch stand where, instead of a steak, he would get a thin ham sandwich and a bottle of near-beer.

But, the ordinary crowd of soldiers about the town was not a circumstance to the time of the Cotton Palace when in two weeks more than 500,000 people visited the affair. The Cotton Palace opened November 3. In the Southwest the Waco Cotton Palace is the event of the year and is almost as celebrated as the New Orleans Mardi Gras. It is very similar to a state fair in the north.

Citizens of Waco are even more proud of their Cotton Palace than of the Amicable Building, their skyscraper, which is 22 stories high and heralded as the tallest building in the Southwest. It stands like a huge monument over the town, making playhouses of the stores and hotels in the business district, but as a monument the comparison was then no longer apt. The soldiers resurrected Waco.

Soldiers made the 1917 Cotton Palace the greatest in its history, being the added attraction. They staged the big event of the program and were right in the calcum all the time. The big Texan show was opened by General Haan following a parade of 10,000 soldiers, and soldiers "went over the top," built bridges in less than no time, went thru drills and exhibitions and because they didn't have to pay to get in the grounds worked harder than kids carrying water to the circus elephants.

The Cotton Palace was a big county fair featured with cotton bales but the usual pumpkins and squashes were in evidence wearing the usual red, white and blue ribbons. They offered a prize to the farmer who brought the largest load of cotton the longest distance.

There was every conceivable way to get the dime. There was Bosco, who eats 'em alive, and his fair sparring partner, ex-queen of an island somewhere in the Pacific, who charms 'em and wraps 'em around her neck. There was the living skeleton; the fat girl, 14 years old weighing several hundred pounds and corn fed in Texas; the human dope fiend; the man with the loose skin, who pulls his chin up over his head like a gas mask; the fire-eater, who inhales gasoline fumes; the human pin-cushion, whom the medics out at camp would have hated because the needle would never bother him in typhoid shots; the baby lions and other animal shows and all the other

"specialists" who were on the Midway at the old Chicago World's fair.

Instead of the "Midway," or "Pike," it was the "War Path" at the Cotton Palace, and crowding thru the thousands and thousands of visitors to see the Diving Girls, the Panama Canal, the racing hipprodome motorcyclists, the Honolulu Sextette, or the Hawiian Octette; or to ride on the Ferris Wheel, the Figure Eight, or Loop-the-Loop, it was simple to understand why it had been named the War Path.

The grand finale of the Cotton Palace consisted of music by a band of 500 pieces, a combination of all the military bands at Camp MacArthur, and while it would not be exactly correct to say that the music was beautiful, there certainly was a lot of it. Then, too, as an aftermath, the greatest football game was played. The stars of Wisconsin and Michigan played the Second Texas, who the previous year held the championship of the South. They hailed from Camp Bowie, Forth Worth. Camp MacArthur shut out the native Texans, 21 to 0, in a most spectacular game in which the rivalry was at fever heat, and thereby gained the championship of the South. The game certainly was a hot one. It was a regular North and South affair, and how the North and South do fight when they mix, as will be remembered by some of the older inhabitants. It was almost with pity that the Kaiser was recalled and that there really was a war on over in Europe; a sort of shame to take the money feeling when picturing the North and South on the same side fighting a common enemy.

Waco was voted "dry" that fall at a special election. "Bootlegging" to the soldiers was one of the reasons for the victory of the dry forces. "For ways that are dark" the soldier has the Chinaman beat a mile when it comes to circumventing the law, but sometimes he got caught. Moreoften, however, it was the bootlegger and Waco's hurryup wagons used up a lot of tires that fall. The town went dry December 1 and the night of November 31 was a large time. Old John Barleycorn shot up the town before leaving, and left a trail of blood. While he was not entirely responsible for everything that happened he got credit for it, anyway.

W. D. Thayer was fatally shot while in Death Alley; an unidentified white man was found dead back of a hotel; Alfred Rollins, a negro, was shot thru the right shoulder; a soldier was badly hurt in a motorcycle collision; man named Bates was cut up with a knife; two motorcycle cops were in a collision and both injured severely, much to the joy of service car drivers; five bootleggers were arrested

with whiskey in their possession; twenty drunks were on the police blotter the next morning and there were numerous cases of fighting and disturbing the peace. It certainly was a great night—just like a Texas night in the movies.

While the occasion was exceptional, the average casualty list there from shooting scraps was prétty high. Every day or two there was a "stick" or so in the morning paper relating the sad demise of some worthy Texan, white or colored. To get shot and get a real mention in the local press one must first be a prominent citizén. They gave Mrs. DeSullers, of Mineola, N.Y., a lot of front page for the murder of a mere divorced husband, and carried it day after day during the trial, but when a Waco business man shot and killéd his wife and then put a bullet into his own body, the best he got was a couple of "sticks" on page three and for one issue only.

CHAPTER V.

More Gumbo and a Dry Spell—Weather Predictions—Thanksgiving—The Artillery Range—Texas a Big State—Theda Baras—Christmas a Lonesome Day.

GRADUALLY the crowds that filled Waco's streets became thinned. Amusément places in the city became more numerous and new restaurants and theaters were being opened up, and conditions were becoming adjusted by more amusement places and by fewer soldiers going to town nights. The drill schedule was becoming even more stiff. Both the days and nights were occupied. There was practice at the rifle range and to 90 percent of the men this was entirely new stuff as at least that percentage had never fired a service rifle before. At that the results were surprising. The number of hits and high scores proved the efficiency of the aiming and sighting drills in which the men were practiced for weeks before ever firing a shot.

Following a long period of gumbo there was a continued dry spell. Texas weather continued to be a source of much speculation. There was no way of determining what was coming next and nobody ever attempted to predict Texas weather. Signs in the sky do not mean a thing there. A sailor in Texas would be in a duece of a fix. A ring around the moon or sun-dogs might mean "fair and warmer" and a rainbow might be "probable showers." It was a common remark that anyone who attempted to predict Texas weather was either a darned fool or a newcomer, and we had been there too long to be termed newcomers.

There was one sign, tho, that ought to work any place and it pointed to a long, cold winter. Co. D had a black bear for a mascot and he started digging himself in. He kept digging and digging, deeper and deeper. His continual digging might not have meant anything, because he didn't have anything else to do but dig, but the men in Co. D claimed the bear knew his business.

Some days about every article of clothing issued us was on our backs and the next day we were longing for B.V.D's. For a surprisingly lengthy period there was not any rain and the drill grounds were in perfect shape—smooth, with a hard crust. But while the soldiers were very well satisfied with the condition of the soil the Texas farmers were not. In Texas the principal crops are cotton, corn, wheat and oats, and at that season of the year the degrée of moisture in the soil does not affect to any great extent the cotton or corn crop because those grains are not planted until February or March, and are the principal crops of the state, but the cattle man was not so fortunate. He is located principally in western Texas and depends on fall planted oats and grass seeds for his grazing ground. His fall planting should be finished in November but that year he had not yet started. Conditions for wheat were the same. There was no chance to do any plowing as the soil was as hard as rock. The cattle man, it was claimed, was facing a crisis and thousands of Texas steers were in a worse fix.

Then Thanksgiving day came around. "A soldier in every home for Thanksgiving" was the Waco idea, but Waco was not large enough to take care of the entire Camp MacArthur crowd. The men who were not so fortunate as to get an invitation to dinner in the city nevertheless had turkey on Turkey Day. The Quartermaster was really liberal and besides nearly everybody got a package from home. Thanksgiving was certainly observed with respect and ceremony, especially during the noon hour. There were plenty of turkeys and the fixin's were just like at home. Mess funds got an awful wallop that day. Tables were covered with everything that the Waco market could produce and all served to music, the band playing during the noon hour.

Not a soldier was sick as a result of that feed and the camp commander attributed that fact to the army physical training system. It was evidently a test to find out just how much the soldier could stand. Just to prove how well the men came thru the ordeal a two-hour hike was ordered the next morning and in the afternoon the entire division passed in review before its commanding general, heads erect, shoulders squared, eyes to the front, stomachs distended.

With Thanksgiving came rain, giving the Texas cattle man something to be thankful for and the soldier something more to cuss about. A three-day rain made the gumbo something awful. Drill was suspended an entire week, but then there were details. The

batteries were practicing out at the artillery range and our outfit had details both at the rifle range and with the artillery.

Compared to the land at Camp MacArthur the artillery range was a paradise. There were hills and valleys, a river with water in it, and green trees in contrast to the miles and miles of flat, brown land covered with brown and withered cotton stalks, broken here and there by the brown, dry stream beds of dried up creeks. The range was about twenty-five miles from camp, four miles on the other side of China Springs, if you remember where that was. If you do not remember China Springs you haven't forgotten anything. It was the "sorriest" looking near-village imaginable with its dilapidated shacks and is, undoubtedly, the smallest place which bears a name. On one of the buildings was the sign, "City Blacksmith Shop," and on the OTHER building, "Big Sue Will Gin Your Cotton." Four miles farther than that was the artillery range, stretching twelve miles square and the prettiest country in that part of Texas.

Sundays were just like any other day in the week, and this was really bad news as up to that time Sunday had been considered a day of partial rest. It finally dawned that there are no Sundays in a regular army like we were becoming. While the seventh day is generally looked upon as a day of rest, exceptions to the generally accepted custom being certain religious denominations and the U. S. army which religiously refuses to observe any civilian custom, the seventh day was the seventh day and nothing less. Six days there was labor and on the seventh there was more labor, only the seventh day was like the seventh wave, usually larger than the rest.

Every few days General Freezeup was in command for a short time and then would come those drizzling rains more penetrating than below zero weather in the north. There were some awful things said about Texas those days, especially if it happened to be a Sunday that things were not breaking right. That story about Mexico being forced to take back Texas after the United States licked Germany was very popular those days.

Sometimes the imprecations heaped upon Texas were heard by a native and then followed a lecture on the wonders of the state. One evening down town one of the citizens, who, with a crowd of soldiers, was standing in a drug store waiting for a cloudburst to play itself out, took it upon himself to set Texas straight in the eyes of the northerners.

Among other things he stated that if Texas was tipped over, the boundary line at Texarkana remaining in place and acting as a hinge, that part of Téxas down at Brownsville would splash the water in Lake Michigan all over Wisconsin. That sort of shut up the crowd and put a silencer on the conversation for a few minutes, but not for long.

Texas is sure a big state and therefore has room for all kinds and conditions. As Governor Philipp, of Wisconsin, said in his talk at Camp MacArthur the time of his visit, "If, in the shifting results of this great world war we can remain shoulder to shoulder and save Texas out of the wreck of empires and the ruin and overthrow of nations, we shall not want for a place to grow and expand, as Texas will be big enough for all of us," and, he should have added, that the growth and expansion wouldn't hurt Texas.

To add to the general feeling about Texas, the women of the state, or some women's society of the state, passed a rather slurring resolution, at least it was so considered by the soldiers at the time. First, they protested against the use of tobacco by soldiers and adopted a resolution to that effect. Next they added Resolution No. 2 to the effect that Texas girls should not marry soldiers. Of their latter protestation there was nothing to say; of their former meddlesome, foolish notion, there is nothing to say either, because if a person tried to put in print all the things that were said about those ladies this book would never get thru the mails.

On the marrying proposition the camp commander took that matter in hand and it was not for the purpose of shielding and protecting the girls, either, but in order to give the poor soldier a square deal. An order came out prohibiting the men from marrying without the consent of their regimental commander.

This order followed the report that near-Theda Baras were mobilizing in Waco with the intention of marrying soldiers to gain war risk insurance benefits. These women had been going from one camp in the South to another marrying under different names. For each husband they received an allotment of $15 a month during his service, also $15 a month from the government, and if friend husband died the bereaved widow would receive $57.50 a month for 240 months, which is quite a long time. It wasn't a half-bad proposition for the would-be better-half, in fact she would be better than better-half by $15 a month during her dear husband's lifetime and she would be all to the good when he went over the top of the last

trench to thé Great Beyond. Two or three such risks and she should worry.

Santa Claus' sleigh bells were becoming audible in the distance and it was believed he was bringing a great load to Camp MacArthur. The mail already was becoming too great for the facilities of thé Waco postoffice and the camp was called upon for help. The ammunition train was receiving more mail than any other outfit in the division. Christmas was to have a great significance to the men. They knew the approaching New Year would bring to them the experiences of their lives. It was to be the last Christmas on home soil for some of them.

S. C. D.'s were coming thick and fast. The final cleaning up process was in full swing and nobody but the physically fit weré to go to France. There were quite a number of discharges thé result of heart and lung trouble. Men apparently in the best of health were being let out and all because of an attack of pléurisy maybe years before, which had left scars on their lungs. The least suspicion of weak lungs was considered reason for discharge, and the strength of the companies was decreasing as a result, altho a few replacements were being received.

Then came Christmas, and a sort of a lonesome Christmas it was. There were plenty of packages from home, and everybody had been remembered; the Quartermaster again was real liberal; the drill schedule was lightened considerably for the holidays and the weather was quite decent, but a sadness prevaded each tent and there was little jollification or any great noise about the camp. It was a day spent as near to homésickness as any during the entire length of service.

CHAPTER VI.

New Years and Signs of a Move—The Order To Move—Everything Packed—That Snow Storm —The Tie-Up—Entraining and Trip to Port of Embarkation—Camp Merritt.

THEN came the New Year. After getting us in the army and promising us all kinds of excitement, with Christmas dinner in France, Nineteen-Sevénteen pulled out and left us flat on our backs down there in Texas. Nineteen-Seventeen loaded us for bear with more war equipment than wé could carry; had us double-timing it, expecting to "see the whites of their eyes" almost any time; had us right on our toes in expectancy of some sort of action right up to the last minute, and thén left us—left us marking time—all dolled up and afraid the show would be over before we got there

We had acquired the name of the Jawbone Division and then we becamé known as the Red Circle Division. Our baggage was all marked up nicely with red discs six-inches in diameter encircling the figure 32, making a very nice and distinctive insigna with red, white and blue colors. Our Train boxes and trunks were marked with gréen corners readily distinguishing them. A move was certainly in the air. We were going soon beyond a question of a doubt and the hours seemed days and the days seemed weeks the suspense was so great. Wé had been at Camp MacArthur more than three months and that is too long in any one place for a soldier to remain satisfied. To keep an army in good humor the War Department ought to move it at least once a month and now that the government had control of the railroads we figured it ought not cost much to mové troops and we should be given a change of environment.

Finally it came. On January 9, 1918, was issued the General Order which was to send us to a port of embarkation. The 107th Engineer Train was thé first on the schedule to leave, the 107th Field Signal Battalion was next, then came the 107th Supply Train and then the 107th Ammunition Train in the fourth and fifth railroad trains,

the Motor Section to leave first with the Horsed Section immediately following.

There was excitement and hustle and bustle about Section E. Final trips to town were made for some articles which had been overlooked in the final process of stocking up with the things we would need "over there"; and letters home. Freight, baggage and other property of the organization was being boxed up properly; tents cleaned up and everything about camp policed like Spotless Town. The Engineers had already pulled out in tourist Pullmans and the Signal Battalion went next. Then we said Good-bye to the Supply Train, and we were to be next. Our coaches were to pull in on the old Remount Station siding at any time. Our entire equipment except our blanket rolls was loaded in box cars which already had been spotted. Whoops! We were going at last!

Then, down from the Panhandle, came a Texas norther that would make a Wisconsin March blizzard look like a gentle snow flurry. It was the worst snow storm Waco had experienced since 1867 or some such date. The temperature dropped to below freezing, and it was, O, so cold! Waco froze up. Camp Mac froze up. The street car service and the service cars froze up, as did our train of Pullmans. When we awoke the morning of January 11 we were covered with snow as we lay between our blankets in our tents. Fortunately the tents had not been taken down when we were packing to leave. Snow banks were so deep that all transportation was impossible, and for all we knew our boat was laying at the dock somewhere around New York waiting for us. It was probably the most bitter disappointment of our experience. Field ranges and cooking utensils were all loaded in the cars as was our food. We had gone to bed in bare tents the night before with the expectation of having breakfast aboard the train.

It was experience and adventure we started looking for when we joined the army and we were getting it in doses that almost made us yell, "Enough!" It was 10 o'clock Thursday night when the storm broke and it raged the whole night long. Snow came into the tents as tho they were made of mosquito bar. It came so thick and fine it penetrated every crack. Friday morning it turned very cold, just a few degrees above zero, and with but little of anything to eat Valley Forge, the Spirit of '76 and old Geo Washington had but little on us.

With the street car service tied up and jitneys lined up the entire length of the four miles to the city all stuck in snow banks, there

was small chance of getting to Waco to warm up and get something to eat. And then, almost hourly, there were rumors that our train was being thawed out and was likely to pull in at any time. Finally we heard the plumbing had frozen up on all the cars and that the bursted pipes were being repaired. Friday night was very, very cold, and the blankets very, very thin. Some way the night passed. Saturday morning dawned somewhat warmer and by 10 o'clock the camp was a sea of slush. Somehow the day passed. We received definite information that our train would be ready some time during the night and as it was only a question of hours we were cheered by the news. Midnight came and no train; 1 o'clock, 2 o'clock, and still no train; 3 o'clock and still awake and sleepless. A few minutes later and that old train came snorting into Section E, and never was a train boarded more eagerly. At 4 o'clock the morning of January 13 we left Camp MacArthur; left it for good—Good.

We tumbled into the berths and went to sleep—such a relief after those two awful days. Five hours later when we awakened we were still in Waco, but on the outskirts of the town. It was a slow train. That night about 7 o'clock we reached Houston, Texas, and for nearly two hours marched about the city. It was nice and warm; the air was balmy; it seemed ages since we left Camp MacArthur, as tho we were in another clime. The trip was enjoyable; meals were good; berths were fine.

At 5 o'clock that same day the Horsed Section pulled out of Waco and we all traveled the same route.

Traveling over the N. O. and T. P. Ry., we reached the Mississippi River the next morning and lay opposite Baton Rouge for several hours. There was a heavy wind, making the river quite rough and the ferry had difficulty in loading and unloading the coaches. Late in the afternoon we were in the city of Baton Rouge, nearly an hour and had an opportunity to visit the town whose citizens were most kindly and liberal. It was midnight when New Orleans was reached and the fact that it was so late was quite a disappointment. Tuesday morning we were off the train at Hattiesburg, Miss., limbering up by a march about the town for an hour. The officers were quite grouchy as their negro porter had missed the train and been left at New Orleans. Travelling east from Meridan, Mass., we went thru Birmingham, Ala., that night and Wednesday morning our locomotive puffed and snorted and jerked the train along thru the hills that were almost mountains at the Alabama and Georgia boundary.

From the nice warm weather of Louisiana and Mississippi we were traveling into a colder climate. There was ice in the fields.

No reveille, no taps, we did not care if the train was running behind its schedule. It was raining and disagreeable when we reached Atlanta, Ga., and our stop was at the outskirts of the city where one man from one of the companies was taken to a hospital with symptoms of scarlet fever. We had also lost one man at Houston where he was transferred to the army hospital suffering from measles.

We traveled thru the Carolinas and Virginia, marched about the city of Washington, and left another man at John Hopkins hospital, Baltimore. Lieut. Winch of Co. A was also left at a hospital in the East, having been ill even before the outfit left Camp MacArthur. At Philadelphia ladies of the Red Cross had a nice warm lunch for us. Finally, on the morning of January 19, we arrived among the snowbanks of Camp Merritt, having been on the road 6 days and 6 nights.

Camp Merritt was then a cantonement suitable for cold weather, but congested, and located fifteen miles north of Hoboken. We came in over the Erie. There was no room for drill expect on roads which were busy with traffic. It was very cold with several inches of snow. The health conditions at the time were not very good, there being numerous cases of milder contagion, pneumonia and some throat diseases. Company C was quarantined with measles and it was certain there would not be any great rush in getting the outfit aboard ship. Just before we left Waco Captain Jensen was relieved of the command of Company C and placed on special duty with Divisional Headquarters while Captain Dayton assumed command of the company. From the time Company C was quarantined until our organization was aboard ship there was a steady job for the company clerks in making out their morning reports and other paper work incident to the many changes caused by men going to the hospital and coming back men being quarantined or being isolated. There were opportunities to visit New York City and other nearby cities, but with meatless, heatless, lightless, theaterless days and nights New York wasn't the place we had heard so much about. Merritt Hall was just being opened and dedication ceremonies were held while we were there. Theodore Roosevelt addressed the soldiers one day in the large "Y" building. There was little amusement in the camp. The barracks were well lighted, well heated and well ventilated, but the mess was nothing to brag about, except the bread, which was very good and often referred to in later days.

CHAPTER VII.

The Last Night in the U. S. A.—The Orduna—Halifax, and Nearer Home Than When We Left Texas—Scene of the Holocaust—The Convoy—Sea-sick Soldiers—Attitude of the Britishers—In the Danger Zone—Appearance of the "Watch Dogs"—In St. George's Channel—Liverpool—Winchester Hill.

THE last night in Camp Merritt was a busy one. Right on the eve of departure, when the final returns were being prepared, came an order from the camp headquarters taking men from each of the companies and quarantining, or isolating, them because of exposure to measles. The order upset everything in our part of the camp. Not only must all passenger lists be revised but field returns must be changed, and as it was the last day of the month a midnight return was also necessary. It was a busy time and final returns were not received from the companies until long after midnight.

At 2:30 o'clock the morning of February 1, everybody was awakened. There was breakfast and we left camp at 4:30. It was pitch black and the only sound was the crunch of heels on the hard, snow-packed roadway in the crisp, biting cold of early morning. Commands were given in low tones. Somebody whispered, "We're sneaking up on 'em," and so it seemed. Everything was mysterious those days. The march was to Cresskill where we entrained for Hoboken, N. J. Crossing on a ferry to the Cunard Line Pier No. 54, New York, we embarked on the British S. S. Orduna, a Pacific Steam Navigation Company passenger ship under charter to the Cunard Line.

In a surprisingly short time after we were aboard the Orduna cleared. Out the river, past the Statue of Liberty, off Sandy Hook and we were on our way, bound for foreign shores, providing we encount-

ered no submarines and were sent to land which was only five miles away, but straight down.

Aboard the Orduna were 27 officers and 658 men of our Ammunition Train, 33 casual officers, 6 army field clerks, 50 civilian passengers and 112 nurses, 12 of the latter for duty with the British and the remainder for the A. E. F. Colonel McCully, our commanding officer, was in charge of all troops aboard.

The Orduna, a very substantial boat and seaworthy, formerly sailed in warmer waters and was not fitted up for extreme cold weather, so we did not suffer any from the heat. First and second class accommodations were very good but the quarters for the men were far from being desirable. We learned we were bound for Halifax, Nova Scotia. The first night immediately it became dark all windows were closed and not a ray of light was allowed to escape to the outside of the ship. Papers were attached to the windows and the blinds drawn back of the curtains. There was piano music and singing, and early to bed to make up for the sleep missed the night before.

The remainder of our voyage across the Atlantic thru a sea then believed to be literally alive with submarines is best told in the following extracts from a diary kept of the trip:

February 2.—Very pleasant and not so cold. An English civilian aboard who has been all over the States and knows Waco. He resents the attitude of America and deplores the fact that the United States does not realize the seriousness of the situation. He lost 12 members of his family and says the United States will wake up when the casualties begin to hit the communities, and he looked at us as tho he considered us prospective casualties. Aboard is also Patsy O'Brien, sapper in the Royal Engineers and one of England's "Old Contemptibles," who has been over the top seven times and is going back to fight some more after two months visit at his home in the Bronx, New York. Only two guns visible on our ship and both three-inch ones. Going to meet convoy at Halifax.

February 3.—In Halifax at 10 A.M. and up to the city at noon. Past the scene of the holocaust and terrible devastation. Assignment to life boats. Halifax, and nearer Wisconsin than when we started on our trip from Texas three weeks before, which seems very strange after all the distance we have travelled. The snow-covered shore line. Harbor full of ships camouflaged in all the colors of the rainbow and awaiting other ships of our convoy. The hospital ship ashore—went on in October 1917. We lay in the basin above the city.

February 4.—Lay in Halifax harbor all day long awaiting convoy which is to be one of the largest that has left in several months and reported to be 13 or 14 ships. Weather warmer but no sun. Snow during the night. Had first life boat drill.

February 5.—Signs of moving—mail ashore at 9 A.M. Up anchor at 1 P.M. From the inland harbor past the city and the wreckage. Hillsides pitted with cellars and foundations of wrecked buildings tell of how death came to 1,500 souls and how 5,000 others were injured. Yesterday the court at Halifax found the captain and pilot of the Mont Blanc guilty of murder and caused their arrest. The Belgian Relief Ship ashore wrecked, and Patsy O'Brien's suspicions that maybe everybody involved had not been indicted. Our convoy under way and out to sea. Awful cold and a heavy, biting wind with quite a sea. Ten big ships, many of them carrying Canadian soldiers and other outfits from our division, the U. S. cruiser South Dakota in our convoy. The cruiser Utah also at Halifax, also other cruisers and several submarines. The mine-protected harbor entrance. Soon as we are out to sea the great ships appear to be jockeying for position and soon all are abreast as for a race across the ocean. The positions change and the boats are spread out in many directions. The cruiser steams opposite the Orduna, which is in the rear of the convoy. Expect more ships in the morning. Fog envolops the boats a short distance from us and as darkness comes on the other ships fade into the mist and we are alone. Mal de mer very much in evidence as the ship starts rolling. Supper is not greatly appreciated as one by one the men leave the tables. Many who laugh and many who do not. It is early to bed for a lot of sick soldiers. Hear tales of big seas when porpoises are washed on deck and other terrors of a February crossing are described by some of the ship's crew. An 800-pound porpoise story almost believed.

February 6.—No ships in sight this morning and the Orduna seems deserted. About 10 o'clock the cruiser hove in sight. Toward evening the ships are all together again but this time there are thirteen ships in the convoy. The painful fact is recalled that we left Camp MacArthur on the 13th of the month and sailed from New York on Friday. Nice pleasant prospects, as someone else points out that there are 13 different units aboard ship and that there are 13 eating at our table. Boat drill during the day, also exercise about the decks by the men as well as by the officers and nurses. Guard and police details. Change of time and trouble in keeping watches right. Ad-

vance clocks half-hour ahead at midnight and add a few minutes more. Convoy travelling about 11 knots an hour. Story the bandman told of the base-drum player markéd "no duty" at the infirmary because he had a split lip.

February 7.—Sea as calm as a stream. Ships travelling together and spread out scarcely a half-mile apart. Weather quite warm, too, as we are in thé Gulf Stream. Can expect another week at sea we are told by one of the navigating officers. Two cases of measles aboard. Out on deck in the dark without coats or hats—real warm.

February 8.—Snowing. Strange, but the Englishmen seem almost to resent our presénce aboard and our active entry in the war. "It's supplies—food—we want, not men," they remark. "You are using one hatchway on the Orduna for your supplies," one said, "and that space you are using takes just that much spacé from us." They act as tho they weré hungry and that we should simply fill their stomachs. The cabin steward who asked for Major Gray's sergeant and when told it was Sergt. Hass he wanted and that the sergeant could be paged in the lounging room, said, "You know bloomin' well I cawnt go before thosé ladies up there and awsk for Sergeant 'Ass.' "

February 9.—Sun shining brightly and quite a heavy sea from the West which makes nice riding on the crest of the big waves. Early in the morning we led the fleet, thé ships being scarcely 500 yards apart and we were the middle ship of this * formation. The relative positions * are not retained very long. Sometimes we are straggling with- * out any apparent regular formation. Field glasses were is- * sued today to the lookouts and we have started standing a- * round watching the water. We are assured that subs attack * only in comparative calm and it is about 50-50 with some of * the soldiers whether they prefer rough weather with a heavy sea * and the lésser chance of attack, or a smooth sea and the subs. * In this big convoy it seems a submarine would have scarce- * ly a chance but a fleet of them could do some damage. Begin- * ning to look forward quite anxiously to the arrival of the * torpedo boat destroyers which are to escort us thru the dan- * ger zone. The ships of the convoy are continually changing po- * sitions. For five minutes we steer one direction and then at right-angles the next five minutes, continually zig-zagging.

February 10.—Sunday, and the second Sabbath at sea. Thé trip is becoming monotonous. Seas somewhat larger but the sun is shin-

ing again, making it very pleasant. Today it was reported about the boat that the Tuscania, with the 107th Supply Train aboard, had been torpedoed by a submarine. Our wireless had picked up the message February 7th but the information was not made public about the boat. We were originally scheduled to travel with the Supply Train and inwardly we bless the storm that delayed us in Texas.

February 11.—The Orduna gets the protection of the fleet the entire time night and morning. The positions of the ships with our boat in the center as so:

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It is reported that 0 0 we have valuable cargo aboard, and it also 0 0 may be because we have the women 0 0 0 aboard. For whatever rea- 0 0 son it is we are quite glad of 0 0 the care they are taking of us. 0

February 12.—Everybody is on the lookout for the torpedo boat destroyers. They are due at any time. Tomorrow morning we enter the danger zone. We lost nearly a day when one of the tankers in the convoy broke down and the speed of the remainder of the ships reduced to three knots to let the oiler overtake us. Nice and warm today. Ship's orders out that beginning tomorrow morning at nine o'clock everybody aboard must continually wear or carry a life preserver. The danger zone is right upon us and there is the continual dread of being torpedoed. Ship's officers and crew do not take the danger as indifferently as we supposed after hearing so much of their danger on previous voyages when they were forced to take to the boats, altho they nonchalantly speak of the danger as a "risk" which sailors must take. They look for the worst each trip. This is the thirty-second trip across the Atlantic of the Orduna since the war and so far she has escaped. Several of her officers and men had been torpedoed on other ships.

February 13.—And it is the lucky day. It is worth the price of admission to this man's army to see the approach of the "watch dogs" of the ocean, for such are the destroyers. We are completely surrounded and encircled this afternoon by eight destroyers. They appear to be about 100 feet long and their speed is as great as 50 miles an hour. They cut circles around us and are all about—in front, behind, to starboard, to port, circling and speeding. It is a sight worth everything to behold. We feel safer with these watch dogs about

than with as many cruisers. Our cruiser, by the way, has not been with us for 24 hours. The tanker broke down again and a second tanker and the cruiser remained behind.

February 14.—At 9 A.M. a ship's officer said we are about thirty hours from Liverpool. Since yesterday morning at 9 o'clock we have been lugging around our life preservers and web belts and last night we went to bed fully clothed. We are in the danger zone. Not a light was allowed above the lower deck and cabins, saloons and smoking rooms were in darkness. This morning we are 150 miles from the Irish coast. The ship's course has been north all night long so there is no telling what course we followed coming across this far to the approach to England. We are very glad the trip is coming to an end. It has been very tiresome, especially the last week. Same old scenery continually, same old ocean, same waves, same interior views, same nurses and same officers flirting. Same old luck playing Black Jack, but there is an educational value attached to the game. We learn the English coinage system with its "twelve" multiples. It does not seem possible that we are in the dreaded danger zone where thousands of lives and billions of dollars in ships have been lost. We slept soundly all night even with clothes on. We "novices," as Fred the waiter calls us, do not realize the danger, he says. Fred has been torpedoed three times and dreads each passage thru the zone. "Better be foolish than wise and you won't worry," he says. Have seen a whale spout and the South Dakota chase it, the cruiser showing surprising speed and circling about the convoy before returning to its place.

One of the greatest indoor sports of the voyage has been the arguments with the Britishers, who appear positively jealous of us. It is all friendly rivalry and banter but we get under their "hides" occasionally. They call us imitators and we argue "originators."

Asked for an instance of our imitation and one of them replied: "Even the language you speak."

"Why," we explained, "we speak the American language, of which English, as you speak it, is a dialect."

Sometimes in our arguments it is fully fifteen minutes before we are friendly again. They are easily "kidded."

There is a little Scotchman aboard who has been an engineer on a South American trade ship out of New Orleans and he is going home to register and do his bit, whatever it may be. He is not much more than a youngster. The feeling between the English and the Scots-

men is quité marked. In our arguments the Scotsman favors us, and that causes the wrath of the Englishman to rise. The little Scotsman says he is an Englishman as long as the war lasts, but after that he will be a Scotsman for life, and the Englishman goes off to bed, too angry to argue further.

February 15.—Last night at 9:30 wé sighted the Fashnet Light and a little later the light of the "Bull, Calf and the Cow" on the southernmost coast of Ireland. At 10 o'clock this morning we entered St. George's Channel with the coast of England to the right and Ireland to the léft. We passed Queenstown and Fishguard and one would think we were safe from the submarines, but not so. "We are right in the most dangerous part right now," says Fred, the steward; "on one trip we were chased clean into Birkénhead." It seems strange the English cannot patrol their own St. George's Channel with land less than seventy miles away on either side of us. The narrowést part of the channel is from Rosslare Harbor, Ireland, to Fishguard Harbor, England, a distance of fifty-four nautical miles. By the Fishguard route we are 140 miles from Cork, but a long, long way from Tipperary. Thé next narrow stretch is between Dublin and Holyhead, which is sixty miles. We are not safe anywhere in St. George's Channel or in the Irish Sea. Safe no place from the subs, it seems. We will be compélled to wear the life preservers until we pass the Liverpool harbor light. * * * * The destroyers have dropped depth bombs and we have been running at all angles for an hour. It is claimed a couple of submarines have been in our vicinity. It doés not seem reasonable that the U-boats can go wheréver they please in these waters. At 6 P.M. wé are within a few hours of Liverpool and we have not sighted land since we left Halifax. A haze is over the water and while we keep near the middle of this body of watér it is impossible to see shore. We won't see land until we awake tomorrow morning and then we will be at anchor or tiéd to the dock. The watch dogs are still with us and will remain until the end of our voyage. The Orduna is still getting the protection of the fleet.

February 16.—When we awoke we wére tied to the dock, having come over the bar at 2 A.M. We unloaded at 10 A.M., and a fine reception awaited us. Dozens of ambulances with crippled Canadian soldiers on their way home were at the pier. In the 200 crippled soldiers there wére not over 200 legs in the lot and about as many arms. One Canadian, shaking the stub of his leg at us, yelled, "Be sure and bring a souvenir back with you." Left Liverpool a little after 12

o'clock on a funny little toy train bound for Winchester in Southern England. We traveled over the road of the Great Western and the trip was wonderful. In all our reading, and with all we had been told, of England, we never realized the beauty of this country. The train showed unsuspected speed. We came thru Chester, Crewe, Shrewsbury, Wellington, Wolverhampton, Worchester, Eversham, Oxford, Didcot, Newbury to Winchester. Old England was an eye-opener to us. Intensiveness is shown on every hand. Every foot of land is utilized. Roadways are narrow and smooth. Beautiful green hedges divided the fields and there was scarcely a fence to be seen. Houses all of brick, and pretty, not a single wooden structure did we see until we reached camp. Colored brick, white window and door frames predominated in the plan of structures; all were ivy covered; all as beautiful and clean as playhouses. We arrived at Winchester at 9 o'clock in the evening and marched to camp about two miles from town and it was up hill just about every foot of the way. "That Winchester hill!" Lodged in huts and almost too tired to make up the bed, or, rather, the excuse for a bed.

PART II.

In the American Expeditionary Forces.

The days we spent and the life we led as members of the American Expeditionary Forces will be described in the succeeding chapters in the revised letters of the author of this book. Some of our experiences were related in letters published in the newspaper with which the author was connected when he entered the service. Each letter will be preceded by a description of our activities, stations and other matter relating to movements of moment which may have occurred in the interim.

CHAPTER I.

At Winnal Down Rest Camp—Tuscania Survivors—Winchester—England and Her Food Question—The Petty Country and Villages—Soldiers' Letters and Mail.

OUR FIRST DAY in England, February 17, was a Sunday and we slept late, having breakfast at 10 o'clock. We learned we were at Morn Hill camp, occupying a part of the section called Winnal Down, the portion of the camp given over to American soldiers. The camp commands a magnificient view of the Itchen valley. Nearly all of the buildings are of steel construction covered in by corrugated iron and painted white. We were told we would have an opportunity to visit historic Winchester and subsequently we did have the opportunity of inspecting the old Cathedral and other points of interest about the city, which at one time had been the capitol of England.

Our first day was spent principally in talking with the survivors of the Tuscania whom we also found at this camp. Our old neighbors of the 107th Supply Train had certainly had an experience, and but for the snow storm at Waco we would undoubtedly have been on the ship with them. The Tuscania was the last of the Anchor Line ships, all had been torpedoed. The submarine hit the Tuscania when the ship was but three hours from port, near Belfast, Ireland. The torpedo struck in the coal bunkers just as 6 o'clock supper was being served. From the reports we received there was a veritable panic aboard. The ship remained afloat one and one-half hours and still 190 lives were lost. Those lost, in the main, were men who jumped overboard. Destroyers were said to have rammed two of the life boats in the darkness. Ropes from one of the life boats became caught in the pulley block and the rope was cut, but the wrong rope was severed and a boat on the upper deck davits crashed to the water, striking another boat which had just been launched, killing several of its occupants. We were told that five Mexicans, stabbing

their way to the life boats, were shot. One officer and one private, hysterical it was said, committed suicide by shooting themselves. The survivors told of one officer who shouted, "Make room for a sick man," and himself slid down a rope to a life boat. The phrase later became quite popular when the mess line, or some other line, became congested. The survivors were picked up along the coast of Scotland and Ireland for days after the catastrophe and many of the dead were not known for days owing to their identification tags being blank. The survivors were around camp wearing English soldier clothing, having lost all of their own.

We learned positively that about 2:30 o'clock of the last afternoon of our voyage we had been attacked and that the destroyer, H-A8, had dropped depth bombs. We also learned that there was a reward offered by the German admiralty for the Orduna, which had successfully evaded the U-boats since the beginning of the war.

* * * *

An American Rest Camp, England, February 20, 1918.

It's a rainy, dismal day and not a thing to do. Since we have been here each day the sun has shown brightly and it has been quite warm, but the "natives" say it is but a break in the weather and that we must expect cold and wet. It doesn't rain "cats and dogs" here, instead the clouds just descend to earth and saturate everything with their dampness. Wood here is distributed by the pound, and coal is "rationed" in small quantities so the best we can do is sit around the dinky stove and write letters on a day like this. The stove is no larger than a doll house heater and gives out about as much heat.

The government here sets the price of everything and regulates the allowance of everything—tells you what, and how, you may eat. The daily allowance per capita is just so much and woe to the food "hoarder," A newspaper in London carries a column headed "Food Problems Solved," in which they answer the questions of their readers. To a person used to eating when, what and where he pleases, some of the questions and answers are really amusing and tell of conditions one would think were almost impossible.

A business man taking his meals in London and having his home outside the city must sign a special declaration and present it at the place he gets his meals.

A visitor from Ireland upon arrival in London must apply for an emergency food card in order to get anything to eat.

A child on becoming ten years of age must go thru considerable red tape in order to get adult ration allowance.

1s. 3d, or thirty cents is the méat allowance a week.

Here is one question and answer: Q.—If a farmer finds a rabbit nibbling his green vegetables, may he knock it over, carry it home and cook it? A.—Yes, providing he does not use it to supplément his meat allowance.

Just try to imagine such conditions at home and you get an idea of food conservation. When your County Council of Defense gets to working along those lines, you will be beginning to réalize there is a war.

Four ounces of margarine (butter) is the weekly allowance.

A food card is issued to every person at a certain location and a servant leaving a présent situation must get a transfer card before he or she eats again. Servants who come to work by the day bring their own food cards and hand them to the mistress of the household, also registering at her grocer's and baker's. This allows hér to draw food for them and obviates the difficulty of their bringing their own rations with them.

We have eaten more mutton since we left the Statés than ever before in our lives. Mutton is the only meat we have seen since we embarked at New York. The English are having a great hullabaloo over their tea, that great necessity of their daily life. For three Bobs (shillings) they get a pound of camouflaged shavings, sawdust and other trimmings that is not at all as gratifying and comforting as their former brew and an Englishman without his tea is knocked out completely.

While we are allowed considerable liberty here we are not given passes of any kind and must confine our "bumming" to the villages in the vicinity. The villages aré all very interesting but in weather like this it is not much pleasure roaming around the country. We have been on many walking trips visiting the nearby towns. Eaton, two miles away, it a quiet, sleepy, beautiful village. There we visited the "pubs"—"The Crickiters" and "The Chestnut House." Very weak ale is four pence a pint and spirits a shilling a small drink. The climate of this part of England appéars to be about three months ahead of Wisconsin. The grass and the fields are all green and pretty. Plowing is being done in every field. These last few days have beén delightful for wandering about the countryside but today is extremely disagreeable. Everybody is writing letters home and

these will be the last letters from England. We recéived orders this afternoon and we leave for France tomorrow.

As soldiers' letters to the U. S. are enteréd free the home towns must be deluged with mail. Formerly in soldiers' correspondence the addressee paid the postagé, but now if the name and organization of sender appears in the upper left hand corner of the envelope the letter goes thru freé. Picture post cards can now be sent to the United States but not to neutral or allied countries, providing the cards do not show localities or places. Personal photographs may also be sent and gifts of gloves, handkerchiefs and small articles of clothing of that nature. Free entry of parcéls from abroad to men and officers of the A. E. F. is now allowed. All that is necessary is a statement of contents of parcel which may be tobacco, cigars, cigarettes, playing cards, wines, etc., and indicates freedom from payment of all customs duties and in most cases of excise duties.

Tobacco in England, that is American tobacco, is impossible to obtain where we have been, and as our baggage with our stocks of tobacco is probably in France by this timé, we are reduced to the sad circumstance of smoking some of these English atrocious "trophies." The tobacco question in England is now attracting considerable attention. Smokers' supplies are to be cut down before long. There is bound to be a tobacco shortagé unless importation is increased or consumption decreased. An Englishman of prominence says that if a shortage occurs the temper and nerves of many consumers will suffer and "that is a matter which we cannot regard lightly when most men are working at high ténsion. I believe moreover, that if tobacco is taken away the consumption of food will be increased." Such as it is, the English will have their ale and their tobacco.

CHAPTER II.

Entraining For Southampton—Crossing the English Channel—Rest Camp No. 2—Camp Coetquidan a Real Camp—A Regular Home and the First One In a Long Time.

WE LEFT Morn Hill eleven o'clock of the morning of February 21, marching to Winchester, from where, at 12.50 P. M. we entrained for Southampton, arriving there less than an hour later and spent the afternoon about the wharves, not being permitted to visit the city. At 6.30 that evening we embarked on the cattle boat, Southwestern Miller, an airy craft for a night crossing of the English Channel. The stalls were bare of everything but the hard floors. It was an uncomfortable night. We arrived at LaHavre, France, at four o'clock the next morning, having been convoyed across by a fleet of destroyers. Out thru Spithead past the Isle of Wright, with the city of Portsmouth on our left, we sailed and before entering the channel waited for our convoy to be made up. Flash lights soaring into the heavens were searching for enemy aircraft all about us. Dozens of these lights played in the air. Just the night before the city of Dover, on the Channel and not far from us had been shelled by U-boats, while London had been raided again by air bombers. It was a moonlight night and a bad night to be afloat, but the watch dogs again calmed our fears. The distance from Southhampton to La Havre is 106 nautical miles and our zig-zag course probably increased the distance one-quarter. The distance from New York to Liverpool, via Halifax, is 3015 miles, but it was said we traveled nearly 4,000 miles on the voyage.

We unloaded at La Havre at eight o'clock on the morning of February 22 and marched to Rest Camp No. 2. We remained in camp here until the following day, when we boarded a train for the training camp which was to be our home for several months. Actual distance from La Havre to Camp Coetquidan, near Guer in the department of Morbihan, is about 250 kilometers but we traveled approxi-

mately 525 kilometers in reaching there. We went via Rouen, Evreux, Chartres, LeMans and Rennes. We unloaded at Guer after dark and that hike to camp will never be forgotten by any of the men who were in it. Who ever set the pace put out at a 100-steps-to-the-minute rate and the short two miles, which we had been told was the distance, developed into a good four miles before we got there, but we finally found a camp that was worth all the hardships we had suffered in reaching there.

* * * *

Francе, February 26, 1918.

We are finally "over there," and, we have been deceived! Ever since we joined this man's army we have been led to believe that France was the jumping off place and that when we reached here we were to renounce, and prepare to forget, everything pertaining to civilization.

I had a trunk, a barrack bag, a squad bag and my blanket roll filled with stuff that would have cost me thirty dollars for excess baggage had I had to pay it, and when I arrived I find I might have saved myself money, labor and stress of feelings. We have everything here; can even buy U. S. tobacco, in limited quantities.

Of course, we are not at the front—not by a good many miles—and are not qualified to say just what conditions are elsewhere with the Amexforees, but judging from what we have seen so far, Uncle Sam is taking care of his soldiers.

From the home town we went to Camp Douglas, then to Camp MacArthur; next came Camp Merritt, and then an American "Rest Camp" in England, closely followed by a "Rest Camp" in France. Have had quite an assortment of Camps and likewise an assortment of conditions. From the sands and bluffs of Camp Douglas, the gumbo of Texas, the snows and ice and congestion of Camp Merritt, the starvation rations of England and the unbearable huddled conditions of our last "Rest Camp," we have come to the best place since we left home. We are in the land of "plenty" if not of peace. Understand, we are not swimming in luxuries, but after the experience of the "Rest Camp" in England and the one in France we can be content with much less than before we left the States.

In England the main question is that of food. England, undoubtedly, has plenty, but they are working the conservation game almost to a standstill. The principal topic of conversation there is food and eating. Women gossiping over the back yard fence are talk-

ing about the quantity of food they were able to purchase that day: men standing around on street corners look as tho they were wondering what they were going to get for dinner. At our "Rest Camp" the sole subject was "eats." The English rations we were given were alright in quality but the quantity was not. We used every known method of beating the cooks and they were tickled to see us go. They said the Germans were "smart," but the Americans were the limit and that it takes "the bloomin', bloody Hamericans" to beat the Dutch. The comment followed our last meal there when the cooks discovered they were something like three-hundred-and-fifty rations short, and a ration consists of three meals. We were there less than a week, so the record is pretty good.

The name "Camp Rest" was a misnomer if there ever was one. Altho we did not have any work or drill the conditions were such that our stomachs were the only parts of our bodies that were rested. And the English people—civilians and soldiers—seemed to resent our arrival here. They appear to be willing that we should feed them, but have no business coming over here and using space on ships that might otherwise be utilized for foodstuffs for them. They are continually thinking of their stomachs. They have the impression that the war will soon be over and that the United States will interfere with John Bull hogging the spoils. Of course there are many splendid Englishmen we met who were pleased to see us and glad we are their allies. They depend on our artillery and airships to win the war. Their impression is that the States are to furnish thousands and thousands of air machines, and they are anxiously awaiting their arrival. At present the Allies are said to be firing fifty shells to the Germans' one and the percentage in time will be overwhelming.

We are all over the idea that we are warring the German government and not the German people. That stuff is all bunk. The war will never end if the States don't get that notion out of their heads pretty soon. You can war the Kaiser and his methods until the cows come home but there will not be any noticeable results until the German people get a touch of some of their own barbarious medicine. The war will never be won by airplanes scattering Sunday school tracts, and messages of "love thy neighbor as thyself," over German soil.

From the "Rest Camp" in England we crossed to France on a cattle boat. English and Australian troops leaving the same time for France traveled on a passenger steamer. They were very careful we

never got the best of it. The passage was made at night and there was but little protection from the chilly winds. A few of us got by the guard and reached the top deck where we slept warm and cosy the whole night long curled around the smokestack. We congratulated ourselves on our "first-class" passage, but there was an awful shock upon awakening at daylight. We resembled very much the Kaffir troops from South Africa. Coal smoke had made "smokes" of us and our clothes were simply soaked in soot. We were unable to get cleaned up for several days as the same day we reached the Rest Camp in France and our clothing had gone forward to our permanent camp. It did but little good to wash up and put the dirty clothes back on again. "Fed" better at this last (and we hope it is the last) Rest Camp, but still were unable to get all the wrinkles out of our stomachs. The sleeping accommodations were fierce, thirteen men being huddled in a conical-shaped tent ten feet in diameter, where, with feet to the center pole and heads against the tent wall we did the best we could. It was here we got our first real hunch that there was a war on. An Englishman, just back from the trenches and on his way to "Blighty," who slept with twenty others in one of these tents, remarked the next morning that "it was great to get back to civilization again."

This Rest Camp was filled with soldiers and men of all colors and nationalities, including German prisoners. The soldiers of the Allies were either going out or coming in from the front. Those going out had been on leave and home, or were new men freshly arrived. Of all our Allies the men we liked the best were the Australians, the A. E. F. from the antipodes. They were dressed the best and are said to be the best paid soldiers in the world. They appeared more like ourselves than any of the other troops and were "regular" fellows. The most interesting were the soldiers arriving from the front in for a holiday. They came in caked with mud and dirty, with long whiskers and haggard faces. After the cleaning up process, which consists of disenfection, baths, hair-cuts and shaves, and clean clothes, they present an entirely different appearance, ready for the trip to "Blighty." Kaffirs and Chinamen, imported as contract labor, and German prisoners, do the work.

There are also many German prisoners here at our permanent camp, in fact, there are Fritzes all over France. Every city or community thru which we passed had its quota of the Boche. Many of them speak English and one man had worked in Chicago. He was

perfectly satisfied with his lot and seemed pleased to be a prisoner. The only fly in his ointment was in his food, which was not the same as when he was a waiter in the Windy City.

The food question no longer bothers us. We are living "a la U. S. A.," with regular Quartermaster rations and plenty of them. Were the Germans to trail us from Camp Douglas to our present location all they would have to do would be to follow the empty tin cans left along our route—we left a clear trail. We are thru with the tinned rations for a time anyway now, and are getting fed up.

Don't know how long we will be located here or when we start on our regular "job," furthermore, we don't care. We can stand a whole lot of this camp without getting tired of it. We want to see active service but there will be plenty of time for that for all of us, the way we figure it, so we mean to enjoy this wonderful old country while we may. England is old but France was old when England was young. This is just the beautiful time of the year, too. It is a little early yet but the real warm weather is coming on apace. Judging from the way the buildings here are heated there is very little cold weather in this part of France. Trees are budding and every green thing in the fields is just peeping out. French women and old men are doing the agricultural work. The other evening in a French town, or just out of it, rather, I saw what might have been the artist's models and background for "The Angelus" and it was just as an old French church chimes was sounding the Angelus, too. The country is so picturesque and old with so many historical associations that a person can be content just to wander and wonder over it. Everything is quiet and peaceful away from the military camps.

So that you will know just where we are located will give you our postoffice address and you will not have any trouble finding the camp if you happen to be over this way. This is A. P. O. (American Post Office) No. 711, A. E. F. The number sounds lucky. But, for goodness sake, don't address any mail to us at the address given; continue sending it the old way. Have not received a letter since we left the States. Our mail hasn't caught up with us yet and we are anxiously waiting for it. After it once finds us it ought to continue regularly until we move again. There is a noticeable shortage in reading material, especially American magazines at this camp.

CHAPTER III.

Our Division a Replacement Organization—Fear of Another "Bust Up"—Weather in "Sunny" France and Its Scenery—Market Day In Guer —Getting Fed Up—Camp Activities.

SHORTLY after the Thirty-Second Division reached France it was designated a replacement division and the majority of the privates of the 128th Infantry were sent to the First Division. At Coetquidan we had little idea of what was to become of us and whether we were to continue training as an ammunition train or also be sent to the front as replacements. Aside from a balloon squadron, an aviation shed or two, with three or four planes, and a few other small detachments apparently connected with the hospital or camp headquarters, we were the only soldiers in this camp. The artillery—57th Field Artillery Brigade to which we were attached—was expected but was slow in coming. We practically had the camp to ourselves and the drill schedule was light with officers allowing the men many privileges. While it was only a short time that the division was designated as replacement, and that within a couple of weeks it was reinstated as a combat division, the information did not reach us for a long time and there was the continual expectation of an order being received sending us to some other division.

* * * *

France, March 6, 1918.

In my letter of the other day I enthused somewhat over the beautiful weather and the budding spring. Want to tell you now about snow and rain and sunless days, with mud all over this part of Creation. It was an exceptional day or two when we arrived here; since it has been either snow or rain, the snow melting as soon as it strikes the ground and now we have a working acquaintance with common, every-day mud which is not at all like Texas gumbo but just as effective. This French mud is slippery and a person can slide down hill in it, which is entirely different than gumbo with the

latter's clinging disposition. There is mud here everywhere. The snow is not that of winter, but like the last big flanneled downfalls of the late Spring. During the night the patter of rain on the roof of the hut is the lullaby and in the daytime it intermitently snows and rains.

We are very anxious to have the sun shine. There are the "makings" here of beautiful scenery, and pleasant weather is all that is necessary to bring it out. While the weather is not nice we live comfortably in barracks or "huts," have cots with springs, mattresses and pillows, with good roof and dirt floors. Ditches around the building keep out the water and three stoves to the building help to keep the place dry. Coal is issued in pressed bricks of about fifteen pounds each. Wood is not quite as scarce as it is in England.

Our camp is quite near several villages of about 500 population each. These old hamlets are scattered along the road every few miles. The roadway to the largest of these towns is lined with cafes, restaurants and small stores of various kinds, all catering to the soldier trade. In nearly every place beer and wines are sold but the consumption of these drinks by the soldiers is not near as great as you would suppose. The wines are cheap, both in price and manufacture, and there is plenty of real champagne which is not supposed to be sold to the soldiers. The common wines sell for a half-Franc a glass and about seventy cents a bottle. Beer is a Franc a bottle and not half bad. A Franc at our camp is worth about 17½ cents. Barmaids take your order and as a rule a woman, whose husband is at the front, is the owner of the place.

Some of these places are located in old stone buildings that appear to be hundreds of years old, while others are of recent construction and of wood or galvanized iron hastily thrown together and an American sign of some kind or other stuck out in front, usually with decorations of entwined American and French flags.

Have always heard a great deal of French cuisine but we are a long way from any of it that would make your mouth water. The French style of cooking encountered in the States has the native mixtures backed off the map. Have't been able so far to even get any decent French fried potatoes.

It is difficult to buy anything to eat here, that is, things we are hungry for and for which we hanker. Sweets are almost unobtainable. We crave for candy, chocolate, cookies, even syrup, as

some men, sometimes, do for strong drink. Sugar is off the market for civilians in a great many places and is not even served in hotels. The card system here allows two pounds a month a person.

In our camp back home we always had our canteens and other nearby places where we could buy what we wanted and there was considerable lunching and munching going on at all times. The regular mess never bothered us much because in a pinch we could always fill up some place regardless of what the cooks dished up. In our travels after leaving Texas we were so unfortunate as to miss a pay-day and our trip from Texas here was made with the whole Ammunition Train about broke. En route we fed on rations which we were not used to and there was little chance to buy anything and little to buy with. We became solely dependent on the regular mess to satisfy all hunger and you can't imagine what an appetite those conditions can create. I would give six dollars any day to land back in God's country with the appetite I have at the present time, or any other time of late. Can hardly ever wait for mess time and get up in the morning at 6:15 with an appetite that is a shame to waste on army rations. Dread even the thought of ever being a prisoner of the Fritzies.

Between meals and evenings we lunch on chocolate, walnuts and dates. The chocolate is expensive, quantity the amount of two Hershey bars costing two Francs, and is to be taken off the market entirely. We buy it at the "Y." The walnuts are cheap, very cheap, but the worms get to the meat of the nut before we do so it's 50-50. Dates and figs are also comparatively cheap. Five caramels, like we buy at home two for a cent, cost a Franc. In the larger cities, we are told, almost anything a person wants can be purchased, but there is a mighty slim chance of any of us visiting any of the larger cities until we have been here several months.

The nearest village of any size in the vicinity of our camp is the oldest and dirtiest place imaginable. The streets are so narrow that there are no sidewalks and everybody walks in the middle of the street, and without danger of any passing automobile either. About the only danger is in stepping in something. Cows, pigs, goats and chickens all have just as much right in the street as pedestrians and more privileges. To get into a store it is often necessary to argue the way with a cow and then after entering crowd the chickens and pigs away before reaching the counter. Then by the time one gets there he has changed his mind about buying any-

thing to eat so pays for a couple of post cards. These postals wouldn't pass thru the U. S. mails, and not because of the censor either, but they get by here. Anything will go thru the mail here. It is claimed that shell shock is one of the serious causes of casualties in this war, but after a person has been around some of these French towns, and seen some of their weekly and monthly magazines, he ought to be immune from shocks of any kind.

Each Wednesday is market day in the village (Guer), and while the rest of the week it is the deserted village on market day the streets are crowded with women and children, old men and farm animals, the entire population of the country-side. Everybody has a cow or a calf, a sheep, pig or a goat, or a bag of young pigs or poultry under the arm or over the shoulder. It is a regular barnyard, the "public square" is, with nothing lacking. Located in the center of the village is the "palais de justice" —the court house— and before it lies the court yard, but instead of being a thing of beauty with bowers and shrubbery, it looks like the dumping place for the town. The people jabber and wave their arms and everybody gets excited over trade or sale. It usually takes the entire day to make a satisfactory deal. Market day is the custom in every village or city here and the larger the place the better the market; consequently, the larger the crowd and greater the noise and confusion. The stock exchange, to an outsider, is not a bit more complicated. Also remember that women are the big majority at these "sessions" and none of them are a bit afraid of soiling their hands or dresses catching an escaped porker. From their actions one would think the affairs were for "ladies only."

Today is another Wednesday and I don't know whether or not wet grounds interfered with market day, but it is almost impossible to do anything around this camp. Other American soldiers that had been here in training have all gone to the front and we are awaiting the arrival of the artillery to which we will be attached. We are almost alone here now and the men that are not segregated with mumps are either building a telephone line or are digging ditches.

From appearances here Uncle Sam is in this war to a finish and the way he is building for permanency it looks as tho he intended sending a great many troops here after we are gone. Scores of new buildings are going up and miles of substantial roadways are being built. There were not many Americans here ahead of us. The

buildings are being erected of tile and the roads of stone and Fritzies are doing the work. From what we have seen of these prisoners, and they are all around us, there is very little of their "superman" qualifications in evidence, unless that it may be in their manner of making little stones out of big ones. They sure are great at busting up the "hard-heads" for the roadbeds. They also excell in laying tile brick. Germany will be remembered in history as a nation of wonderful brick-layers and rock-busters if the war keeps up long enough and the "hard-heads" hold out.

Leave "32nd Division" off our address. The old 32nd is all busted up as far as we are concerned and we don't know what has become of it. So far we are in this thing over here all by our lonesome and don't know who we are going to lug ammunition for, if for anybody.

CHAPTER IV.

Our Sick Soldiers and Artillery Reach Camp—Beautiful Surroundings—Visits About Camp A New Camp Commander — Graduating From the "Militia"—Learning How To Walk Post—Arabian Philosophy.

WE RECEIVED but little information regarding the rest of our Division. We knew it was in eastern France, in the vicinity of Prauthoy, in the department of Haute Marne, but that was a long way from us and our idea of what would eventually happen to our outfit as a whole was vague, indeed. Our artillery finally arrived in camp and the drill schedule tightened. Our sick soldiers, who had been left in Camp Merritt, also caught up with us. There were still no signs of trucks, but the Horsed Battalion did have a considerable number of horses. Then came a new camp commander and a drill schedule the likes of which was never seen before. Men on guard stepped 120 a minute and a rest at the end of the post meant "parade rest." Cooks were spotlessly white. Policing meant every burnt match and every cigarette butt. Somebody was being hauled over the coals continually.

There were so many details it would have required a Philadelphia lawyer to keep them straight. Men from the Train were on every detail in the camp. Captain Weidman's company was made camp Military Police and while they were lenient it was an impossibility to please everyone, especially when the camp commander was right on the spot to see that every one of his numerous instructions were carried out to the letter. In our military career, as soldiers of a great nation, it may be said right here that we learned to salute and walk post, if nothing else, at Camp Coetquidan.

* * * *

France, March 15.

We have had a regular "home coming" this last week. When

we left the States nearly half our battalion was in quarantine. Just the night before we pulled out the Medics segregated nearly a hundred of our men and these were all left behind—some in hospital and some sick, but the majority were men who had been exposed to either mumps or measles or some other "kid" disease. It seems that a very necessary part of military training is to get, and get over, mumps, measles and chicken-pox. When a soldier is once left behind by his outfit he becomes a "casual" like the unattached soldier and has no one to look after him. The life of the casual is not always a pleasant one. Our big bunch were all casuals and they had anything but a nice time before they reached here, sleeping in all kinds of shacks and stables, eating on the occasional plan and traveling in box cars. Every box car in France is marked:

"Hommes—36-40
Chevaux—8"

which means that the capacity of the car is 36 to 40 men or 8 horses, and it is only the soldier's luck whether he or the chevaux occupy the box car. He is indeed lucky if he can travel in a 3rd-Class passenger coach. Our casuals had ridden in everything but passenger coaches and were certainly tickled to get "home."

We are most interested now in a "prospectus" issued by the Provost Marshal, A.E.F., describing the "leave centre" for soldiers on pass. We are allowed one week every four months in service and the Department has arranged that we spend our vacations, if we so desire, in the French Alps among the most beautiful scenery in Europe. Many old castles, chateaux, monasteries and other historical sights are in this region. In each of the places there are luxurious Soldiers' Clubs, theatres with English and American players, movie halls with the latest American films, bands and orchestras, canteens and restaurants run by American women, all making the places very much "Amerique."

We get free transportation to this "area" and are allowed commutation of rations. Rates at the hotels are very exceptional. Guests at these places formerly paid preposterous sums for the accommodations which will be given us very reasonable. For 175 Francs one can make the trip and "go the limit." The Department wants us to go and states that "it is an opportunity to be missed only for extraordinary reasons."

Right here "at home" we are located in beautiful surround-

ings. We have had wonderful weather the last ten days, summer-like and just right for strolling around the country. From the elevation on which our camp is situated there are a dozen villages in view and all in walking distance. In France there are no farm houses, or at least very few, the farmers living in little settlements, each with its groceries, coffee houses and other small business places, and it matters little what the business there is always a bar in some corner of the premises.

Since March 12th we are living according to "summer time" which is one hour later, the clocks having been set ahead an hour on that date thruout England and France, and it gives us just the best hour of the day to ourselves. Frequently we leave camp at 4:30 in the afternoon, when the gates are open, walk over to one of the villages, arriving just at the opening hour, have our wine or beer, then supper, which is our greatest enjoyment, and stroll back to camp before the gates close at 8:30, and all in daylight. We usually visit a different village each time and have now become acquainted with the better places where we can get what we want to eat and where they not only know how to make French "fries" but other things we like. If we want we can get a pass, go earlier in the day and stay later. The work is light, no trouble to get off when we want and altogether it is a regular "trip abroad"—so far.

* * * *

France, March 26.

Today we got the news of the bombardment of Paris with guns of such caliber, or such make, that a little matter of sixty or seventy miles is no longer a protection. Distance no longer lends enchantment to the glamour of the "front." Those long distance affairs seem to put us so much nearer the excitement. We are glad the Boche don't know our address. It seems that is all they need now to make a target of one. It is impossible to grasp the idea of a gun of any kind that can start a shell on a trip of seventy-five miles, or whatever the actual distance is. There simply can't be "no such animal," but, if there is, it is sure the Allies will circumvent its effectiveness some way. We are anxious for the papers to give us details, and incidentally, details are something we do not get a great deal of over here.

We received our first mail a couple of days ago and are just beginning to find out what a narrow "escape" we had. Somebody had

our ammunition train on the Tuscania and there must have been some excitement in Wisconsin.

The artillery outfit finally reached here—came in last Friday. Got a couple of thrills as we stood by the roadside watching the regiments marching by with the band playing "Wisconsin." Had not heard that blessed air for a long time. The boys looked as tho they were coming from the front instead of the States. They were dirty and dusty and tired. They too had been in "rest"camps—had traveled exactly the same route as we and had been entertained by Englishmen. It is easy to tell any of the newcomers as they are continually eating something. We are all confined to our respective units here and are not permitted to visit about camp. Measles and mumps are getting in their spring work here, just like they do at home, and consequently there is no visiting. We have all privileges except "mixing" with outfits other than our own.

Yesterday, Sunday, a few of us went out "exploring" and found another wonderful old place. It was a long walk, fifteen miles, at least, we hiked that day, but it was worth it. We came across an old castle located in a most beautiful part of this region that is one continual thing of beauty after another. From a distance the castle was not discernable in the trees surrounding it, its spires towering in the tree tops, and we just popped out on it. From our first view we thought it an imposing habitation of some great family and were timid in advancing. We soon noticed, however, that it had no doors or windows and therefore, there couldn't be "anybody home," so we paid our respects. The exterior was preserved but the interior was in ruins, floors ripped up, stairways torn down, walls smashed and even the fireplace demolished. The structure was of stone and marble, had never been shelled, or in any danger zone, of that we are certain, and the cause of it being in ruins was a mystery to us. It seemed a shame that an edifice such as that should be in ruins and we wanted the story.

Today we got the "straight" of it from a Frenchman thru a "Y" man. The castle had been the residence of a supposedly loyal Frenchman, respected, honored and esteemed as a great man by the native peasantry who looked up to him as one above their station. It developed that he was a German spy, a part of the net work of German deceitfulness which infests all countries. He escaped. It took some time before the peasants realized their patron was false. For days they were stunned, unwilling to believe. The evidence

finally became overwhelming and then they awoke. In their wrath, and unable to wreck their vengeance on the man, they wrecked the castle, but enough of the walls remain so that every soldier from the States who happens to find the place finds a place to scribble his name and home address.

In our wanderings Sunday we found something we are going to keep dark, for the present, at least, unless we can get an option on it and then charge the rest of the poor soldiers a couple Francs a crack at it. It's a swimming hole! The clearest, cleanest water, plenty deep enough, and a sand bottom! It was positively hot Sunday but the water in this little lake was just a little too cold—a little "previous" for "going in" but another two weeks and that lake will be a treasure, and it is only two miles from camp.

It actually was very warm Sunday and before we had walked many miles we were longing for our cotton O. D's. When we arrived here it was rainy and muddy most of the time and we were issued rubber boots; one afternoon there was a hail storm and the next day we got steel helmets; with the approaching hot weather we are expecting parasols.

* * * *

France, 6 April, 1919.

Note the date line? Well, that is the way it's done here. Guess it's the English style—and that is not the only thing we do like the British. Am beginning to find we are copying them in a great many ways. In some ways they have the proper system. That date line, for instance, is not nears as liable to be confusing as our way. As near as I can figure out we are following their work system too, and it is not at all confusing. From the moment we arise at 5:45 until tatoo roll call at 8:30 in the evening we are at it continually. To top off the day we have an hour's drill each evening from 6:45 to 8:15. That possibly sounds like more than an hour but it can't possibly be because the schedule calls for one hour.

We are no longer in the "militia." We have graduated. We are living under regulations that are a cross between West Point and "English system." A button unbuttoned, a whisker noticeable, a dirty leggin or a fluttering eyelid is almost cause for arrest, and lack of snap in a salute or the refusal of the heels to click properly is just about a disgrace to the service. Honest, the United States is getting a regular army over here. In the old N.G. there was always some chance to "get by" no matter just what the de-

ficiency, but things are different now. You have to be "there" all the time, and every condition prescribed in Army Regulations is enforced just like it says in the book, and you can't flash any other authority. It is Hoyle for the American game over here and no chance to protest.

We are told that the first of the American troops over here were lacking in that necessary discipline which makes it impossible to disobey a military order. We are being made to understand that many men have lost their lives thru inability to obey an order to the letter, and that includes some of our own soldiers who were among the first of the A.E.F. Of the many who came here first very few saw service for months after they arrived. Those of our men who are in that awful fight up at the front now have had discipline pounded into them ceaselessly for months. That is why they were offered to the Allied army at this time—General Pershing knew they were ready at last.

There is a whole lot more to training than just simply physical condition and an exact knowledge of how to handle a gun, a gas mask or a bayonet. There is that something else, that instantaneous and instinctive obedience under any and all circumstances, where the very muscles instinctively obey the word of command though the mind be too confused to work, and over here is where the soldiers can be imbued with that necessity.

In the States it was fun, and here for a while it was a "trip abroad," but now, with our own men in the thick of it and the thousands and thousands dying every day, it is not difficult for us to be serious.

Our pass privilege has been done away with, we are confined to almost the exact limits of the camp, it is a steady grind from daylight, and before, until night; officers are serious and stern, the least slip from the straight and narrow path means trouble, and, at that, there is less discontent in our outfit at the present time than ever before.

We have been told that our turn may come any day. We don't know. Anyway we are getting tired of this place—been here long enough. This "A.P.O. 711" is too much like a steady address, and besides there is no use trying to dodge it.

Remember that old Arabian story about the sheik who got the note from the Angel of Death making a date for next Monday night? Well, this old Mohammed, or whoever or whatever he was,

wasn't quite ready to leave a flock of widows so he sells his camel, hops on the limited at Bagdad, or whatever it was, and beats it clean out of that neck of the woods, the sly old fox. He stuck to that Pullman as tho porters never needed a cent, clear across Africa he traveled and Monday night he gets down out of the sleeper at Morocco. Now he didn't know a soul in that town and he got the surprise of his life when somebody slaps him on the back, grabs his grip, and he hears an affectionate voice saying, "Old boy, you had me guessing. I was scared you wasn't going to make it," and the Angel of Death, smiling and happy all over, helped old man Moham into the awaiting taxi.

In my last letter I told you about visiting all the pretty places around here and about enjoying the scenery and all that. Am very glad I enjoyed it when I had the chance. If I ever get another opportunity I will do it again. For one solid week I have faithfully performed the duties of this office. Tomorrow is Sunday. Tomorrow afternoon I am going to grease my shoes, wax my moustache, slick up my Sunday suit, polish up my chevrons and I am going up to the Major's room and nice and politely and "militarily" request permission for the rest of the week off, which will be about three hours. If I get off, and if it isn't raining cats and dogs, I am going out and hunt up some more scenery. I know a dandy place, too. Supper including wine for eight Francs.

CHAPTER V.

Changes In Personnel of Officers—Weather Similar To That of Texas—Our Algerian Allies and Chinese Labor—Destined For Details—"Service of the Rear"—The Hospital Wards St. Nazaire and Rennes—Memorial Day.

In the interval covered in this chapter the daily grind continued. Captain Jensen, who had been left at Camp MacArthur, arrived in France and resumed command of Company C. Captain Dayton, who had been in charge of the company, was assigned to Company B, taking the place of Captain Rogers who was transferred as an Assistant Provost Marshall to England. Lieut. Wessely was called back to Division headquarters and was eventually assigned to the 107th Supply Train, where he became a captain. The Train moved from the barracks it had been occupying to the large stone hospital buildings and the new quarters were ideal, the only condition to complain about was the battalion messes which caused long mess lines. Each battalion had but one kitchen but the arrangement worked out satisfactorily as soon as the cooks became accustomed to providing food in larger quantities.

* * * *

France, 15 April.

There is one thing over here that we can censure and the Intelligence Office won't censor and that is the weather. He skips right over anything pertaining to weather so it is a perfectly safe subject. One cannot say too much about the weather. It is absolutely punk. Two months ago when we landed in England we thought it was Spring and by this time we would be enjoying Summer, but it is still Spring, regular Lake Michigan Spring with cold winds that go right thru one, and rain. It has rained every day for two weeks; not continually, but showers, and there is mud everywhere. The French hereabouts wear wooden shoes over sandals or slippers and the mud is just deep enough now to work in over the

tops of the wooden shoes and it must be pleasant for the Frenchmen, still, they are fortunate they do not live in Texas. The gumbo would pull off the wooden kicks faster than they could put them on.

A similarity of here and Texas is the rainbow. In neither place are they worth a centime. Have seen four rainbows here in one day, each one as flashy as an Algerian corporal, and it kept right on raining for another week.

We have with us now a few hundred of our Algerian Allies, whom I want to tell you about so in case you run across any of them over there you can treat them right. This bunch we have here are not exactly soldiers altho they dress in the discards of any army's clothes they can find or borrow. They are the same complexion as the majority of the laboring class of our South and their hair is just as kinky as their minds. Their idea of a good joke is to steal one's breeches or anything else they can lay their hands on. They love work of any kind in which they have some tool to use, such as a shovel or pick or something with handle long enough so they can lean on it. A bunch of our men are bossing this labor, supervising carpenter, mason and road building work. The soldiers understand as much of the Algerians' jabber as the Algerians do of the Amex dialect, so they get along splendidly.

When the colored gentleman lays a brick right or accidentally happens to do anything else right the Amex boss smiles and shakes his head "Yes." The Alger is so tickled to think he has done something right that he starts telling the rest of his crowd about it and they drop their work and come running over to squat down and make a great fuss about it. Some days that single crew of not more than forty has laid as many as nineteen bricks.

But things do not always run so smoothly for the boss. More often the Alger doesn't get it right a-tall. Then the boss shows him how-to-do. I watched one of the boss masons the other afternoon for awhile. He had his coat off and was slinging "mud" in great shape. Back home he had been a mason contractor and he knew how-to-do alright. His audience admired his technique for quite a while before quietly slipping away. He was mixing his own mortar when I left, but for once his "crew" had a regular day's work to show when night came.

There is one boy connected with the outfit, tho, that can make them hustle. The first time I saw him I thought surely he was a general at least, all dolled up in red with gold and blue braid and

a bright red turban with a tassel, the general effect being exactly like a flamingo. When the sun shines it is impossible to look at him without colored goggles—and he is a corporal. If the Allies want to put one over they should stick a bunch of Algerian officers on the front line and burn the eyes out of the Huns. The way this corporal shows his countrymen's efficiency is with a stick about the size of a hickory stick. His best work is with the bunch digging ditches. He walks along the top of the ditch and as soon as a back straightens out for a rest and a head bobs up he cracks it with the stick. If it happens to be an exceptionally stout tree limb it will last several hours, but in the end the little willing workers always beat the game because the corporal spends the greater part of his time in the brush cutting sticks and while he is away they have their big fun.

The population of our camp has been further increased by the arrival of Chinese labor, much to the disgust of the P. G.'s, who formerly "shot" all the cigar and cigarette butts around camp, but the Chinks now beat them to it. Supposing a Chinese woman who had lived all her life without the aid of a maid or a hair-dresser and had done man's work, supposing she should wear her hair like her husband does his queue and had never lived the life of the almond-eyed belles who in the old days had their feet bandaged, now, supposing she should make up her mind to accompany her other half when he left his native opium patch for foreign shores and to that effect donned his other suit of clothes, do you think you could tell her from him? You don't think you could, do you? Well, you are in no worse plight than is some immigration department of some country. In this bunch of natives from the Flowery Kingdom there were sixty-two of the female of the species and the Medics spotted 'em at the first inspection after they had slipped by, goodness knows. how many immigration officials.

At our camp we have finally become interested in the war to the extent of wondering how long it can last. It does not seem possible that such havoc can continue such a great length of time and then cease without having accomplished something definite toward ending the war. It is difficult for us to realize the terrible battle going on not so many miles away. We have become used to the roar of big guns right here at our camp, but it only seems to add to the feeling that our training is desultory. We have done so much of it and are not getting any place. We seem destined for

"details"—all work and no excitement.

There are others over here who evidently feel the same way. Here is something by an inspired "doughboy" that is going the rounds:

IN THE SERVICE OF THE REAR.

When this cruel war is over,
And the boys go marching home,
I'm afraid I'll be an outcast,
And forever have to roam.
When they show their wounded chevrons,
And their service stripes of gold,
And they tell admiring lassies
Of various deeds and bold,
I'll be missing from the circle
And no one there will hear
How I nearly was a hero
In the SERVICE OF THE REAR.

I am an S. O. R. boy, also an S. O. L.
I never pulled a trigger, or sent a Boche to hell.
I never saw a dugout, in fact was never near
For I performed my duty in THE SERVICE OF THE REAR.

When we passed that glorious statue
That our liberties uphold,
We looked forward to the future
With ardent spirits bold.
We prated of Democracy
And the freedom of the seas,
And how we'd get the kaiser
And bring him to his knees;
How we'd face the German legions
Without a trace of fear—
But, alas, we had not reckoned
With the SERVICE OF THE REAR.

For I am an S. O. R. boy, also an S. O. L.,
I never saw a battle or heard a screaming shell.
The only Hun I ever saw was a prisonier LaGuerre
Aworking just like I was in the SERVICE OF THE REAR.

I've done some provost duty,
Took a turn in Warehouse "A,"
Hit up the docks at midnight,
When the front was short of hay.
I've set up locomotives,
Then built a mile of track,
Chopped wood and dug some ditches

Just to keep from getting slack,
But though I've done my duty
As I saw it true and clear,
I will never get a medal
For my SERVICE IN THE REAR.

L'ENVOI

For I am an S. O. R. boy, also an S. O. L.,
But I've always done my duty, and I tried to do it well,
So I hope that at the "Fini" they will grant my wish so dear
And let me kick the kaiser IN THE SERVICE OF THE REAR.

About the only phase of the war I could tell you about would be the treatment German prisoners receive here. When tales of terror come back with the prisoner escaped from the Germans, that country's captured soldiers are being too well treated here. It makes a person's blood boil to hear of the barbarism of the Hun, and knowing it all to be true, one naturally, for the moment, feels ferocious toward the P. G.'s here, but it is only momentarily, and the very feeling and passing of it proves our civilization. Very recently we have all been reproached for treating the P. G.'s as novelties instead of prisoners of war. They had been allowed so many privileges and liberties that a sudden check has been placed on their activities and our friendliness toward them. They had been living so easy for so long they were getting fat and insolent. Elimination of the periods and apostrophe and substitution of a single "i" makes P. G.'s just what they are.

We have just been notified that we can no longer expect packages from the States unless the article shipped has been formally ordered or requested in a written statement approved by an officer and the request enclosed with the article shipped. I don't know as the ruling of the Postal Department will cause any great hardship for the soldiers, and I am sure it will relieve the congested condition of first-class mail to the A.E.F. Just the other day our outfit received twenty sacks of mail and not a letter in the bunch.

Personally I don't know of a thing right now that I want delivered two months hence. I don't want cigarettes because I can buy Camels here cheaper than you can over there; tobacco and cigars the same. Four packs of Durham are a Franc (17½ cents) if one wants the "rollings" and I am smoking a Manilla cigar right now for which I paid 18½ Francs for 100, and as I am nearly to the bottom of the box and still alive they can't be so bad. I don't want

candy, because I can get chocolate that fills the void for sweet stuff, and I am loaded up with safety razor blades for a year. Toilet articles, such as the French import to the U. S., can be bought at a little town nearby at a price that would make you think I was trading at the Woolworth store. Honestly, I can't think of a thing I will want two months from now. But wait! There is too something. There is something we all want—letters; lots of them, bushels of 'em and there is no order out yet against getting them without a requisition.

* * * *

The following letter was written in Camp Hospital No. 15, Coetquidan:

France, 6 May, 1918.

Our principal trouble at present is stiff neck caused by wearing the shrapnel helmet. The old campaign hat is a thing of the past. It has been turned in and our sole head gear, until the overseas cap is issued, is the steel hat and it is some weight. Better than two pounds continually worn on the head develops neck muscles, but during the period of development there are some stiff necks and sore heads. I wear mine only two or three hours a day and figure I will be used to it by the time I get out the hospital and back on the job.

Our ward keeps full of patients all the time even tho not from casualties sustained in actual fighting. There is always that proportion of men in the hospital from natural causes. I don't know what the proportion is but it is quite large. In the surgical wards, besides cases similar to my own, (tonsilitis) there are appendicitis cases, but the patients are principally those suffering from accidents—broken arms or legs, smashed bones. Causes of the accidents appear to be about equally divided between automobile trucks, kicking horses and "esprit de corps." Somebody is continually getting in the way of a truck, or learning the ways of a truck, and somebody else is continually having trouble teaching the French horses to understand American cuss words. All horses are native to the soil and don't "parley vos" American, or rather, don't understand it worth a cent altho they can kick like that American institution, the army mule, who is conspicuous at this camp by his absence.

As to the third cause of accidents, "esprit de corps" is nothing more or less than the spirit the doughboy displays when defending the infantry as the best branch of the service and is backed by every

other doughboy present. The same applies to the backing the yellow hat cord man gets when he proclaims to all who care to hear that the cavalry is the only branch; or the red hat cord man and his friends present "sticking up" for the artillery; or any other staunch exponent of his particular arm. It is the same spirit which prevades in any outfit of any branch of service and the individual doing the talking is consequently in the best branch, all right, all right. If that doesn't bring forth an argument the speaker draws the challenge a bit more taunt and asserts that his regiment is the best in that particular best branch and is backed by everybody from that regiment who happens to be present. That usually attracts some attention but the probability is that his regiment is in the majority among those present so to get action he specifically mentions his company as the best in the regiment, and for immediate action, that his platoon or even his squad is the best in the company. He never has to go any further. Very often before it gets that far he has stepped on somebody's toes and has to prove his contentions. The probabilities are that either he or the other fellow will be occupying one of the cots in our ward the next morning.

There are "N.G.," "N.A." and "Regs" here and they have their little difficulties; then there are all the different branches and the different outfits of these branches so there is always a chance for argument, and nights, after drill hours, down in the village these arguments augmented by "vin rouge," frequently developed into little free-for-alls that help break the monotony of the soldier's life and give the M. P.'s something to do. There is a tension here among the men that is very noticeable at times. They have been drilled so much and have been awaiting the order that will take them to the front so long that it doesn't take much to "start something." If they keep us here much longer this outfit will be a bunch of "battlers" by the time they get "up there."

* * * *

France, 29 May, 1918.

Since my last letter I have had a chance to make a couple of trips away from camp and see something of a couple of French cities of importance and interest. By the time you receive this we will have made another trip—up to the big show—and will be somewhere near where all the excitement is going on. We have been preparing for this debut for a long, long time.

Spent last Sunday at a French port (St. Nazaire) that has become so Americanized that it was almost like a trip home to the States. Saw big mogul locomotives and heard their screech, in such contrast to the subdued toot of the French dinkies; saw monstrous cranes overreaching great docks, all built by the U.S.A., and a great harbor filled with scores and scores of ships taking turns at the docks unloading everything under the sun for the A.E.F., and Allies. It is simply wonderful the work done by the United States at this port since making it one of our principal terminals, and all in such a short time.

It is a pretty and quaint old city, and away from the hustle and bustle of the Americans, that is, away from the docks, where the French are allowed to pursue their own sweet will and way undisturbed by the unaccustomed rush, it is fun to take in the sights. Everything was wide open Sunday, not a store of any kind closed, and by far the greater part of the customers and patrons were Americans showing themselves and the French a good time. I have forgotten the little French language I did know. A grin, a few francs and motions will get results better than trying to find "it" in the dictionaire," and what's the use of cramming to learn French when the Americans are in the predominance? It's up to the French to learn United States.

Had the luck to find a friend from home Sunday, and we certainly had some reunion. It was just accidental that I discovered his regiment (17th Engineers) to be stationed at this French port and I started out in a Ford to find him. This Ford was certainly here since before the war and I am sure it had seen "service." It was sans cushions, sans seats, sans everything but the hood and something under it that made it shake, rattle and roll along. The driver was a Frenchman, an Apache I thought later, and how he came to have a machine in his possession is more than I know, as every car in France is in the hands of the military authorities and civilians find it difficult to even purchase gasoline, but I can easily understand how he could afford to own a Ford. I had the outfit exactly an hour and ten minutes and the tariff was 35 francs, or, to put it into United States, he soaked me $6.12½ for the trip. We traveled six kilometers to the Engineer camp, but my friend's company had moved so we came back to the city and out to another camp a short distance, and my friend had gone to town. Returning

to the city we ran plump into him, and almost over him, amidst great rejoicing. He has been over here since last August in this same town almost continually and is tired to death of being in one place all the time, and in the "S. O. R." He knew the town from one end to the other and we didn't miss much. Left there that evening and was home in seven hours.

Another trip I had recently was to a city much larger than this seaport and I made it in an automobile, a regular one, on a beautiful, pleasant day over the finest roads I had ever seen. I had worked on the regimental payrolls for a week and it was a fierce job. As a reward for my faithful labors I was taken along by the paymaster as armed guard when he made the trip to this branch of the Bank of France after the money. This larger city (Rennes), is strictly French in every respect and there were scarcely any American soldiers in town, altho a few do occasionally get a chance to visit there week-ends. Hospitals are filled with wounded French and Belgian soldiers and each arriving train brings more. It is pitiful to watch the incoming trains unload. All around town are convalescing soldiers, many with artificial limbs, but others are there on furloughs and enjoying themselves. There were a great many Belgians in evidence; these poor fellows, when furlough time comes, have no home to go to so they spend their leave away from the front visiting the French.

We brought back to camp nearly a half-million francs and it was a load to carry from the bank to the automobile. The denominations were 100, 50, 20, 10 and 5 franc notes and 2, 1 and 50 centime silver pieces. It is difficult to learn that French money, especially the paper, is worth anything. I told the paymaster I wouldn't give him three twenty-dollar U. S. bills for his whole load and he answered that at first it was hard for him to be careful with the stuff when paying it out, but that after a few shortages he found it had a value. The fives and tens, and even the twenties, seem trifling in their cheap looking paper, especially when they become wrinkled, but the fifties and hundreds are flashingly colored "documents."

Tomorrow is Memorial Day and all camp duties have been suspended. There is a cemetery here with graves of American soldiers and in the morning each company in camp will send a detail to pick flowers to place on the graves.

CHAPTER VI.

A Trip Across France—Itinerary—"Many Dust"—Alsace—Billeted in Roppe—With the Cows Pigs and Chickens—Ammunition Hauls—Night Work—Anti-Aircraft Bombardments—July 4, 1918—Baseball—Sunday in Alsace—The Flu—No Cooties But Plenty of Fleas.

AFTER more than three months of drilling and details at Camp Coetquidan the orders that gave us our motor equipment and sent us to the front were received. Instruction in operating trucks had been given the men on trips to St. Nazaire with Quartermaster trucks which went in after supplies for the camp. There were also a few trucks about the camp which had been available for the Motor Battalion so that the men were qualified to drive the machines when finally obtained.

On May 31 Major Imhoff with Captains Hill and Dayton went to St. Nazaire, and Captain Wismer with Lieut. Russell went to Nantes, after the equipment for the battalion. Half the men of the battalion accompanied the officers. The day previous Captain Jensen with a large number of men left for LaHarve after trucks but returned empty handed as there had been a confliction in orders.

Returning from St. Nazaire and Nantes the details brought 108 Nash Quad trucks, 6 Dodge passenger cars, 3 Dodge light delivery trucks, 3 Indian motorcycles with sidecars and 1 artillery repair truck, with sufficient gasoline to take the entire train across France. Each of the companies in the Motor Battalion were assigned 26 trucks and an automobile. Train and Motor headquarters got the remainder of the motor vehicles.

The morning of June 7 the Motor Battalion left Camp Coetquidan, the train being divided into four sections, a company to a section, Company A leaving at 7 o'clock, followed by the other companies at intervals of a half-hour. Train headquarters accompanied

the battalion. Lieutenant Coe, of battalion headquarters, preceded the train one day arranging for guides to pilot the sections thru the larger cities and selecting the parking place for each night's destination.

The first day we passed thru Rennes and Vitre and camped for the night alongside the roadway near LaGravelle, having made 58 miles without mishap, crossing the department of Ille et Vilaine. The day following we crossed the department of Mayenne, thru the city of Laval, to LeMans, in Sarthe, another run of 58 miles. We reached LeMans about 2 o'clock in the afternoon and our particular section made camp in a freshly cut field of hay just on the outskirts of the city. We remained in this delightful camp over Sunday, having the opportunity to visit the large city and thoroly enjoying ourselves while the motor equipment was gone over, oiled and gassed.

Breaking camp after a 5:30 o'clock breakfast Monday morning we again travelled 58 miles in a day, spending the night near Binas on the road to Orleans, having passed out of the department of Sarthe and nearly across Loir-et-Cher. At Moree we crossed the Loire river. The next morning quite early we passed thru the city of Orleans and for hours travelled along the banks of the Loire and thru Chateauneuf-sur-Loire to Gien (Loiret) where we camped. That day's run was 60 miles.

June 12 we made the longest run of any day on the trip making Chablis for the night, a distance of 78 miles. For hours that day we traveled along roads where the hillsides were covered with grape vines. During the day we passed thru Briare, Bleneau and Auxerre. Our night's destination was in the department of Yonne. The next day we made 68 miles across Cote D'Or to Auberive in Haute Marne. We crossed the Seine that day at Chatillon-sur-Seine. At Auberive we were but a half-dozen kilometers from Prauthoy, formerly division headquarters.

Early on the morning of the 14th we passed thru Langres, then thru Fays Billet, Cambeaufontaine to Vesoul, a distance of 69 miles for the day, to a very nice camping ground with the "chapelle" on the hilltop looking down upon us. We reached our destination on the Alsace front the next afternoon and our home for six weeks was in the village of Roppe, four kilometers east of Belfort. We had travelled 504 miles on our trip across France.

Preparing for the trip across France by rail the Horsed Battalion remained at Camp Coetquidan until June 10. There was

equipment to be drawn, wagons and caissons to be assembled, forage to be obtained and many other details to be arranged. The Battalion had a considerable number of horses but an officer and 35 men was to be left behind to bring the balance of the horses due. On June 7 Lieut. Cairy went ahead to arrange for the billeting. A couple of days later some of the men from the Medical and Veterinary detachments and 40 men from Company E preceded the battalion to prepare the camp in Alsace.

At noon on June 12 the Battalion, consisting of 6 officers and 467 men, marched to Guer and about 5 o'clock that afternoon entrained. At 9 o'clock that night the train was in Rennes and 4 o'clock the next morning passed thru LeMans. Tours was made at noon and Bourges at 8 o'clock at night. At 8 o'clock the evening of July 12 the Battalion detrained at Belfort and marched to Roppe where it was billeted by Lieut. Cairy. The only accident on the trip happened the first day when Sergt. John Majerowski was knocked from the train while passing thru the tunnel near Le Creusat.

Immediately the Ammunition Train was settled at Roppe details from the companies were sent to the ammunition dumps scattered thru the area and the outfit got its first experience in hauling ammunition to the batteries and the infantry. Some days the hauls were light but at other times the entire Train was busy. Life in the Alsace sector was not particularly hazardous but this fact was not fully realized until after we had seen real fronts. Occasionally there would be bombardments by the artillery and raids by the infantry but we learned it was merely for training purposes. Our division, which holds the distinction of being the first American outfit on German soil because of its occupancy of that part of Alsace, was under command of the French and there seemed to be a tactical understanding between the French and the Germans that if the French left Mulhouse alone, why the Germans would not molest Belfort. At any rate, while we were there we saw but little of war, but enough so that when we reached the real fronts we had a rudimentary acquaintance with modern warfare.

Shortly after we reached Alsace Lieut. Veling of Company B was transferred to the Base Censor's office in Paris.

* * * *

France, 21, June.

Have had a long and wonderful trip across France and we are

now at the Front, altho in a quiet sector. Still, it isn't what a novice would consider quiet either. The big guns are at it almost incessantly and it is the unusual thing not to have a Boche plane or two up above somewhere with a flock of French machines in chase. French troops are continually passing thru our village, either coming from or going in to the trenches and the scores of villages around us are inhabited by American soldiers. The weather since our arrival has been wretched.

In all my dreams of traveling thru strange, old countries, visiting spots and places somewhat familiar and longed for since the old "geography days," I never, quite dreamed such a trip as we just completed. For more than a week we visited one wonderful old town after another across France, traveling in our motor train over the most wonderful roads in the world, where for miles and miles and miles great trees, planted as uniformly as along a boulevard hundreds of years ago, formed a canopy thru which we rode protected from the heat of the sun. The weather was perfect every day but one. Nights we halted near some large city, pitched our pup tents and camped for the night. Travel rations were very good and besides when night came we usually had the privilege of visiting town and buying our supper if we chose.

Our line of travel was principally over the National Highway of France, which has markers every kilometer and sign posts, which really tell something, every few kilometers or wherever a junction of roads demand it. The Touring Club of France has made their system of road direction perfect. The only chance to make a mistake is in going thru cities—to strike the right road when leaving the town and our section made that mistake, altho it was not our fault. Our train traveled in sections. In going thru a town the section preceding ours got a "bum steer" from the M. P. who was supposed to direct them and traveled about 20 kilometers toward the Mediterranean sea before some old French woman yelled from the roadside to inquire if the Americans were retreating. Our pilot failed to show up entirely when we came thru an hour later and in a train of trucks there is no chance to stop and inquire the way when one can't even understand the language—it takes too long to make signs—so we just followed the tracks on the early morning pavement and wound up finally about five hours behind the rest of our train. It is quite a job for a couple score quads turning around on a twelve-foot roadway. We had to return thru the city to get

back on the right road and the light delivery truck in which I was riding got a puncture right in the heart of town, so the rest of the section went on and left us, but that wasn't what one would call hard luck either, because, happening to glance up at the building in front of which we were stalled we discovered that our lone puncture in crossing France had happened directly before the old home of Joan of Arc. There was a commemorative plate on the building and a Frenchman who could talk English translated it. The city was Orleans and Joan of Arc had lived in this house in 1429. It is know as "the house with panelled walls." During our trip we traveled for nearly a day thru the forest in which Joan of Arc assembled her armies.

Orleans is a city of about 75,000 population now and has innumerable buildings that date back to the 10th, 11th 12th, 13th, 14th and 15th centuries. "LeMail," a long and pretty walk, surrounds the town with its pleasant verdure and following this one you can see nearly all the old places—Grosiot Hall (1530); Statue of Joan of Arc, sculptured by Princess Mary of Orleans; Cathedral Square; Basilica of the Holy Cross, founded in the Fourth century, rebuilt in the Thirteenth century and with towers 85 meters high by the Architect Gabriel. These towers were built when the cathedral was restored by Henry IV. The old town simply abounds with historic names and places. One old church with a quaint tower, built in the Eleventh century, still stands.

The third night of our trip we won't forget for a long time. It rained. A pup tent is a wonderful place in which to sleep on a bright, warm night, when camped in a hay field, but when it is raining when the tent is pitched and the blankets and everything else get wet, and it rains and rains and puts out the fire under the cook's stove and you crawl into your wet blankets without supper and it continues to pour, then it isn't very pleasant, especially, when about the time you begin to doze off you discover you pitched your tent in a village of ants, and the balance of the night is spent scratching as far as you can reach, and cussing the kaiser, occasionally praying for morning to come with a bright, hot sun.

But that was only one night; the rest of the trip, until our arrival here, the weather couldn't have been nicer. In fact, an occasional rain would have made traveling a bit more pleasant owing to the roads being so dry and dusty. When more than one hundred trucks string out over such roads dust rises in clouds, making it ex-

ceedingly unpleasant for anyone who must "take" it, as one Frenchman implied in acknowledging Colonel McCully's salutation.

The Frenchman was gasping for breath and covered with a coating of grey dust from the train when the Colonel's car stopped near him.

"Many dust," the Frenchman pleasantly remarked in reply to the Colonel's hand wave of recognition.

The last day of our journey was up hill the entire distance and we are now located where rain is made. It rains every day and it is cold. Would dislike spending the winter here. There is a snowplow in every back yard. Most of our companies are quartered in barracks which are fairly good, each makeshift bed having a strawmat for a tick with roofs on the buildings that do not leak overmuch, but our headquarters outfit and detachments are billeted, and being billeted almost invariably means living with the pigs and cows and chickens, and that is the life.

Our headquarter's office and billets are in a barn. The office is on the ground floor, with sleeping quarters in the loft on both sides. Each loft would hold about a ton of loose hay but wouldn't keep it dry. The cows are no longer in the building but their memory remains, some of it piled in neat heaps forming an approach to our doorway, and our backyard is a vast store of fertilizer. I lived in the barn for five days and nights but it was almost too much—working there days and sleeping there nights—so now I have a regular home. Have a regular bed in a French home and altho it is in the attic the bed is the best I have slept in since I left home. It is one of those high affairs topped off with a feather bed for a cover, which the old grandmother simply insists must go on top. If I leave it off after I get to bed I am very careful to put it back on top before I leave in the morning. Her husband is the village school master, and I can't imagine how a person can live to such a great age in this climate. I thought he was much older than she until I found out she hadn't a tooth in her mouth. I found that out when I offered her a box of hard tack. That was one time I was glad I couldn't understand French. I think I must have insulted her and I think she called me names.

Since I started this letter I have made a few trips in the vicinity and have been for miles on German soil, in towns where the signs are in German and where the sentiment is the same. I have seen camouflaging that actually disguises and hides; great guns

and emplacements covered over by a lattice work of irregular green and brown and yellow stripes that deceive from a very short distance. Everything around here is camouflaged—roadways, hills, valleys, even the trees in some places.

This morning up over our village and to the eastward we had as fine and spectacular exhibition of the work of anti-aircraft guns as it is possible to see. The sky was perfect for a clear view as white clouds at a great height dimmed the brightness of the sun until we could look directly at it. Planes were quite numerous early this morning as it was bright and quiet, but they were all French machines so our interest dulled and we quit watching until about half-after-nine a Boche machine was seen high above us, our attention being called to the speck in the sky by the booming of guns. For more than an hour we watched that Boche and the puffs of smoke bursting around him. The plane and smoke of bursting shells were black against the white background and we could distinctly see every explosion. Hundreds of shots were fired and we could see the result of every one by the smoke puff; some were wide, some high, some low, and a few seemed to envelop the machine but it kept at its dizzy heighth and finally speeded back to its lines with shells bursting in its wake as far as the guns could carry. A few minutes later it came back into the barrage again, or almost into it, and this time four French machines, which had been up above the clouds, dropped down into view but the Boche got away. It was a wonderful sight. The plane looked the size of an eagle and the smoke of the bursting shells hung in the air, ball shape, for fully a minute before breaking up, and there were fifty or more of these smoke balls in the air all the time. We have similar exhibitions frequently. We sit outside at our tables eating dinner and watch just such a display. The Hun doesn't always get away by any means.

Just a couple of days ago we watched what proved to be a very clever stunt. Two French machines started out over the German lines along late in the afternoon and four Boches arose to give battle. The French turned tail and beat it back for home pursued by the four, when suddenly a flock of French planes, and there must have been two dozen of them, swooped down out of the clouds. The Germans banked and rose at the same time and a chase began. We saw one machine fall. These are wonderful days over here.

France, 7 July.

The Glorious Fourth over here was celebrated just as you would expect. The French made a great fuss over the Americans and in many places France's Independence Day, which falls on July 14, was celebrated at the same time. In a city just north of us (Masseveux), and in another a short distance to the south (Grandvillers), the day was a great occasion, French, Italian, Japanese and I don't know how many of our Allies joined in the festivities and the half dozen or so American soldiers on M. P. duty in each place must have had a big time. I passed thru one of the cities late that evening and some of the Allies looked as tho they had fought the battle of "vin rouge" and lost out. The six M. P.'s in the town had an envious day. In Paris, London and the larger cities the celebration was the real thing, so the papers claim, but for the life of me I can't understand why London was celebrating.

At our Division headquarters there was quite a time with speeches, bands and baseball. In our village we were exceedingly "sane," a 3 to 4 ball game being considerable excitement while it lasted but at the end of the fifth inning an order for ammunition busted up the game and the rest of the day was spent in hauling "fireworks" for the evening display. I went along with one of the trains and I want to say that as a whole the day was somewhat different than July 4, 1917.

Our daylight jobs are a pleasure in this country of wonderful scenery but the night hauls, without lights, with an overcast sky and no moon, traveling a spiral course up mountains where the white roadway bed is completely obliterated by the blackness of the overhanging trees, are far from being the kind of trips to be enjoyed. When the trucks creep along up the grades "feeling" their way around shell holes that would hold a load of hay and sometimes dropping off into one, holding up the whole train and causing an hour's delay before being righted; and everyone talks in hoarse whispers while the trucks are making enough noise to awaken the dead; and when the putter of machine guns and waves of rapid rifle-fire, interspersed with occasional earthquake salvos from the artillery, are the other noises of the night; and the only light is the reflection from the flares sent up at intervals over "No man's land" in the valley down below, it is then that one wonders what it must be at a "live" front if this is a quiet sector. The artillerymen left up on the mountains sleeping as best they can around their

battery position without even a dugout for protection from cold, shells or gas are probably also puzzled.

We are very comfortably situated here now that the weather is nice. Our headquarter's outfit has its own mess now and while there are less than twenty of us we augment the government allowance with ten francs a month and get along fine.

No reveille or retreat but breakfast at 7 o'clock. Am crossing my fingers and knocking wood while writing this because I know it can't last. There is very little work, in fact I have a sleepy job and get a chance for a little bunk fatigue every afternoon. I don't suppose the daily life at a real front is much like that. And then the nights in my big French bed!

Today was Sunday and we had a ball game. Our dinky headquarters' outfit played the Ordnance and got beat 3 to 0. I played second and didn't particularly distinguish myself or get a D.S.C. or "Cross de Guerre," but if I feel in the morning the way I think I am going to judging from the way my joints and muscles are beginning to stiffen up, I am going to apply for a wound chevron, for, besides the pain I am sure I must endure tomorrow, my pride was wounded today. I had elucidated quite extensively on the subject of baseball and told of the old days when I was in my "prime" and of the class of ball we used to put up in my home town, and just because I didn't get a three-base hit every time up, why, these chesty ammunition wrestlers were none too flattering in their sideline repartee; but at that I think I will retire from baseball once more.

If I don't get the wound chevron I will have the consolation of a service stripe pretty soon anyhow. The first day of August we will have put in six months over here and will get a gold chevron for that. Our outfit embarked at New York on February 1, and the date of embarkation marks the beginning of foreign service. I notice by the figures on troops sent abroad, just published here and accredited to Secretary Baker, that we were among the first quarter of a million. It is surprising the way troops are pouring in over here.

This afternoon we got two sacks of mail that nearly caused a panic when the news of its arrival spread around the village, the rush to the postoffice was so great, but when the sacks were opened the tone of the assembled multitude changed somewhat. It was second-class papers, so old that the Russians were still fighting, and misdirected first-class, wishing us Merry Christmas and Happy New Year and hoping "you got that package." About once or twice

every so often a bulletin is issued by G.H.Q. or some other headquarters calling attention to the amount of wrongly addressed mail and instructing us to notify our correspondents of our correct address, giving full name, rank, company, regiment and American E.F., and also the A.P.O. number. The use of the latter is not advisable unless a soldier is permanently located in the S.O.S., or some other branch where he has a chance to remain long enough to get a letter to the States and an answer.

Our new A.P.O. number is 734. We moved from 711 to 734 and both numbers are composed of the lucky 7 or 11 combinations, but we don't always travel on lucky numbers—list' to my tale: We left Camp Mac Arthur, Texas, January 13, arriving at Camp Merritt in the early hours of the 18th, which was Friday; embarked for foreign service Feb. 1, which was Friday; there were thirteen ships in our convoy when we left Halifax with thirteen different organizations aboard. We entered the danger zone off the coast of England on the 15th, which was Friday. From Liverpool we went to the southern part of England, crossed the Channel one night in a regular aurora borealis of searchlights and convoyed by destroyers, and our service records show that we landed in France on Washington's Birthday, which, without an effort fell on the 22nd, and as per usual with us, the 22nd fell on a Friday. This Friday stuff still pursues us, as you can readily see by glancing at the calendar, because we left our training camp in Western France on June 7, a Friday. We need a few lucky A.P.O. numbers to offset this Friday-Thirteen alliance.

We have fared so far, much better than we ever expected or hoped. Of course we all pray for the war to end. We want to go home. Sometimes it seems we have been over here for years and again it doesn't seem any time at all. There are days when we think we will die here of old age, but about that time some cheerful "ninny" remarks that the first ten years in the army are the worst. This job over here would be a whole lot nicer if we could go home Saturday nights. Everybody now and then predicts when the war will end, it is anybody's privilege. My guess made several months ago, was September 14. I want to change that now to September 13—I just noticed it falls on Friday.

* * * *

France, 14 July.

Just found out today thru a clipping from a home paper that it

has been known in the States since June 18, that we are in Alsace. Since our arrival here we have been very careful in keeping secret our whereabouts, our letters have been strictly censored to that end and all this time we have been fooling only ourselves. It was stated in the clipping that the Germans were aware of our presence here from the first and I am not greatly surprised. It must necessarily follow that a country dominated by a people for nearly fifty years can scarcely help but have some inhabitants loyal to, or at least influenced by, that people. Besides when Germany found she could not make the Alsatian a German she did her best to drive him from the land and populate it with her own docile vassals. As a result we are in a country infested by friends of the enemy. I do not know anything about their method of communication but it ought not to be a very difficult undertaking when Boche planes are circling above us at all hours. Nearly every family around here speaks German and quite a number cannot speak French. The old Alsatian, however, is as loyal to France as in 1870 and so are his succeeding generations even tho thru all these years they have been prohibited by the fiercest laws from even speaking their own language.

Our village is on French soil in the foothills of the Vosges mountains under the protection of the fortress of Belfort and when the day is clear and climatic conditions are just right we can see the Swiss Alps. One evening after a rainy day, when the sun came out brightly for a few minutes just before setting, I happened to be at the summit of a great elevation a few kilometers from here and from there I could see, rising dimly against the Southern sky, what I was told was Mount Blanc. Across to the East was the German city and fortress of Mulhouse in plain view, altho, I was told, the distance is fully thirty kilometers. Down in the valley somewhere along in that thirty kilometers runs the trenches that form the boundary line of today. Mulhouse is said to be as strongly fortified as Belfort, which could have been the price of peace for France. The concession of Belfort to Germany when the demand was made in August 1914, might have prevented the World war. Belfort is so strongly defended it does not seem possible of capture by an enemy. The approach from Bocheland for miles and miles is one fortified elevation after another and miles and miles of barbed wire entanglement.

Today, July 14, is Independence Day for France, and has been declared a holiday for American troops not actually in the battle

front. Our village is as quiet as the proverbial New England village Have not heard a gun since early morning and there has not been the usual bombardment of enemy planes. However, no matter how quiet it may be thruout the day there is always the morning and evening "hate"—the morning and evening exchange of "courtesies" by the artillery.

Today is also the Sabbath and it is difficult to recognize the people of the village in their Sunday clothes, the change is so striking from their week day apparel. The few old men are in their best which is so shiny and the style is of days gone by. But the female population does doll up. It seems that every one of them, young and old, have each a silk dress, and it has style to it too. They really do look nice when dressed up but the poor things do not have a great deal of time to show off their clothes. The natives here are up two hours before reveille. They are up at daylight and in the fields until dark, which comes on about 9 o'clock, and often even later we can hear a hay-laden, oxen-drawn wagon creaking along the road, and more than likely that load will be pitched into the mow before there is any sleep in that household that night. Their first meal of the day comes after seven hours of hard work and their only other meal of the day is after dark. Civilian France is supposed to have two meals a day—the first about 11 o'clock in the morning and the second usually after they come home from the fields at night. Their food is none too plentiful, either, and their bread ration is just a little short of what they would like. Every child in the village has some work. Little girls, seven and eight years old, do the family washing and boys of the same age drive oxen. The mademoiselles of the household have worked so hard they appear twice their age, stoop-shouldered, tired and wan, with hands hardened and coarse, resembling those of a laboring man. But Sunday morning on their way to church in their silk dresses they do look nice, and the dirty "enfants" who pester the "Americaines" for six days on the seventh are the obedient, angelic "gareons" and "filles."

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Have just wasted a whole week. Had the Spanish "flu" and if that isn't a waste of time I don't know what is. About everybody in this sector has had this influenza. It has the grippe beaten a kilometer. The epidemic is all over Europe at present, it seems, and plays no favorites—Tommy and Poilu, Amex and Italian, Dukes and Duchess, Kings and Queens, Jacks and Deuces—all get it. They

started calling it the "three-day" fever here but couldn't camouflage it with a name when it runs its course in a week or more. It hits suddenly and one's temperature nearly chases the mercury out thru the top of the M. D.'s thermometer, face gets red, every bone in the body aches and the head splits wide open. This continues for three or four days and then disappears after considerable perspiration, but the "hangover" clings for a week or two. If it happens to strike over there this is the treatment, prescribed by the best civilian and army medics over here: A cachet of 30 centigrammes of pyramidon, and ten minutes later a cachet of 60 centigrammes of bichlorhydrate of quinine. Within a half-hour, or possibly an hour, the patient perspires profusely, especially if at the same time as the cachets' hot aromatic infusions are given, and when the perspiration has finished temperature drops and patient enters into convalescence.

The best war news I heard this week was that the kaiser had the "flu." I hope his bones ache so that it penetrates to the marrow and circulates until it is only halted by the solid bone that uneasily rests beneath his crown. Then I hope he burns up and withers with the fever. We have other afflictions that I would also like to communicate to him. While so far, thank goodness, I have kept free from "cooties," there are other insects over here that do not confine themselves to crawling on their own stomachs. There are fleas that can jump from a Frenchman six feet away, turn a triple somersault in the air, and land in the space between the neck and coat collar. They raise a welt as large as a French penny and it lasts and itches two weeks, and you know that "big fleas have little fleas to bite 'em and so on 'ad infinitum." Then we have cute little chicken lice from the vacated coop adjoining our office on the left. Since they are without their chickens we answer the purpose. Flies thrive on manure. Those four words suffice for the fly subject in France. There are more varieties of flies here than you ever dreamed of and manure is the flavor of rural France. There is one specie of fly about an inch and a quarter in length who carries his stingaree in a regular scabbard aft and whose bite is so poisonous that the sting of six of them will kill a horse, according to the madam next door. Adjoining us on the right is the cowstable, and if cow ticks attack humans then I got 'em. I don't know what pet pests pigs, geese and goats have, but I think I get 'em too. If I can't get any sand paper from the supply sergeant I will enclose an order for some in my next letter. Send me No. 4 if it runs that coarse.

CHAPTER VII.

To the Chateau Thierry Sector—On a Real Front and Real Battles—Wonderful Work of Our Division—Burying Details—Hun On the Run—Americans Fight Different—Dangerous Souvenir Hunting—Gossoncourt Woods—Shelled and Bombed—Resting On Laurels—Quentin Roosevelt's Grave—The Coast Artillery.

FOR WEEKS we knew the Alsace sector was but a training area. We knew that real war was being waged miles away and that before long we would be in it. Life in Alsace was becoming monotonous. We were ready to move. The Horsed Battalion had changed headquarters to Vauthiermont about July 1. More horses were drawn and also more caissons and chariot de pare wagons. Every few days additions were made to the equipment. On July 9 John Orwacke, Company E, was drowned in the stream near Foussemagne. There continued to be plenty of work for the Train. There was considerable work at the ammunition dumps and night hauls were frequent. The artillery was getting a great deal of practice and were acquiring a reputation for accuracy of fire. Changes in tables of organization had increased the strength of companies of the Motor Battalion to 146 men and quite a number of replacements were being received.

The Motor Battalion left Alsace July 23 in a divisional motor train bound for some place on the big front. The first day's travel was 76 miles to Fay's Billet where camp was made in a heavy rain. We had traveled back along our old trail thru Lure and Vesoul. The next morning we passed thru Langres and a little later thru Chaumont, general headquarters of the American Expeditionary Forces. Two of the companies spent the night in camp at Brienne le Chateau and the other companies camped near Bar-sur-Aube. The distance covered that day was 78 miles. Coulommiers was our

next night's destination after passing thru Sezanne and Esternay and when we made camp that afternoon near an English aviation field we were but 20 miles from Chateau Thierry. We made 81 miles that day. Before 8 o'clock the next morning we were in Meaux and still we had no idea where we were going. As our route continued northwest we believed we were going up with the British and when we reached Senlis that afternoon we were sure we would meet the English once more.

That night we billeted in the village of Verneuil, about three kilometers south of Pont Ste Maxence. It had been a short run that day, but 50 miles, and Verneuil looked like a permanent home. The Horse Battalion reached Verneuil about the same time as we. Companies E and F entrained at Mowaller and Company G at Montreau Juene July 24, had passed thru the outskirts of Paris and detrained at Pont Ste Maxence a little after 4 o'clock the afternoon of July 26. With the entire Ammunition Train in Verneuil we were almost positive we would kick in someplace north of Soissons with the British.

Orders from Divisional Headquarters reached us early the next morning to the effect that we proceed at once to the region of Chateau Thierry Trucks were cranked up and while the Horse Battalion joined the Divisional train on the march the Motor Battalion got under way. Thru Pont Ste Maxence to Villers Cotterets, where a few days before the Germans held sway, we traveled, then south thru La Ferte Milon and sometime after midnight we camped in the woods southwest of Chateau Thierry. The Horsed Battalion had reached Flurines and then thru Nery to Antheulil at midnight, a distance of 43 kilometers for the day. The march the next day was across the River Ourcq, thru Montigny, thru the city of Chateau Thierry to Mont St. Pere overlooking the River Marne.

On the night of July 29-30 the Thirty-Second Division relieved the Third Division north of LeCharmel and the 107th Ammunition Train was given real work to do. On July 28 Company B had moved to Charteves and parked on the highway just north of the town from where it hauled. Company C, the same day, had moved to Le Charmel, where it parked on the lower road between Jaulgonne and Le Charmel, and began hauling small arms ammunition for the infantry. Train and Motor Headquarters, Companies A and D, moved to Azy on the Marne and remained there until August 1 when headquarters was established at Mont St. Pere and camp made

in a ravine in an old German ammunition dump surrounded by thousands of shell, principally gas. July 31 the Horsed Battalion moved to LeCharmel and August 3 to Reddy Farm in the vicinity of Cierges. Besides hauling considerable ammunition the Horsed Battalion had a detail of eighty men engaged in burying the American and German dead. From the 3rd to the 8th this detail continued its work and buried nearly as many Americans as Germans. The dead were numerous. On the 8th Company G, which had been at Dravegny a few days, moved back to Coulonges-en-Tardenois. Company C was at Coulonges under orders of the divisional munitions officer. Train and Motor Headquarters, with Companies A and D moved to Courmont August 11 and to Gossoncourt Woods the 14th. Company B joined the battalion here as did Company C. The entire battalion for about a week previous to moving was engaged in collecting enemy ammunition which had been left behind in great quantities.

* * * *

France, 3 August.

Have been trying to write a letter for more than a week and now that I am at it I don't know where to start. The experiences of the last ten days or two weeks have been such it has been impossible to calmly contemplate any such commonplace thing as a letter. Today is the 3rd of August—I know that from the date on my daily reports, and I also know that tomorrow is my birthday—but for the life of me I couldn't tell the day of the week. I don't know whether it is Tuesday or Sunday. So much has been crowded into the time since we left peaceful Alsace that it seems but a memory of long ago.

Not knowing where to start I will begin with today. It is the freshest in my mind and glorious to remember.

Not more than two hours ago I returned from the scene of yesterday's, last night's and today's most wonderful victory of American troops on the World's most famous battle front. It was not the scene of victories of the Marines, or the Regulars, or New England men, but the battle-ground where our own Wisconsin and Michigan troops made the most brilliant charge against the terrific, murderous machine-gun fire of the best of the Huns, driving them back leaving every machine-gun pit with its dead Hun or Huns; on and on thru woods, up an open hill without a vestige of shelter, over the top and down a slope, in and thru another woods and on until the invaders must stop to breathe and rest.

It is almost unbelievable. To view the country, see the enemy's positions and note the lack of shelter for the attacking infantry, and knowing that the opposing troops were the best the Germans have, it seems hardly possible that our men could succeed. But it is history now. This is a fact—right from our Division Headquarters: French cavalry this afternoon were out two miles in advance of the Infantry and there was not a single Boche in sight. The enemy are retreating so fast we cannot keep up with them.

Understand, our Division holds but a short sector of the whole front—less than two-kilometers, in fact, and our support consists of another Division with a third Division in reserve. Just think, all these men holding less than two kilometers of front! The exploits of our Division in the present drive are no more wonderful, I suppose, than those of the other Divisions holding this front, but I am certain none are more brilliant. Of course, our losses are heavy and many are mourning back home; just as the French and English have mourned these last four years, and there is scarcely a family over here that has escaped, but life over here cannot be considered any longer. It can't be. If we were fighting men with minds that God gave them it would be different, but these men are maniacs; they are savages, and they dare not be anything else. God created them but the Kaiser made their minds. Those who would be different are made to do as the Kaiser wills.

There is so much to tell I cannot attempt a tenth part of it but I want to try and describe one slope up which our Infantry charged. There were probably sixty acres in the field from the fringe of woods at the foot of the slope to the crest of the hill and the distance from foot to crest was about three hundred yards. Enemy machine-gun pits in that field were placed like this:

O O O O O O
O O O O O O
O O O O O O
O O O O O O

They were just as thick as these look and placed as systematically in even rows, one row just a trifle more elevated than the next so that all could fire when the range was right without danger of hitting the machine-gunners in front. A machine-gun with its strips of cartridges is the most deadly of weapons. Our men went up that slope in the face of that fire! And they went over the crest and a mile beyond before they stopped to rest.

They are advancing again tonight and the whole Division is moving, trying to keep up with the Infantry. Writing this I am fifteen kilometers behind the firing line. We move up tomorrow.

The Dead! It is no more than your duty to read of the things that are not nice about war. You give your money, your comforts, your sons, brothers, husbands, sweethearts; you sacrifice for us, pray for us; you support us as you should; but you are thousands of miles from the mental and physical suffering and a million miles from the truth. You don't know what war is! You haven't a conception of it. All the stories, lectures and pictures of war in the world would not give you an idea of it as it actually is. To realize war you got to see it and get the stench. You got to see the dead bodies and mutilated bodies and smell the stink.

The stink!—the "atmosphere" of a battlefield a day old! A battlefield—scene of a battle—is glorious, inspiring, like any great display of power, like the heavens at night when a fierce, ragged, jagged electrical display shatters the sky and shakes you where you stand or sit, partly fearful, partly in awe. But a battlefield after a battle; before there has been time to bury the dead, or when the burying squads are out dumping the dead Huns in shell holes or covering them in their machine-gun pits, and making an attempt at handling the bodies of Americans as gently as they would like—it is after that one realizes something of war.

I am writing this sitting at a typewriter in the back end of a light delivery truck fixed up temporarily as an office. It has rained the greater part of the past two days and is raining now. Our camp is in a ravine (Mont St. Pere) in mud and I live in a pup tent which is soaking wet, as is everything in it. When we moved in here the front was four kilometers away. Now it is fifteen kilometers away. We have been here two days. All around are German shells—thousands of them, mostly gas intended for the taking of Paris. This ravine a week ago was a Boche ammunition dump and now it is an American ammunition dump.

The days are very, very interesting, but the nights! The Boche planes come over every night flying just above the tree tops. The exploding bombs, the anti-aircraft guns and machine-guns start just after dark about the time we crawl into wet blankets. I am going to bed pretty soon because I can scarcely see to write, and a light is the last thing in the world I want. It probably would be with buzzing propellers just starting overhead. But before I quit for the night I

want to say that I do not mean any personal heroics in the preceding paragraphs. After reading a little of what I have written I sort of feel like a fool, writing about war when I know so little about it, but I know more than you who have never been here. I feel almost like a slacker when I think of the fellows who went up that slope.

I am going to bed—that is, I am going to crawl under the steel body of one of our trucks with my wet blankets—and will write more tomorrow.

* * * *

4 August.

So that you may understand how it happens I am privileged to get around so much I will tell something of our ammunition train and its work. One of our motor truck companies supplies the small arms—rifle, chauchet, some machine guns, flares, rockets, hand grenades and the like—to the Infantry. The other companies haul shells to the Artillery. Shells are hauled direct to battery positions from the dumps and the small arms go up as far as the first aid dressing stations, possibly the trucks, sometimes, go even a little farther than that. Our companies were stationed a few days ago around a circuit that took me between 50 and 60 kilometers in my sidecar each morning. For a few days now the distance is about 40 kilometers as we are well behind the lines and I take in all the companies in a straight line on my way up to the small arms company.

When I had the longer trip our Hq. was in a beautiful old chateau on the banks of the River Marne and I had it fine, seeing the terribleness of it all on the morning trips and laying around on Louis the Steenth furniture, or swimming, the rest of the day. I check up each of the companies of our Battalion every morning and consolidate their reports. That is my job.

We didn't move up today as we thought we would as we have to haul all the ammunition from the dump here first and it will take another day or two. It is still raining on and off, keeping the mud at about the same consisteney. I am writing this at night again and it is going to be a short night. I start out at four o'clock in the morning to get ahead of the traffic which is something terrific during the day. Divisions are on the move trying to keep up with the Infantry; supply trucks, ammunition trucks, mules, horses, motor vehicles of every descripiton and horse drawn of every kiud, long guns and short ones, heavy ones and light ones, Cavalry, Infantry, soldiers of other nationalities—everything that goes to make up an

army—all travelling over the muddy, shelltorn roads which a couple days ago carried German traffic. With anything but a side-car it is simply a question of getting a place in the line and going up with it, no faster, no slower, and it burns up a motorcycle. Tomorrow morning I am going up in a light delivery truck before the heavy traffic starts and take the small arms company its rations, saving a trip for someone else. Rations are drawn for one day only now.

Today I made the trip before noon in about three hours. I went up five miles farther than I did yesterday, altho a great many of the dead for that distance have been buried. In the new territory there were new dead, just as thick as yesterday's. The dead Boche are just as numerous altho more scattered. Here is another striking fact: Last night the colonel of one of our Infantry regiments ordered his command back nearly two miles over territory they had gained. He made them retreat—because they had ridden the Huns so hard they were too far ahead of the Artillery and had no support. Think of it! The Boche is running his head off!

Without putting any brag into the remark, and the Infantry are the only ones entitled to brag, the Hun is up against a different article of war than he ever encountered before. Maybe, as they say, he is falling back to a strong point which he thinks he can hold, and that we will all dig in for another winter; maybe he is, but I don't believe this stuff aboutdigging in for another winter. I think we are going to keep on over that strong point of his. With 300,000 fresh American troops coming over here every month, and all bringing the same fighting spirit, with Divisions to relieve and rest Divisions, it is going to be a different game. I do not mean to disparage the work of ourAllies, which has been wonderful, but this would never have been a four-year war if we could have jumped in at the start. Americans fight "different."

Our trip here from beautiful Alsace was ideal. We were on the road four days coming to this sector and I was practically a free lance all the way in my side-car, visiting awhile in every city thru which we passed. The motorcycle couldn't run as slow as the train so had either to lag behind or run ahead. There were 150 motor-vehicles in the entire train which traveled in echelons.

For three days the trip was delightful. On the fourth day we entered the devastated region. On that day we traveled nearly 90 miles thru villages and cities, an endless string of them, and each

place nothing but ruins; not a roof, scarcely, in the whole day; every field plowed up with shells. Not a single civilian inhabitant did we see that day—they were refugees. As the afternoon wore on it started drizzling and about that time we entered upon the latest battlefield of that date. The roar of guns a few miles away was plainly audible. I don't know how many miles we traveled before it became too dark to see, maybe 30, where both sides of the roadway were lined with dugouts, graves and crosses, and the salvage and debris of war with not a building that was not razed in sight—and not a soul but our own outfit anywhere. In the rain, with darkness coming on and chilly, the sidecar in place in the train keeping close for company and for fear of losing the road were the most depressing hours of my life.

Then we struck the main highway to the principal city in all that wreckage. The big drive had just started a few days and that roadway that night is simply indescribable. The traffic was just a struggling mass. Everything was being rushed to the front and on the same road were the empty trucks coming back. The Germans had not left a single thing in the nature of suplies behind except ammunition, and we were on the feeder to the whole front involved. I shall never forget that night—that battling, jabbering, swearing mass of traffic. Someway, somehow, the echelons of our train were sometime during the night shunted off on sideroads; we pitched our tents best we could and crawled in for the few remaining hours of darkness. Daylight found us within sight of what was left of the most talked of city in the world that day (Chateau Thierry).

The wreckage and destruction left in this section of France by the Germans is beyond description. The Huns looted everything, and besides the havoc they wrought French and American guns have finished what little the enemy left. Some of these places have changed hands a half-dozen times and each time a battle was fought for their possession. All that is left is salvage. All the time we have been here we have been unable to spend a sou. There is nothing money can buy in all this section. We subsist entirely on quartermaster stores and the system of provisioning the armies is remarkable.

No matter where you walk you find the discard of the retreating Huns. One can scarcely take a step without planting his foot on some sort of ammunition or some article of clothing. Ger-

man helmets are as plentiful as the flies, almost. It is hard to resist the temptation of collecting souvenirs, but besides not having any place to carry them, it is a mighty dangerous pastime.

One soldier picked up a pair of binoculars. The focus wasn't right when he looked thru them so he screwed them a bit and had his head blown off. They were loaded.

A book was left on a table in an old abandoned and wrecked house. A wire from the book down the leg of the table blew up a mine when the book was picked up.

Detonators have been placed in coal piles that appeared to have been abandoned.

A sand bag closing up the hole to a shelter was connected with a charge.

Artificial flowers and a bunch of foliage and even pieces of shell have been connected with a bomb.

Very fine wire scarcely noticeable placed across the entrance to a shelter upheld a weight which when dislodged fell upon a box of detonators connected with an explosive charge.

A person must be suspicious of everything, especially things that shine or that attract attention or the curiosity. Houses which remain intact in the midst of wreckage are always suspected.

Besides the traps the Huns left a great deal of mustard gas was used thru here and it lasts for many days. Anything a person may touch may have gas on it, resulting in very painful if not fatal sores.

* * * *

France, 16 August.

Am still safely back of the lines, far enough away to keep out of the casualty column by quite a few kilometers. Remember that old Civil War story of the soldier who during the height of the battle was where the bullets were the thickest—under the ammunition wagon? That story does not sound so darned funny any more, because it applies in the year 1918, month of August, to me. As I wrote you once before, the days are interesting, but the nights!

Just as darkness comes on comes the Boche bombing planes. There are no such things as lights after dark so when daylight fades we go to bed, glad to after the days we put in, and just about the time drowsiness develops into anability to keep eyes and ears open any longer then it is that the hum of his motor grows menacingly nearer. So sleepy that it is a shame to be disturbed and then to

have to make a decision on whether to stick it out in bed and take a chance or run out where the bullets are thickest—under the ammunition wagon. In this case the ammunition wagon happens to be a steel Quad truck and the bullets are shell—155's or 75's—and really I don't know but what it is just as safe to stay in bed because if one of those bombs ever got a direct hit on the truck load of ammunition I am under I'll wish I had stayed in bed. If these nocturnal visitors continue their calls—we have them with us every night—and if we remain in one place long enough—we move every day—I am going to build me a dugout and get a decent night's sleep.

Each night we go thru the same program. The same little bedtime conversational session takes place while we are undressing and the topic is usually whether to take 'em off or not and whether to expect him early or late. We stay up a little later waiting for him and then being so sleepy it is easy to decide that maybe he won't come over and we go to bed; and just about when we are dropping off comes that sort of an intermittent whir of the Boche motor and that means crawl out in night clothes and get under a truck. The duece of it is that every night it is the same story without variatios, except possibly for the distance away the bombs drop.

Last night the bombardment lasted a couple of hours and there must have been a dozen or more Hun machines over but none of the bombs dropped near us. Nevertheless I didn't know how soon they would be coming our way so I stuck to the truck until I was chilled thru and then said to hell with 'em and went back to bed. Night before last, at our old camp, they came pretty close but the most damage done was to some perfectly good roads. We had to use other and poorer roads the next day. One Headquarters outfit near us got hit pretty hard. They had out a big washing in their back yard and the line of white clothes evidently showed up quite plainly from above because a well aimed bomb made a direct hit and that outfit is out a lot of nice clean clothes.

Another bomb dropped near us was an illuminating one that lit up the entire country around and burned brightly for fully fifteen minutes. The Hun was undoubtedly looking for a field hospital near us. That is their great delight—bombing hospitals. During the last few nights the Germans have been attempting to do with bombing machines what they ordinarily undertake with their artillery. Dozens of their planes dropped tons of aerial torpedoes

wherever they were likely to find troops quartered. These moonlight nights are great for that sort of business and while I hate rain and muddy roads, this pleasant weather, besides making dusty roads makes unpleasant nights. It is clouding up a bit this afternoon and I hope it rains—to settle the dust.

Our camp today is in a woods and I am living under a big paulin which serves for my bedroom as well as an office. I have a great bed again—a Boche stretcher or litter which I picked up in a nearby field. The covering is slightly colored with crimson from some Hun that was only wounded, I suppose, but I have hopes he died from the wounds. My slumbers are not disturbed in the least by thoughts of any previous occupants of this bed of mine. It makes a real comfortable place to sleep but I am having quite a time getting used to it. I miss the barnyard odor. I am so accustomed to sleeping around stables that I had about made up my mind when I got back home I would get a load of hay to sleep on and dump a couple of wheelbarrow loads of manure alongside some place with a few boards with cracks between overhead.

This present camp of ours is located only a couple hundred yards from an ammunition dump that contains a few million rounds of all the very latest shell and some old ones too. If one of those Boche bombs ever strikes this dump it will be Good Night, Sister!—and there will be no further need of worrying about sleep. We move very often, so often that I sometimes wonder—why?—as we are not required to pay rent, but our next move will be muchly appreciated. I don't care how soon we get out of here.

Our Division, or most of it, is back for a rest. One might say we are resting on our laurels, so many nice things have been said about us. From way back in Haute-Alsace comes a letter of commendation from the French general in whose army corps we were, expressing the great satisfaction he experienced in having such an able division under his command. More recently another letter from another French general of another army corps says, "Your glorious advances are marked with names which will in the future illuminate the military history of the United States. I am proud to have commanded such troops." Still another, "The time having come to hand over the zone of battle General de Mondesir, commanding the 3rd Corps, addresses all his thanks to the splendid troops of the 28th and 32nd American Divisions, who have proved during the pursuit, which is still being continued, not only their

courage but also their staying qualities. The casualties, the toils and hardships due to difficulties of bringing up rations during the marching and fighting of this period, were unable to break their high morale, their go and their warlike spirit. General de Mondesir is proud to have had the opportunity to command them." And there are columns of similar praises that can be quoted about this Division.

Our Ammunition Train has had so many nice things said about it that we are quite puffed up. Such expressions as, "To hell with 'em, this load goes thru," and, "First line? Well, what t'ells the differenee?" had their ineeption in this particular Wisconsin outfit, the occasions being, firstly, when Hun artillery had one of our battery positions located perfectly and the load of ammunition for that particular battery was ordered to stop where it was, and, secondly, when a driver lost in the dark ran his truck up ahead of the advancing Infantry and stayed with them until they needed his load. O! there are more heroes in this outfit than there are maggots on a dead Dutchman.

Back from making itself famous this Division is now checking up, correcting faults learned from past mistakes—and executing Squads Right and Squads Left again. It's an awful comedown. One would think these veterans would have left behind that old drill field nightmare. But orders are that a certain number of hours each day must be put in on elose order drill during the rest period. When this Division goes back up there again, which will be in a very few days now, if we don't go to another sector in the meantime, it will go thru the Huns like—like—Well, write your own metaphorical ticket, you know what I mean.

Today I again visited the grave of Quentin Roosevelt. It is on a nearby slope. When I first saw it about ten days ago it was marked simply with a rude wooden cross and his metal identification tag. He fell back of the German lines and the enemy buried him. Members of an ambulance company of this Division have sinee fenced in the grave with birch boughs neatly mortised and a large cross marks the head of the resting place. There is a bouquet of roses on the grave, a tribute placed there by Miss Evangeline Booth, "Commander, the Salvation Army, New York."

From earliest remembrance of him I always more than admired Colonel Roosevelt. He has always been in the thick of it; there has never been any question where he stood on any subject

and he has always been in evidence where there was trouble in sight. No one has ever doubted his courage or his patriotism. His sons have been in the limelight considerably, maybe partly because of the prominence of their father, but principally because of their own intrepid inheritance. No one doubts their courage or patriotism. It was with admiration and sorrow that I twice visited Quentin Roosevelt's grave. The inscription on the cross at the head of his grave reads:

HERE
RESTS
ON
THE
FIELD
OF
HONOR
1ST LIEUT.
QUENTIN ROOSEVELT
AIR
SERVICE
U.
S.
A.
KILLED
IN
ACTION
JULY
1
9
1
8

* * * *

17 August.

We haven't moved yet and are not liable to for a few days because we are so conveniently located to this big dump from which we haul, but we are becoming bored to distraction by the action of some of our Coast Artillery.

We were none too pleasantly located in the first place and who should pop up here yesterday but some of the big ones from the C. A. and take up a position about two kilometers directly in front of us. The C. A. certainly has some nice big guns and we greatly enjoy our possession of them but that is no sign we like to have them around where we are. They attract Hun artillery fire like the Hun does cooties and now our days are about as pleasant as the nights.

Like attracts like in this instance and it is the big ones the Boche are sending back. The C. A. is sending over about three salvos a minute. The returning shell bursting makes just as much noise and while they come in salvos they burst singly. Hour after hour, day in and day out this exchange continues.

The C. A. pulled another fool stunt this afternoon. They hoisted a sausage balloon, ostensibly for observation purposes, but it looks as though they were giving the Boche our range. You see, the C. A. are a couple of kilometers ahead of us and we are directly in line with them and the enemy guns. That balloon makes a fine target, and life up there can't be so very pleasant either because of the bursting high explosive and shrapnel around it, but what we are kicking about is that all shell don't burst the way it is timed. There are all kinds of "duds," shell that are incorrectly timed, or defective in some other way, and when they fail to break up there they don't stop—they keep right on traveling and that is what musses up our camp. Then every once in a while there happens to be a gas shell or two or three and then we live in the gas mask an hour or so.

Understand, our camp is not being shelled continually, but what matters it whether thirty shell fall nearby or seventy-two, the fact that thirty do fall and that it might be seventy-two or two hundred is sufficient to upset a peaceful state of mind. There is never any telling when the next one is coming over and the noise is forever with us, so it all is just about the same thing from a state of mind standpoint.

Then there is always another thought comes to us when considering our possibilities, probabilities and degree of safety. Supposing some fool Dutchman over there about ten miles should happen to twitch that sighting screw a 'steenth of an inch or so sometime when monkeying around one of those Hun guns and accidentally get our exact range? Really, our time is so occupied figuring our "percentage" that we don't have time to worry about pay day and we have missed a couple of months now. Imagine being several thousand miles from home and "broke," which is my case. And worse than that, imagine a place where it is an utter impossibility to spend a cent if one did have it, and that is also my case.

CHAPTER VIII.

Victorious Division—To Another Front—Town of the Glass House—Pierrefonds Woods—Juvigny—Wonderful Work of the Infantry—Boche Planes Get Observation Balloons — Boche Bombs Come Close—Relieved—In Civilization Again—Back to Rest—Joinville Area.

FURTHER replacements had been received in the Ammunition Train but the companies of the Motor Battalion were still less than 100 strong. The detail which had left Texas with horses going to Newport News had rejoined the Horse Battalion. There were 397 men in the Motor Battalion and 540 men in the Horsed Battalion. Captain Jensen of Company C was selected to return to the United States in August as instructor in ammunition transportation and was to be promoted to a major. Lieut. Nelson was in charge of Company C and during the first week in September was promoted to a captain. 1st Lieut. Coe was promoted to a captain in August and Supply Officer Schantz was made a first lieutenant at about the same time. In the first week in September the latter was made a captain. Lieut. Cairy was transferred to Train headquarters as personnel adjutant and made a captain.

The Horsed Battalion at Reddy Farm and the Motor Battalion in Gossoncourt Woods broke camp within an hour of each other on the afternoon of August 24. The Horsed outfit at 2:30 o'clock that afternon left on the march while an hour later the Motor Train pulled out. During the afternoon the Horsed Battalion passed thru Courmont, Fresnes, Beuvardes and made camp that night a little after 7 o'clock near Coincy, near where one of the Big Berthas that shelled Paris had been located. The next day from 7 o'clock in the morning until 11 o'clock at night the battalion continued on the march, thru Rocourt Ste Martin, Grisalles to Neuilly St. Front for the noon rest and when the march again started the roads were blocked with the brigade artillery, compelling the battalion to re-

turn to its camp in the woods until the roads were cleared. At 7 o'clock that night the march was resumed and during the height of a rain storm, about 11 o'clock, the battalion made camp in the woods south of Villers Cotterets. The next day the battalion made Pierrefonds where the Motor Battalion was found already camped in the woods, having spent the previous night at Cuise Lamotte.

The Division went into the front line near Juvigny the night of August 28 and was relieved September 2 after a spectacular and victorious attack. Until September 9 it remained in reserve. The 57th Brigade was back of the infantry during the attack and it was here that the "triple barrage" originated. It was the 107th Ammunition Train that hauled the wherewith for those triple barrages and the work was strenuous as well as hazardous. Our casualties were quite numerous. The Horsed Battalion worked from Vezaponin, as did Company C, while Train Headquarters and the remainder of the outfit worked out of Berny Riviere near Vic-sur-Aisne.

After dropping back to Bitry, while the Horsed Battalion went into Vic-sur-Aisne, the Motor Battalion left the Soissons area at 5 o'clock in the morning of September 10 in a drenching rain. Train Headquarters and the Medical and Ordnance detachments accompanied the battalion. The Train was in Chateau Thierry about noon that day and spent the night near Montmiral. It rained continually night and day. St. Dizier was the second day's destination. The next day the Train arrived in the Joinville area. Companies A, B and Motor Headquarters were billeted at Lafolie, while Companies C and D with Train Headquarters billeted in Lafolie Ferreres, two miles south.

The horsed Battalion loaded on trains at Vaumoise the night of September 10 and were routed thru Nantenil, Demmartin, vicinity of Paris, Coulommiers, Esternay, Sezanne, Vitry le Francoise, arriving at St. Dizier midnight September 11. Unloading the battalion marched to Wassy, arriving 8 o'clock the next morning.

* * * *

France, 27 August.

I am going to start a letter but don't know when I will finish it. We are camped in a woods and awaiting orders. Have been here two days now awaiting orders which may come in five minutes, five hours, or tomorrow. Every bit of equipment is packed and all we have to do is crank up and we are gone. We can start at a

moment's notice and that is the way it has been since yesterday. Dare not leave camp for fear orders may reach us. We have to stick around and there is absolutely nothing to do, hence this letter —which is not very flattering to you. Is it?

We are enroute again on our way from one seetor to another. You guessed where we were and you can guess again where we are going. Our division was in that foot-race with the Germans and our form showed so good we are going up against the best they have now. We are the first American troops in this particular sector; that is, we are the first here for business—not training.

I understand that after we leave a sector we are allowed to state that we were there. Anyway you had guessed it, as I saw the statement in home papers, so I may as well tell you that we were in the drive north of Chateau-Threrry.

If the war should end tomorrow and we were ordered home I would have seen enough of war to last me the rest of my days. The division entered that drive shortly after it started and went the gamut, clean to Fismes, running the Dutchman ragged. But some times they didn't run and then there was slaughter. They would guess they had a position strong enough to enable their retreating hordes to save supplies and ammunition while they held it, but their halts were short lived. Every town meant a battle—Ciegres, Sergy, Coulonges, Cohen, Dravegny, St. Gilles and the whole list of towns way to the Vesle, every one a fight. The division is out of it for a few days now, but I understand our new sector is the real big league stuff—that we have been in the bushes.

Today is Tuesday. We left our camp on the Soissons-Reimes front last Saturday afternoon and have not travelled far since. After a few hours out we entered territory that had never been occupied by the Huns and the sight of buildings with walls standing and whole roofs was truly refreshing. Still there were no civilian inhabitants. German guns had reached nearly there and German planes were nightly raiders. I am wrong in stating that the Germans never occupied that territory—they were all thru here in 1914 but not since. At that time they came thru in column formation (not spread out) and their ravages were committed in paths like the wake of a cyclone. When their push receded they spread out after a time but they were going too fast to leave the country desolate as they did from the Marne to the Vesle.

At one time our Headquarters was in Azy on the Marne and it

was wonderful. We were in an old chateau that had somehow escaped distruction, with the beautiful Marne flowing by, and it was dreamland for a few days. Tow boats ply the Marne and are locked thru. The river is narrow but deep, the water is clear, green and cool. It was all delightful with bright sun shining days —but over here you can't get away from the Hun. He continually mars the occasion no matter what it may be. At Azy it wasn't the live Huns, but the dead ones—their dead bodies floating down the Marne.

To get back to our trip: We did finally that day pass thru one town that had its civilians but there was only one such town and it was dark when we reached it.

Saturday night we put up in a very nice city—no civilians but in the moonlight the buildings appeared undamaged. It was nearly midnight when we stopped and I was dead tired. I lugged my bed across the street into a swell looking place surrounded by trees and was asleep the moment my head touched the pillow, and I got a pillow. There were a dozen Boche planes over the town that night bombarding as tho it was Paris. Bursting bombs shook the earth. They even awakened me, but I was too tired to give a darn and simply turned over on my good ear shutting out most of the commotion. I was in a house anyway and it made me feel pretty safe. A roof over one's head means something toward safety.

I had a regular Saturday-night-Sunday-morning sleep and the glare of the sun didn't awaken me until 9 o'clock. My first thought was that I had slept in the open again, it was so light; then I remembered the bombardment and that I was in a house. The "bright light" and "house" didn't quite jibe in my confused mind and I sat up in bed. I had slept in a glass house!

Boche dropping tons of bombs and me living in a glass house! If he had been dropping bottles of beer I suppose I would have picked out some W.C.T.U. headquarters for sleeping quarters.

One look out of the window and I discovered that I had not only slept in a glass house, but also next door to a thousand Huns! I dressed rather hurridly.

I was on my last wrap putt when I had a visitor, a Frenchman, whom I joyfully welcomed but he brought distressing tidings. He pointed to a pile of bales and bags I had failed to notice and by his "beaucoup vermin" and his scratching I determined I had slept in a disenfecting plant. I put on the last putt out of doors.

So far it has turned out all right. I scratched a little more than ordinarily for a while but close inspection failed to reveal anything but what I already had, so why worry?

My "glass house" at one time had been the conservatory of a beautiful chateau but more recently a sort of a salvage dump where old clothing is disenfected before being put to use again. My next door neighbors, as newly arrived as I, were properly guarded and enclosed in a barbed-wire field. In the bunch were a couple hundred Alsatians who were willing prisoners.

During the morning we watched the Huns sun themselves and later march out of their stockade bound for some interior prison camp. They made quite a string and gazed at the American soldiers in a curious, questioning manner as tho somebody had been fooling them. They appeared to be trying to make up their minds whether or not the Kaiser had kidded them about that "one American division."

They had been told there was only one division of Americans over here. One of our men, who can understand German, overheard a group of them arguing. One said he couldn't be fooled, there was more than a division of Americans. Another guessed a million and a third said more likely four million. "They are all over," he said. In that lot of a thousand I failed to notice any particularly young or old men and they compared in age with our own soldiers. They were a dirty, "oxy," stupid lot, tho.

* * * *

Still-in-the-Woods, 28 August.

Within a kilometer of our camp is a well known city, the home of the largest and most famed chateau in France. Nearby is also the largest cave I have ever seen or heard of, extending for miles in each direction. This morning I discovered its location by seeing hundreds of Frenchmen cropping out of the ground from the numerous exits. The French come from miles around to spend the night in safety. The entire population of the city sleeps there nights. It is large enough to hold a division. If we are here tonight I know where I sleep—last night the Huns turned loose in this woods with machine guns, planes coming down to the very tree tops.

The cave is an underground quarry from which building stone has been taken in large blocks for the construction of the chateau

and numerous other structures in this vicinity. It is very old and for hundreds of years has been steadily enlarged.

The city is a health resort in peace times and much frequented by the people of France as well as Americans, but principally by Americans I suppose. I trust the health of the visitors here is benefited and that the town is a useful community but I can't believe it exists for any other purpose than to get the money attracted by the chateau. And the only evident purpose of the chateau is to attract dollars for the town. From my inquiries I am unable to learn any use which is made of the chateau. People who might know and of whom I inquire, break out with exclamations and describe its size, history and number of years required to build it and all that, but I can't find out if it had any other purpose than to get American dollars.

The chateau was originally built a hundred years before America was brought to the attention of the public, which shows the remarkable foresight of the French. It was built by Louis of Orleans, brother of Charles VI, in 1392, and dismantled during the reign of Louis XIII, which was in sixteen-hundred something, I think. Napoleon III started the work of reconstruction in 1858 and the job isn't finished yet.

Maybe the chateau had no other use than that of an attraction. I presume if I could get a Frenchman quieted down long enough and could get him coherent on the subject—get him where he wouldn't slop all over with Mon Dieus and waving arms—maybe then he might say something intelligent about its functions, but whether or not it has any state use, or any material usefulness, its massive beauty is excuse enough for its existence.

I know little of architecture, but to me it always seems that architecture must be surrounded by age to make it impressing and imposing. Occasionally somebody from America comes over here and copies something but when the duplicate is put on over there it sort of falls flat and looks like a four-flush, or like a dollar monument.

Some of the original walls of this chateau and one fireplace remain. The rest of the structure is, of course, comparatively new, but its newness is all copied and patterned from the ruins of the old. The old statue of Julius Caesar is on display but the niche in the outer wall which it formerly occupied now holds a new statue, the replica of the old. There are cupolas, towers, arcades, galleries,

stairways, arches, piers, avenues, cellars, dungeons, until one is lost in the maze and most wonderful of all is the ornamentation, as fine and intricate when seen from a distance as rare old lace.

Night before last a Hun dropped a bomb on the chateau but it failed to explode. The bomb went thru four floors and is embedded in the fifth. Last night two bombs struck it. One exploded when it struck the roof and the second went thru the roof and burst on the top floor. The damage done was very little. It would require a hundred bombs to destroy the building. Just as soon as the Hun meets reverses his reprisals consist in night bombardments of some defenseless city or thing of beauty. The cathedrals and churches I have seen which he has ruined!

* * * *

1 September.

Back on my letter again. I am going to finish it if it takes all summer, but things are happening so fast and I am so busy that I can't quite catch up. When I put "finis" on this I would like to have it up to date anyway. I'll have to hustle.

We are on a new front, all right. At least it is new to American soldiers. Our Division busted into line the first night here and busted 'em wide open—went into 'em for five kilometers and 400 prisoners before daylight. In the moonlight the Hun recognized the "crazy Americans" and evacuated—"evacuated" is the right word, the dirty Hun is scared! Yes he is! Why all the running and all the prisoners if he isn't? He has a bellyful right now!

The people of Wisconsin and Michigan have reason to be proud of this Division. The 32nd has done wonderful work. Not only has it been mentioned in General Orders by General Pershing, but especially singled out to do this tour on this front. We are not working with an American army corps but with a French. Our support and reserves are French and French Colonials, respectively, the latter Moroccoans and dangerous fighters. We are practically a shock division, shunted from one front to another to hit hard, and hitting hard grab off hundreds of prisoners and guns and spoils, and beat it—to hit 'em again some place else.

The Division got front page, two center columns and a double-column cut, in this morning's paper, the first paper we have seen in a week. No English language papers got to this sector before because there were only French and Colonials here. We made a big advance, taking an important point all by our lonseome.

This "point" the Division took was a town. That is, it was a town one time. Today a sign board with the name of the town marks the location but one could never tell from appearances that a town with buildings and people had ever covered the spot. Even the usual tumbled down walls are blown to dust, and cellars and the usual other marks of a shelled town are obliterated.

There were French to the right and French to the left, with the position of our Infantry projecting ahead fully a kilometer beyond the farthest French line. There were woods directly to the right of our Infantry and also directly to the left, the woods, filled with German machine guns, blocking the French and almost surrounding our Infantry. The Division was in what might be called a precarious position, and had the flank supports failed it would have been disastrous. But everything is lovely now. The INFANTRY, and I got it in caps, kept right on going regardless. The swath they cut extended its moral influence quite promiscuously in that section of the country last night, or rather late yesterday afternoon. The French came right along too. The artillery simply blew up the woods, and tanks, hundreds of little fellows, and the Infantry did the rest. This Infantry of ours is the best in the world!

I want to say something about the air support we receive from the French and the British, but the French especially support us. Our own air service, I am afraid, is almost a negligible factor, but the confidence instilled by the French and British planes does much toward the American victories. Planes swarm in the air from morning until night and while they are up above it gives a wonderful feeling of confidence.

Back in the Chateau-Thrirry sector we did not have this wonderful air support and the fellows—our own men from home—have told me in pitiful tones of how, around Fismes, Boche planes in dozens would swoop down on them, riddling our lines with machine guns, and not one of our planes in sight.

Along this front observation balloons as far as the eye can see clearly point out our line, and opposite them are the German ballons, making two almost parallel but not straight lines eight or ten kilometers apart. Hovering over each balloon is a fleet of protecting planes and on the ground are batteries of anti-aircraft guns, a battery for each "sausage." Higher up are the patrol planes. Then there are the planes acting with the artillery and lower down the planes doing duty with the Infantry, and going back and forth,

coming in and going out, are the raiders and bombers and fighting planes. Planes everywhere!

But with all this protection the Boche do get by sometimes. Yesterday morning I was up with our small arms ammunition company. The day was nice and pleasant with the sun shining blightly but with numerous small clouds in the sky. Somebody counted eighty-seven planes going over toward the German lines in one fleet and the lieutenant was telling me of the wonderful air protection we were getting here.

We were standing on a hill looking over to where the German shell were sending up volcanoes of dust where they hit. At our feet in a gully was a battery of big fellows, each shell going out with a crash and screech portending bad luck for some Hun.

Suddenly the big guns were silent. Then it seemed a million A.A's and machine guns opened up. "Look, look!" somebody cried, and two Boche planes dropped out of a low cloud right over our heads and swooped down on a balloon whose protecting planes were someplace else. Putter, putter, went eight or ten Boche plane bullets into the big sausage, and over its side came a nice white parachute with the observor hanging on and so slowly did he descend it seemed the flaming sausage would drop on his head.

"You are missing something," said the lieutenont, quietly. I had been so intend watching the observor in his parachute and the burning balloon that I failed to follow the Boche, and just turned in time to see their dip at a second sausage and a second parachute descent. Then I began "pulling" for the A.A.'s and machine guns whose roar and rattle was deafening, like a hundred boiler shops and a thousand pneumatic riveting machines on the job. Why the Boche were escaping was a mystery. They headed for a third balloon, dipped for that but missed and off they headed across for home with the din growing louder and louder as more guns took up the chase. Larger guns were after them too and the black H.E.'s burst all around them. It looked as thought the Boche were going to get away. Smaller and smaller they were growing in the distance and I was just thinking their stunt about the slickest I had ever seen, when first one ond then the other began wabbling. One lost a wing completely and fell like a log. The other made a landing but it was in our lines.

Our headquarters is back of the line far enough so that we are comparatively "safe" We are back quite a distance because there

is absolutely no shelter—woods, trees or brush—between here and the front line in which to park our equipment when it is not in use. The Chateau-Thierry sector might be called a prosperous farming community compared to this. Nights, however, the Boche come over. I would like to spend a night someplace pretty soon where there would be no bombarding.

The danger isn't entirely from Boche bombs, either. The A.A. guns shoot shrapnel and H.E. and what goes up must come down.

In our present location we are surrounded by a half-hundred or more A.A. guns and night batteries of machine guns. We are located near the railhead and all these guns are for the protection of the town. There are also batteries of high-powered search lights that sweep the heavens. When the Boche come over, and he comes every night, and all the guns begin popping with seachlights playing all over the sky, one can't very well ignore it all. There is no sleep ever until the Hun is chased away and quiet comes on. The nights are quite cold now and it isn't much fun getting out of bed and in BVDs and a steel helmet crawl under a truck.

* * * *

France, 8 September.

Today we are in a new camp, in the fringe of a woods that shelters us from the rain which is spoiling the day for us and from the eagle eye of enemy planes which would be over if the day were favorable. This is one of the nicest camps we have had in many weeks. From my tent thru the opening in the trees I can see traffic passing on a real roadway, not one torn up by shell, and I can see wheat fields with the grain in shocks. There is a great hill at my back and a valley before me; and a famous river runs thru the valley. Less than a kilometer away is a village, a rather large one, which looks real promising and if the rain lets up I am going over and investigate. I think possibly people may be living there and there may even be stores where a person can buy things and possibly a cafe or two. It is so long since I have seen a town that wasn't all shot to pieces that I am anxious to visit any new place to see, thinking there might be a chance to spend some money. I wish it would stop raining.

We moved into this new camp last night, a move of only a few kilometers, but what a difference in the appearance of the country!—from war and ruin to quiet and preserved farm land; from territory the Hun held and lost to soil never defiled by his presence.

The whole division is out of the line and all but we are already farther south. We remained a few days to gather up empty shell cases from the ammunition dumps and battery positions. We use all French ammunition in our artillery and are credited with empties returned to the salvage dump. The valuation of the empties is a surprisingly large amount.

At our division headquarters an entraining order is being prepared and within a day or two we will all be bound for somewhere else. Everybody in the outfit is wondering where we are going. Everybody is plugging for a rest, but it will probably be another hot sector instead. While awaiting entraining orders, tho, we are getting a chance to rest up. The infantry and artillery are over in that big woods near the city of the Chateau, and, I suppose, wallowing around in the river that runs thru there. Our bunch is laying around in their pup tents taking an enforced rest. Darn the rain, anyway! I want to see that town.

If there was ever a place I wanted to get away from it was our last camp—I mean the one we just left. It was in the midst of desolation and while but few shell fell in the vicinity in the day time the nights were hideous, the last night we were there especially so. It had been a real warm day, warm compared to the weather we have had this summer. We have had no summer as we have in Wisconsin. I don't suppose there has been fifteen days all this year that I have gone without a coat, and the nights are all chilly.

Well, the day I am telling of, Friday, was real warm and the warmth continued during the evening and until dark. The division had gone out, victorious, and as is usual with the Hun when he gets licked a-plenty, he comes over in force at night in reprisal. The sky was streaked with searchlights in the distance around us, but we were in a quiet zone. To the east, west and south we watched the sky and heard the distant whirr of Hun motors, the bursting bombs and A.A.'s. It seemed we were to be passed up for the night for a wonder and finally went to bed. It was pretty late, too; nearly 10 o'clock.

During the ten or fifteen minutes I took undressing the Hun was upon us. There must have been eight or ten machines that our searchlights and A.A.s played on. The crunch of bursting bombs was all about us. First the flash and then the c-r-runch, simultaneously as he neared us. Cr-r-runch! Cr-r-runch! Two hit so close I tried to dig a hole in my pillow with my head. The Hun was di-

rectly over us! The burning question was: Will the next one get us? Cr-r-runch! He missed. Cr-r-runch! Cr-r-runch! Cr-r-runch! Three more and so close I was in a cold sweat, shaking all over; so weak I had a dickens of a time crawling out of bed and lighting a cigarette. Three whiffs of the cigarette and I was out in the open, listening to the disappearing plane and as brave as any of 'em that came from dugouts, holes and from under trucks.

Of this whole war here, the worst fear I have is of those darned planes. They do little harm—I don't know of any material damage they did in our vicinity that night—but they sure can whiten up a fellow's hair.

* * * *

9 September.

It didn't stop raining until late last night but I saw that town anyway. Went down in the rain and got wet; also got a bottle of Bordeaux red wine and a bottle of Epernay white wine for five francs each from a French commissary, so the rain wasn't so bad after all. But I was disappointed in the town. The Teut had never been there but his shell had. Altho few buildings were destroyed the civilians did not know at the time just what buildings were going to be hit so they very wisely packed up and moved. They are not back yet.

One strange sight in the town is a camouflaged river. A green screen fully thirty feet high follows the river bank for a mile or more. This river (Aisne), like the Marne, is narrow but deep and navigable for tow barges and tugs. I cannot imagine why the screen is so high, as the only boats I have seen are without masts, unless it may have been for the purpose of hiding the smoke from the tugboats. A railroad runs thru the town, too. Saw a long string of prisoners coming in under guard of French Colonials. Our division took a thousand prisoners in our few days on this front. This information was given out in another order telling how good we are—more praise for the 32nd.

Today is real nice; the sun is shining and the rain of yesterday settled the dust which means a nice clean trip for us. We leave at five o'clock in the morning and don't know where we are going. Neither do we care—we enjoy these overland trips immensely. We know only our first destination; when we reach there, about 10 A.M., we get another destination, and so on during the trip, never knowing our routing for more than a half-day in advance. When we get our second destination we ought to be able to make a pretty good

guess as to our final destination and ought to know almost to a certainty whether it is "rest" or another licking for Crown Prince & Co.

Tomorrow for the first few hours we will travel roads we passed over in July and will again visit towns that were all shot up. Am curious to know whether those towns are again doing business now that the Hun is chased back so far. The French get back to their homes and their land usually before the German is cold in the distance. They are not supposed to return until the government gives them permission but they do. I have frequently seen families working in the field when shell were dropping within sight, and people in towns where shell were still occasionally falling.

I remember one old fellow back in Alsace who was as mad as a wet hen. Back there in our time the war was a joke and fields were cultivated up to the line. This old codger was all heated up one morning because during the night the Boche had dropped a dozen shell over in his newly plowed and planted land. He was out there in the field filling up holes and mumbling and growling something in French that sounded very much to me like cuss words.

A tale I recall from back there is of a particularly "active" bit of front. From the other side came each morning and evening a dozen or so big shell, a little later the rattle of machine gun bullets and shortly after a few volleys of rifle fire. This "heavy" fire became monotoneous in its regularity to the newly arrived Americans and one night a half million dollar barrage was put on and the boys went over the top. They put an end to that active bit of front. Storming a trench they captured the enemy "en force." The enemy was an old Dutchman with a wooden leg whom the boys had frequently heard stumping along a wooden walk on the other side of No Man's Land in the still of the night. He had been a hard worker and stumped many a kilometer each day out to the artillery, back to the machine gun position and then to the trenches. He had held the line without loss for a good many days.

* * * *

14th September.

Time was, when if I happened to get out in the morning before the dew was off the ground and got my shoes damp I contracted a sore throat, ear trouble, a cough, chills and fever, the ague and a few other minor ailments, but now it is quite different. For three days and three nights I was wet to the skin; went to bed wet and got up the same way, traveled all day in rain and slept soaked in it

all night; it was mostly cold rain, too, and I haven't even got the sniffles. That the kind of a tough guy I am, now.

Tuesday morning in a drizzling rain I got up at 3:30 rolled up my belongings and taking my seat in the side car embarked with our train for an unknown destination. Three hours after my arising hour daylight filtered thru the rain-clouds and about the same time somebody opened up with everything they had up above. It eame from the eold faucet, too, and filled up the bath tub which the side-car so much resembles. Then the motor bueked—wet wires—and no shelter in sight. It was not what once could eall a propitious start for the trip so pleasantly eontemplated.

The driver and I pushed the machine up a long hill and coasted down the other side to a town where we found a place to dry out the outfit. Still it rained and the train had left us way behind. We finally made another start—in the rain—and I had made up my mind there was no need to try any longer to get dry or keep dry. We just sloshed along and about with that complaining motor and just before reaching our first destination caught up with the train.

It rained all day long; sometimes it only sprinkled but the average for the day was a hundred. We were scheduled that night for billets but they didn't materialize and it was pup tents instead. A pup tent, if you don't happen to know, consists of two shelter halves and is for two men. I had one shelter half and slept alone. It rained while I was trying to arrange that protection over my Boche stretcher, which I still possess and cherish. The rain made our supper something I couldn't appreciate. I got my shoes off and into bed. It rained all night long and the roof leaked, as had my slicker all day. I hope the man who made our slickers has to spend the rainy season down below in one of them.

Maybe a thousand automobiles and trucks passed within three feet of my head during that night: I don't know. But if they did, and I was told there were, I didn't know a thing about it because I slept like I did those nights in that big French bed down in Alsace, and got up at daylight. It was still raining.

Fortified with a eup of warm rain water and uncooked coffee-grounds we started another day; that is, the train started another day. I started forty-six miles behind the train. To find a long, lean, lanky looking, lonesome solo rider, and for other reasons, I had to go back twenty-three miles. Still raining and I will stretch

out this sentence for the whole day—still raining—and I don't want to repeat so will not say anything about the night, nor the next day. Life was getting to be just one rainy day after another, the only variation being that the night rain was colder than the day.

Everything must come to an end. The rain finally stopped. The fact encourages me to believe the war will end some day. Our journey also came to an end. We live in billets now, under roofs that don't leak—and the sun shines brightly all day long.

While our trip was a continual round of displeasure and discomforts I can't say I didn't enjoy it. I had a lot of fun in spite of the weather. I had just enough work to do to feel that I was really busy beating it up and down the column, when I would catch up to it; the roads were grand after we got out into civilization, and the old bus can make forty-five miles an hour. We made a lot of good towns and cities with real people and real business places in them and I got rid of a lot of francs. And then one night when we were camped near a big town we stepped out and put over a champagne barrage. It was "dry" stuff.

Besides we saw a great deal new country, places we had never been thru before, many of them very interesting, and no matter if it was raining and nasty I took them all in. We were in Chateau-Thierry again and you wouldn't know the old place now. Everybody is back home and business is booming.

We are located now where the Boche can't find us nights, and still not so far away but that we hear of the wonderful victories the Americans are winning. It makes us hanker to get back to the line.

CHAPTER IX.

On the Meuse Argonne Front—Start of the Offensive—Companies Working Night and Day—Bois de Brocourt—Rumors of Peace—Germans Evacuating—Roads Obliterated But Ammunition Must Go Forward—Verdun—Internal "Feuds"—Intellectual Barrages—Scenes Along the Old Hindenberg Line—One Night Stands—Shelled and Bombed from Pillar to Post—Epionville—Very—Overcoming the Impossible in Ammunition Hauls.

FROM September 11 to 17th the Horsed Battalion remained in Wassy cleaning and repairing equipment and getting the horses back in shape; also following out a drill schedule and enjoying the first rest in months. The Motor Battalion with Train Headquarters and detachments remained at Lafolie and Ferreres until September 22. Nearly 100 men were received as replacements of which 77 were used in the Motor Battalion companies. Motor equipment was gone over, overhauled and repaired, and the trucks were once more placed in good running order.

The day the outfit left Lafolie Regimental Supply Sergeant Wallace R. Olson was sent to the hospital. He had contracted a severe cold and pneumonia was feared. Four days later he died and pneumonia was the cause of his death.

On the 17th the Horsed Battalion left Wassy, reaching Prez sur Marne the next day, Robert Espagne on the 19th, Mussey the 20th, Beauzee the 21st and Wally the 22nd. The Battalion was in Dombasle the 25th on the way to Broeourt Woods and from there moved to the Bois de Hesse, remaining there until the 28th, when it moved to Montfaucon, taking a position north of the town. After suffering a number of casualties from shell and gas and having a number of horses killed orders were received to move to the woods

south of Montfaucon. The Battalion had just cleared from the old location when an enemy plane hovered over the place and returned to its lines. Almost immediately a heavy shelling of the old location started. A small arms ammunition shed was blown up and burned. The trip to the south of the town was made without mishap but nearby a field hospital of the 79th Division was shelled and wounded inmates killed. The roadside was strewn with wounded and dead, traffic was congested and numerous trucks were in the ditches. Until the Battalion left Montfaucon on October 16 there was continual shelling of the vicinity and enemy bombing planes came over every night.

Traveling nights and laying up days the Motor Battalion had passed thru Bar le Duc to Brocourt Woods, arriving there at 2:30 o'clock the morning of September 24. Enroute the day previous orders had been received transferring the entire Ammunition Train to the 79th Division. While the Argonne offensive did not start until the 26th the Motor Battalion started work the very minute it arrived at the front and four men of Company B were wounded the first day. Every truck in the outfit was engaged night and day hauling for the 57th Brigade which had also been transferred to the 79th Division. Forty more replacements were received and there was no let up to the strain. Night and day the men were on the road. "I can't see how they stand it," remarked Colonel Mc Cully, when one convoy came in to camp for a hot meal after having been out 72 hours. The 32nd Division was in reserve until the 30th when it went into the front line and remained in until October 20th. The 107th Ammunition Train hauled continually for whatever division happened to be in front of it, without rest, scarcely without sleep, except when the drivers hunched up on the front seat of their truck in the rain and stole a few winks while waiting for congested traffic to be relieved. Every company had trucks on special duty with the artillery. Company C had the small arms ammunition dump near Montfaucon.

Corporal Richard Rothemal, of Train Headquarters, was killed by shell fire at 3:30 o'clock on the afternoon of October 3 near Brigade Headquarters between Montfaucon and Cuisy.

The Horsed Battalion moved to Epionville October 16 where it remained in the woods until November 8, working all the time, when it moved back to the Bois de Compte. The Motor Battalion moved

to Epionville October 24 and back to Very the next day where Train Headquarters had been established the previous day.

* * * *

France, 30 September.

We are camped in another woods on another front. It is raining almost continually and it is cold. There is mud all about and the soggy turf is like in some southern river bottoms. We haven't seen the sun for days, except for an occasional fleeting peep between rain clouds. We are tired, overworked and wet. This sounds rather forlorn but actually it isn't. We are not in the least depressed.

The Hun is on the run again and all roads from the front carry column after column of prisoners. I saw one string of 700 yesterday, another bunch of 300 and another nearly as large, all goose-stepping back to the rear. In the stockade here are several thousand more and this pen is being continually emptied and filled again. They are all from the drive which started night before last. The enemy surrenders whenever opportunity affords but in the meantime he must fight. They are being driven back and back, always back, to Hundom. They are whipped and only awaiting the end which must come soon.

We just heard of Bulgaria's peace maneuver and of the terrible wallop the British gave the Turk. Wish we could get hold of a newspaper. You over there know more each night what is happening than we who are right on the spot.

Saw the start of this drive, knew it was coming and knew the hour. We traveled nights coming up here and kept under cover during the day. Our troops were simply poured into this sector, secretly, and I believe the surprise was complete.

During our last night's run we passed innumerable tanks and guns of all descriptions. During the afternoon preceeding the night of the start of the drive I met an artillery captain who was cussing for fair and the subject of his highly spiced remarks was tanks. Three hundred of them came crawling up behind his battery and like big blind monsters kept right on traveling regardless of obstructions, finally spreading out and stopping directly in front of the captain's battery. In their course laid pup-tents and dugouts and these had been flattened out, and "the damned Frogs" (they were French tanks) had run right over the captain's tent, flattening out everything and breaking his shaving mirror.

Tanks look just like big, lazy, sluggish box tortoise. They lay around in ditches and fields tipped over on their sides or in some position that resembles nothing except broken down machines shoved out of the way of traffic. Upon my first encounter with them I thought they were wrecked, some that were put out of commission in battle. One tank lay on its side in a ditch as tho it had slid off the muddy road-bed. I stopped to examine it and found two Frenchmen asleep on their rubber coats alongside. The visors of the men's helmets were cut straight off and a band across the front of the hat bore the insigna of the cross-bones. How the Hun does fear the French tanks!

My presence evidently awoke the men. One looked at his watch, said something, and both scrambled aboard as the tank lay. One took his place at the wheel, sitting with his legs spread ahead of him, and the other, the gunner, astraddle the driver's neck, a small seat being arranged just over the driver's head. The tank was of the smallest make, with not an inch of surplus space. The engine started, and say, that little old tank hopped over on its belly like a turtle and crawled out of the ditch as tho it was level ground.

We all knew the drive was imminent and when the captain told of the tanks being up as far as the battery positions I knew it was only a question of hours before the big barrage would be on. From other remarks I heard I was certain the hour was to be before midnight. I went up toward the front during the afternoon and picked out a hill, the highest one for miles around. To the north lay a dead man's land for miles and miles and the old Hindenburg line ran thru it. Not a tree or a sign of habitation in all that stretch of country—not a wall standing—yet I knew there were hundreds of thousands of soldiers within range of my vision. And guns!—thousands of them, all cunningly hid away in holes in the ground. The Boche kept up his habitual, desultory fire with scarcely a return from the Yanks. He didn't know of the thousands of guns that might have answered. They were waiting the hour.

At nine o'clock or a little after a party of five of us drove to the foot of the hill and climbed to its top. It was pitch dark but the rain had stopped during the afternoon and the sky was quite clear. The moon was due at 10:30. We waited and waited. A few shells came over, bursting in our vicinity, but they didn't draw the courtesy of an answer. They were ignored completely. It was deathly still on our side, simply the creak and rumble of traffic for the re-

serves were already coming up in the dark, crowding right on the heels of the organizations that were to start the drive; and then there were the Allied planes beginning to be numerous on their way to bomb the enemy's back lines.

Exactly at 10:30, just like it said in the almanac, the moon peeped over the horizon. The heavens favored us in all preparations for this drive. Rain and cloudy skies stopped all observation of our movements in coming into this sector, and now the old moon came out in all his waning brightness just at the right time to show us the way. For five minutes as the moon's arc grew larger we could gradually make out the scene before us. A cloud passed over and when the moon came out of that ten minutes later the world lit up.

The signalling flares and skyrockets started and run a course way down the line and for miles and miles to our left. We awoke to the fact that the drive was not to be confined to our salient. And then Hell tore loose!

There was a blur of shadows up ahead and around us, the reserves hurrying up, but that was the only visible troop action I could see. My hair stood straight, and not from fear, in that stupendous display. The sky was lit up like day from the flash of the thousands of guns; and the noise was stupefying.

The barrage started miles away to our left and came rapidly up the line, each battery taking it up in succession until all were in action—the 75's up ahead, the 155's around us—and the railroad guns behind, all belching shell on the enemy. It wasn't only for an hour or two, either, but continued all night long and all day, creeping just ahead of the advancing Infantry and tanks until the range became too great. Then the artillery moved up while the infantry held the line, and another barrage started. That operation continues.

Reports, unofficial, keep coming back all the time but we do not know the extent of our successes. We can only judge from the number of prisoners we see and of the total number only a small part pass along here.

We hear of other Allied successes all along the front; of Allied victories in the Orient and wherever else there are enemy, even in Russia. We are doing our share and I can't see anything but the end, and I wish it would hurry up.

Our ammunition train is about tuckered out. For three days and nights now the truck drivers have been on the go. I don't see how the men stand it. In pouring rain and pitch black nights they

drive the loads of ammunition without lights of any kind over roads deep in mud, where a civilian driver would halt in bright daylight. The way they follow the roads is almost uncanny. They have been out three days and nights now without sleep or a warm meal, not even hot coffee, only the "iron" rations. The worst part of all is the congested traffic. Roads are so bad and traffic so great that at times it takes two or three hours to make a kilometer. The drivers fall asleep when the column stops and awaken when it starts. Sometimes one sees a break of a hundred yards or so in the line—some driver failed to awaken when the column started. Our men are on the road all the time traveling from the dump or railroad to battery positions. They are in immediate danger the greater part of the time; trucks are frequently hit by shell or shrapnel and sometimes one is blown up. I verily believe our men to be the hardest worked in the army.

In this "bois" where we are located is a camp formerly occupied by the French in which are barracks and numerous dugouts. There is a "Y," a French canteen, a telephone office, a "bureau," poste des police," and a bathhouse, a complete cantonment according to the signs on the buildings, but it is a long time since these places were doing business. The buildings are dilapidated, every roof leaks and the place is overrun with rats; still it isn't half-bad—much better than any other place we could possibly find for miles around.

Our headquarters detachment has a whole long barrack and I have the office and my "bed" in one end. I have a stove, plenty of wood and best of all we can close up everything at night and have a light. We don't have to go to bed as soon as it gets dark.

My first night here was far from being pleasant because I failed to take the rats into consideration when I made my bed. I set my Boche stretcher on the dirt floor, put straw under it to make it nice and dry and warm, fixed up that bed so that it was as comfortable as your own, altho maybe not as wide, and I was so tired.

We started on our trip to this place one afternoon at 5 o'clock and traveled until 7 o'clock the next morning. This trip I traveled in the Major's closed car but at that it was cold and no chance to sleep.

We laid up for the day but instead of putting up my tent and getting some sleep (it was raining) I took in the big town nearby. The next night and day was a repetition of the first 24 hours out and we pulled into this camp at 3 o'clock the morning of the third day.

I finished up the rest of that night on a truck and was up at daylight fixing up an office and spent the day catching up with my work. When night came and my bed made up I want to say I was ready for some sleep.

I was so sleepy I was actually dizzy. I guess I just became unconscious instead of "going to sleep." It was cold (I didn't have my stove yet) and my head was under the quilts. I suppose I was so tired I was restless and the back of my neck got uncovered. I awoke suffocating with my mouth and nose in the blankets as something "furry" with a long, cold tail, passed slowly over my exposed neck.

Goodness knows, I was scared enough of Hun planes; I have shivered, and froze my bare legs many a night under a truck when Hun planes came around and they made me sweat, as cold as I was, but I am more scared of one rat than of all the planes the Hun ever thought he was going to have. They simply make my flesh creep!

I let out one screech and left there! I made the door, in the dark, in two seconds less than nothing and the cook house in nothing flat. There was a light in the kitchen and I met the guard at the door. He had been having his midnight lunch and had heard my gentle voice. He was almost as scared as I.

We finally gathered up some candles and came back to the barracks. As near as we could figure it out in my leap from that bed to where I first lit—from a prone position to where my heels struck the dirt floor—measured fourteen feet five inches, and I must have hurdled a table with a typewriter on top of it. I guess that will stand for awhile as an A.E.F. record and I would like to hear from any athletes that may be left in the States, if there are any that are not in the navy.

I finished that night like the corpse at a wake—three brightly burning candles on each side of the bed—and the guard had instructions to see that there were other candles in reserve.

The next day I suspended my bed from the ceiling with four wires, like the old porch swing, and the rats have to do a tight-wire act to get at me. But it made them mad and the next night I could hear them hollering and squealing whenever I woke up. They ran all over the place, chewed up my "iron rations" (the three-day reserve rations we carry—hard bread and "willy") gnawed a hole in my haversack and left a trail of chewed up paper on my table. A newspaper I had spread on the ground near my bed for a rug when I undressed they lugged off and tried to pull in a hole. But I got

'em cheated now. Today I bought a cat for ten francs from the French kitchen and tonight I got that cat on a 12-foot string tied to the head of my bed. As we say in the army, I am "jake" now.

* * * *

13 October, 1918.

Sitting here tonight in my little old "tin" shack-dugout contemplating this letter and listening to the fellows grouped around the little red-hot stove dope out the latest peace rumors, home seems very, very close. It actually seems "safe" to talk about home and the possibilities of seeing it once more. I am even trying to recollect how I formerly managed to keep my legs warm in civilian trousers.

We are floating a couple of feet from the ground in a sea of optomistical rumors, fearful that they are only bubbles, and, O, wanting so to believe them all.

The Bulgarian rumor materialized: so did the one about the German peace note, and since then we believe almost everything we hear. We have heard that Hungary wants a separate hearing; then that Austria-Hungary wanted separate peace, and that Turkey would take the same; the kaiser "abdicated" yesterday and left everything to Oscar; tonight this hot stove bunch of ours have the Germans voluntarily evacuating all Allied territory, and so it goes—foundation more or less substantial for all of it—with home just in the distance.

It takes so long before we see a paper and get the official "proceedings" that we have plenty of time to get into arguments over each new bit of news that comes along the line.

Included in the "gang" around the stove tonight are, of course, both optomists and pessimists—those who are dead certain that we will be home for Christmas and those who think we will become an army of occupation in Germany for months, maybe years, after the war is over. The crowd is as varied in their opinions as they are in the states they hail from and call home. Our Headquarters outfit, tho small, is certainly cosmopolitan. At one time those of us in the outfit were all from Wisconsin. When the reorganization of the Division took place in Texas this Headquarters was much smaller than it is now and the men were all from Wisconsin. New tables of organization increased our personnel and to this day we are occasionally adding new men and are not yet quite up to authorized strength. Besides we have lost quite a number of the originals thru various causes and now there are only a very few of the old Wiscon-

sin men left. I suppose that condition is much the same thruout the entire Division, altho not so notieeable as in our own little unit where we have men from all over the Union.

Our first replacement was from Michigan and the next from North Dakota. We were still of the northern middle West. Then they came from Mississippi, Alabama, Virginia, Massachusetts, New York, Maine, Texas, Oregon, Washington and Montana. Then we have "Mike" from Potradelfo, Adona, Italy, and "Jimmy" from Athens, Greece—and we are less than thirty strong. Wisconsin predominates but is a dinky majority.

When any of our men, no matter where they hail from, are asked, "Where's your outfit from?", it is always, "Wisconsin;" but whenever the bunch is alone and together, like tonight, right there is where one can find the darndest paroxysm of argument it is possible to imagine. It's Wisconsin vs. Michigan; Wisconsin vs. North Dakota; Wisconsin vs. California; Wisconsin vs. New York or North Dakota; Oregon vs. Texas; Massachusetts vs. California and Alabama vs. Mississippi, etc., etc. Just think of the awful possibilities for argument! It has no end and can go indefinitely, which it does. There are two fellows from California, and when they get going at each other it is quite easy to understand why Hughes is not our war president.

"What you-all want to go home fo' is mo'e than I can see," just struck me in the left ear. It came from Alabama directed towards G.H.G. or any other place north of Alabama. "Yo' all don' mean you wants me to construe yo' all cares to go back to them blizzards and snow piles up no'th, does you? Yo' all aint got no home fitten to hanker after no-how. Now, me, I got a home what I calls a home to go back to. There's folks back in Alabama writtin' to me ev'ry day tellin' me—"

He just went out of the door—rather forcibly, but out—and, disgustedly. "Can yo' beat it? That guy talking about a home! That Alabama cracker talking about folks writin' him letters! He never did have anything to eat 'til he got in the army and now he's talkin' about a home. He's got the best home right now he ever did have." All that from Alabama's next door neighbor, Mississippi.

That wasn't all either, by any means. Listen to the rest of this from Mississippi. "Ah knows right where that boy comes from, an' Ah'm tellin' yo' the truth. Where he comes from there ain't nobody lives, not anybody a-tall. One time his father saw a funny

track in the back ya'd and didn't know what it was but he was mighty su'e it was meat an' he got him his gun and some niggers and follered that track all day long. Along in the evenin' they comes on that critter and it's a man with shoes on. Yes sir, that's the truth, and that boy trying to tell me his folks writtin' him letters."

And that is a fair sample of our internal "feud."

Every subject under the sun brings forth an argument, and such arguments! Such worldly-wise remarks and such wisdom! They know everything—when the war will end and that the President holds over while the country is at war, even if the war continues for twenty years. With the information available and the misinformation obtainable this bunch can easily hold out on this "line" if it takes all winter.

A couple of trucks just came from the front and the drivers were full up with the tale of the retreating Huns and how they were "evacuating." There is a bombardment going on that is as furious as a barrage and the door latch jingles continually from the vibration, so we are somewhat skeptical regarding the "evacuation" when so much persuasion is being used.

"Maybe," says someone to the returned drivers. "Maybe, you ought to hot-foot it back up there and slip the news to the artillery and infantry. They ought to know about it."

"Lights Out!"

This shack is just about light-tight and is bomb-proof but not fool-proof, so we can't take any chances on an opening door when the Hun is around so the candle went out at the guard's alarm. For nearly an hour we sat here by the light of our little heater while the Hun planes and the AA guns had a little skirmish.

This shack is of corrugated, eighth-of-an-inch, sheet iron, half below the surface of the ground and is "bomb-proof" from splinters but not from a direct hit. It is the safest home I have had yet and this is just the stage of the game when I want to play it safe. Home seems so near and so certain itwould be putting it mildly to say that I would dislike extremely anything to happen now after going thru it all safely so far.

Whether or not all this peace talk gets anything, I know this war cannot last much longer. With the German strength diminishing daily and new army corps coming from America every few days it simply can't go on. The Allies are sweeping everything before

them and even our division, beset by the stiffest resistance any army ever met, is making daily advances until we are almost in sight of the enemy's home land.

This battle the division is now engaged in is entirely different from anything it has heretofore encountered. In other actions it always got them on the run and kept them just that way until relieved. This time we got them on the run again all right, but they fell back to defenses as seemingly unassailable as the old Hindenburg line from where we started them. The fighting has been something terrific. Our ammunition train is working day and night hauling shell of every description. The artillery has to practically dynamite the enemy from their holes of concrete and stone. In open warfare the Hun hasn't a ghost of a show but embedded in concrete he is a difficult proposition; and then there are the roads to consider.

When an advance is started how far it travels is a matter of ammunition and supplies and it necessarily follows that the success of the advance depends upon the condition of the roads. No one knows better than the men of our ammunition train what roads mean. Ammunition must go forward even ahead of supplies. There were no roads for this advance to follow; roads had to be built as the advance was made.

Maps and charts of this region four years old show a system of roadways which are now being uncovered and rebuilt. The old roadbed is found to be solid but pitted with shell holes. It is not a difficult matter to repair them because they are of crushed and chipped stone and the sides of the holes are solid. The old system of roadways during the last four years has been all shot to pieces and completely covered up by the dirt thrown by bursting shell and in places one hole loops into the next one.

I have mentioned before something of the destruction of war; I had seen the devastation wrought in the Soissons-Rheims sector, from Chateau-Thierry north to that line; the utter ravage of the Soissons-Noyen line in between the Aisne and Ailette and Oise, especially in the drive on Javigny, and I had seen other places in the zone of advance; but all these were but "local disturbances" compared with this "dead man's land" thru which we are now passing. Its extent is what makes it appalling and indescribable.

Of course you know where the American army is fighting. The papers are full of it and our Division has even been mentioned, so I presume I can "get by" with some little bit regarding localities.

You have read during all these years of war a great deal about Verdun. We are not located near that wonderful ruin where "They shall not pass," but I have seen Verdun. When I am old and gray, and when, sometimes, I will think back to the time of the World War and my small part in it, one of my first thoughts, will be of Verdun. It will stand out as one of the most impressive pictures when those recollections came back of all I have seen over there.

It may be the weather affected my susceptibilities, darkening my impressions. It was late in the afternoon, a storm was gathering and the sky was overcast with the sinking sun casting strange colored rays thru the rifts in the darkening clouds. A hundred or more airplanes hovered above, swinging away and returning.

Verdun was the home of a great many people in peace times. It was a large city, as cities go in France. I don't know what its population was but including environs I suppose nearly 30,000 people resided there. Not a civilian lives there now—not one—and it was almost deserted by soldiers, being too far away from the front for troops and not far enough away for safety.

I saw one battalion of French infantry marching thru the town, saw the column as it was leaving thru the northern gate; and I saw small groups of American soldiers, there being a few American outfit headquarters in the town; but aside from the French infantry all appeared to be just stragglers.

I saw but three automobiles and of course they were military. I went from street to street from one side of town across the Meuse to the other side and traveled streets there and those three automobiles were all the traffic I saw. Of the stragglers none belonged there, all were strangers like myself.

Of course I asked questions, but they "didn't know"—had been there "only a couple of days." Nowhere could I find anybody that "belonged."

I met a "Y" man and he was a stranger, but he told me a little about the town. He talked in a low tone as tho he, too, was impressed and depressed. He advised me to be sure and not miss the view from the top of the fortifications within the city. In that whole stretch of streets and avenues and boulevards I failed to find a single building which had entirely escaped shell or bomb. Some buildings appeared whole but inspection disclosed jagged holes some place. Hundreds of buildings and some beautiful structures were in complete ruin.

It had been a beautiful city, too, with its curving, narrow streets. The Meuse divides the city and another stream branches from the Meuse right in the heart of the town.

This big deserted city, so quiet and still, with the planes above and the breaking storm, made me feel a dread as of impending danger and as I hurried back toward camp in the side-car, scurrying before the storm, I felt as tho I was leaving behind a scene where something fearful was about to happen, instead of a place where everything that could affect man's emotions had already taken place.

* * * *

14 October.

Another night and I have a different home. Have a real cozy place now for the office and my "boudoir" and have a big fireplace that will burn most anything I can get lugged for it. This fireplace draws like it is intended a fireplace should and the smoke goes directly up the chimney instead of going all over the house first as is the case with the majority of fireplaces I have seen. It's a nifty affair altho from appearances it would be called a pretty crude job.

This is another "tin" house and the fireplace is of the same material; so is the roof. I have "beaucoup" wood, and it's raining and I don't care. All this place needs is electric lights and a bathroom and I would be "jake" once more. O, about my bed. I still take my sleeps suspended. The rats are still with us and I had to turn my cat loose. She has a family to take care of now. I am giving her a home still and have fixed up a place where she can bring up her children where they will get the very best of training. I'll do the fair thing with them as long as they stick by me.

There is method other than being precautionary in this suspended bed of mine. It swings and sways, swings and sways, all night long. Its motion is exactly like on a rolling ship. Training is preparedness. I'll soon be in ship-shape for the trip back home.

The real beautiful feature of this new home of mine is that I am the sole proprietor. Maybe it is only for a night or two but I am going to run this place just the way I want while I am here anyway. I'll have a little quiet and chance to form my own opinions about all this peace stuff. The bunch tonight, in their own bailwick, are putting over an intellectual barrage—we received official reports today on Germany's acceptance of all the conditions of President Wilson's various presentations of requirements for peace.

If an armistice should be declared soon, and I think it will, we

are due for a long stay over here after that, the way I dope it out. It will require considerable time to settle each point in contention, and each condition will be found to be grounds for contention. It will take figuring to agree on the indemnity. The "costs in the case" are going to set the defendants back right smart.

In the meantime no one around this neck of the woods is even imagining there is such a thing as peace in sight, judging from the battle going on which appears to be growing more fierce with each passing day. There is no question of the "seriousness" of Germany's intention of "evacuating" France. The Hun's only thought of France now is based on his fear that he won't be able to get out of here fast enough.

* * * *

24 October.

Today, from early morning until after dark, I spent amid the scenes of the ruined area thru which our army has been fighting these last few weeks. I have seen so much havoc this day it seems useless to attempt details explaining the devastation. When this war is over and the nations of the earth are at peace once more France will retain across her bosom an evil, ugly scar that will not heal for years and years to come.

I don't know to what use can be put some parts of that stretch of "no man's land" that reaches from the sea to Verdun and beyond. Its width varies as does its degree of devastation. I presume the thrifty French will reclaim the greater part of this great waste and in time it will again be tilled soil and growing crops with villages and cities here and there, but it will be a great many years after all that has taken place before the reclamation of this region is undertaken.

Now it seems a hopeless task, an impossibility. I doubt if a great many of the cities and villages will ever be rebuilt. Their destruction is so complete it would be more sensible and less work to choose a new site instead of trying to rebuild on the ruins. There is nothing left from which to rebuild—nothing left that could be used for foundation—and only debris to clear away. Cities spring from the soil, but from soil that is fertile and virgin; not from land that is pitted as from postules and eruptions, and ravished by Hun.

Before me now is a memory of today, a memory of miles and miles of mud, shell holes, tree stumps with a few bare, jagged limbs, no underbrush scarcely in what had been a thick forest, lane after

lane of rusty entangled barbed wire cut up by high explosive shell, and here and there a dim outline between edges of shell holes of what had been an intricate system of trenches and underground homes for thousands of Hun.

For three hours, two of daylight and one of dusk, we traveled in an automobile at a snail's pace over a road built thru the worst of this area since the Hun left; up hill and down hill, across valleys and across level ground, and it was all the same. Each new mile the same as the mile before; everywhere the same seas of mud, same shell holes and jagged tree trunks, same torn barbed wire, and just a continual wonder on my part of what France will do with that shamefully wounded and sick part of her. Will she hurridly try to hide it, bandage it, cover it from sight with her people and industries; or will she leave it as it is for Time who heals all wounds, leaving it for Civilization to come and view the fruits of German kulture?

The road we traveled going up this morning was in good condition. Altho traffic was heavy we made good time. Then of a sudden the traffic became choked. We would go a few yards and then stop, then a few more yards and another stop and a wait. We had come to the line from where the drive started and where the enemy began wrecking the roads.

"Danger—Unexploded Mine" read frequent signs near bridges and culverts. Hun plans, like those of mice and men, often go "flooey." These unexploded mines evidently contain the same kind of explosive as ninety per cent of the German shell that are falling in a rather large city near here failing to burst.

Negro Pioneer regiments were repairing the roads and there were thousands of these brethren. I thought possibly the numerous colored gentlemen might be some more of our Algerian allies so I made a face at one and his face cracked with a smile and a, "Howdy, boss," that left no doubt of his "nationality." These fellows are doing just as essential work as the Negro infantry regiments that are hitting the line here and there with a force that is always effective.

Chinamen, all dolled up in U.S.A. clothes, were operating stone quarries and crushers along the road doing their bit supplying the Pioneers with material. I don't know anything about the "Chinks" qualifications as a fighting man, but he has a bad eye and a hard face. Give him a gun, some training, and make him realize the cause, turn him loose in the general direction of where there was formerly an Eastern front and I imagine he would stop any great

exodus of Hun that may result when this "evacuation" reaches its ultimate stage.

I forget the exact number of Chinamen who have dugouts to the square mile back in their homeland. As I remember, it is enough so that in comparison a sardine has a roving disposition, but from the number of them I have seen in France there must be at least standing room in China nowadays.

Came to a roadway camouflaged by a high striped screen for more than a mile. We were within sight of the enemy who were evidently curious to know what was going on back of that palpable disguise. Shells fell with uncomfortable frequency along that road. The actual "burst" of an exploding shell isn't so bad because one knows he is safe after he hears the explosion, but it's the whistle of the shell and the momentary uncertainty of final destination that at such times makes me look like a mighty sick man.

Then we came to a cross roads near a rather large city, or what was left of the city, where at times shell fell with such German regularity that traffic was safely gauged accordingly. A shell would break and while the dirt was still in the air a line of trucks would start across. The next block of traffic would wait until the next shell broke.

Perched on a great height overlooking hills and valleys in every direction are a few stumps of stone walls marking the site of a city where 10,000 people once lived. Prominent in the wreckage is a jagged wall still distinguishable as the ruins of a church. It was from the steeple of this church that the Crown Prince not so very long ago watched the operations of his armies. In the steeple was a powerful telescope thru which he safely viewed his armies' successes, later their vicissitudes and finally their defeat and retreat.

When the Hun was driven out of this city and beyond his artillery concentrated its fire on the church. Thousands of shell were dropped in the city until it was completely destroyed. He shelled continually and terrifically until he finally brought down the church steeple. He realized the advantage of that steeple as an observation tower and was determined that no one else would make use of it.

Shell continue to fall there and it is a very unsafe place to be. We have to use the roadway thru the city and he still keeps pounding away, fruitlessly the greater part of the time as a large percentage of his shell are duds. I have heard the statement made that the

shell he is using on this hill these last few days are 90 percent defective.

This reminds me of one being told on a "green" battery of ours, who did great work one whole half-day before someone suggested they insert fuse in the shell before firing them if they expected to help win the war. Think of hauling a whole lot of perfectly good ammunition over roads where a truck, sometimes, must be both submarine and tank, and then have some recent arrivals throw those shell away.

All around in the vicinity of this great hill are the various forms of shelter used by the Germans. Like the lookout posts of feudal days are the modern "pill-boxes" of concrete and located at the approach to more elaborate fortifications. Big gun emplacements have rooms jutting from the base in which the gunners lived. Dugouts of every description, and deep. I descended thirty-five steps into one huge cellar which had wings with rooms off the "lobby" and could house several hundred "guests." All this place lacked was an elevator. One rather large house still in good condition and above ground had a huge cellar and a staircase leading from it. The stairway was used as an exit but not as an entrance. There were six chutes leading at a slant from the outside to this cellar. I thought these were air shafts but found they served a double purpose for the planked surface of these ventilators was as shiny and smooth as the seat of the trousers of that old blue serge suit, showing how the Hun would slide into his hole when the shelling became too hot.

In an immense heap of salvage in which was everything that goes to make an equipment of soldiers of three nationalities—United States, France and Germany—were several hundred German suits of armor. I had never seen them before. They are part of the equipment of the Hun machine-gunner and consist of a sleeveless and backless jacket and a visor, or face protection, fitting over the helmet. Jacket and visor are of the same material as the helmet. The jacket comes to the hips. The visor is attached to the side knobs of the helmet, has eye-holes and fits snugly to the jacket at the neck. The combination makes a complete protection for that part of the body most likely to be exposed in the machine-gun pit. As a protection it is very effective too. The metal under certain conditions as to distance is bullet-proof or nearly so, and the contours of the protection are prominent, making the chances of the bullet ricocheting more than likely.

I spent several hours around the battery positions where the outgoing shell were as fearful with their noise as the incoming ones with their whistle and burst. The comparatively general ineffectiveness of enemy artillery fire directed on our back lines, and his usual inability to find and do damage to our batteries, always seems strange to me. Hills and valleys, woods and plains covered with soldiers in pup tents and dugouts, all in plain view, and with numerous shell breaking promiscuously it is fairly incomprehensble why it is seldom anyone gets hurt. It is the same thing with the bombing planes at night.

The day was perfect for work in the air and there was much activity. For days it had been raining, obscuring all troop movements and changes going on back of the front lines. Today was so nice and clear it seemed every plane in Europe was up "seeing what it could see," and a good many of them got into trouble. It was "fini la guerre" for many an aviator.

My hat is always off to the Infantry and Machine Gun outfits whose deeds are so glorious day in and day out that one sometimes thinks that they are the whole show and is apt to forget the Artillery. But the doughboy is so effectively composing the Hun's swan-song because he has such confidence in the Artillery. He knows that when things are getting too hot for him all he has to do is shoot a flare and he can rest a while. He knows a wall of shell-fire will promptly hold the line as efficiently as he could himself.

The Infantry "goes in" for a few days and then "comes out;" maybe it comes out only to the second or third line, but anyway it at least gets a breathing spell before it goes in again. The Artillery squats down on a job and stays there for weeks, day in and day out and nights. Its only move is forward. It never falls back. Ours never has. And the crash of guns and rush of shell, and whistle of shell and nearby break, goes on and on day in and day out, and nights. Nerves must be of steel and hearts must be for a cause to endure. I don't believe there is any such thing as "getting used to it."

Then the Infantry goes out for a rest in billets or barracks, maybe in a regular town, while the Artillery is attached to another division and stays on the job another three weeks. This latter sentence would be appreciated more by someone over in the Artillery than by you.

November 1st.

This letter has been a forgotten part of my possessions for a week. We moved the day following my trip and I lost my home, and I had a home! Iron roof, iron sides, a fireplace and a bed, far from the maddening Hun, and I lost it all. I lost my home, and losing it I felt as one does when the old homestead burns down or the villian forecloses the mortgage. I never appreciated that home any more than I do tonight. That WAS a home!

We have been playing one-night stands since and old man Ringling's six sons never moved their big top any swifter than we get away with ours. A paulin and any old kind of a location is our home now. We have been shelled and bombed from pillar to post until we have finally camped here in sheer despair. We refuse to move again until—tomorrow.

The first night I slept on the north slope of a hill because it was the only available spot. There were two big guns a block away that fairly jarred me out of my bed about as often as I climbed back in it. From eight-thirty until midnight the Hun shelled the vicinity and the whistle of the missle had me praying for a just peace—for the Kaiser—and it was cold and wet.

The next day to keep warm and for other reasons, I dug a hole in the rock and dirt and tree-roots of the hillside and set my bed in that two feet below the surface of the ground. Aside from the hole filling up with water that night was quite pleasant because of my peace of mind. A hole in the ground is far better than great riches in this neck of the woods.

We moved the next day and that night I slept on a shelf, a ledge of sorts projecting from the face of a rocky hill. If I rolled about much in my sleep I would fain choose such a place for a habitual domicile because a sudden drop on to jagged rocks upsets me so. It was a fairly decent night. Shell whistled and broke but the Hun didn't know where I was I had located on the sunny side of that hill and his shell came from the north. I was somewhat disconcerted the next morning to learn that I had slept on the east side of that hill and not on the southern exposure, and that the valley before me was simply a groove for Hun shell. All that he has to do is shoot off his gun and the shell comes down the valley. We moved again so that was all right.

Finally we landed here, and "here" is the remains of a town with very few "remains." Everything that looks like an old cellar,

or dugout, or remaining wall was gobbled up a long time before Destiny led us this far. Engineers had started putting up a number of barracks and we grabbed off a couple of these before they were completed They are "jake" after our recent "tour," but this new construction work under the eye of enemy observation planes is simply an invitation for night bombers. Last night was the worst of a succession of bad nights.

When I came to France, in that long, long ago, I was fully aware I had failed to bring with me a guarantee insuring a safe return home. There were times after we finally reached the Front when I realized how little one life amounted to in this Maelstorm of warring humanity over here, and how simple a matter it would be should I be among those who pay. The longer I have been here the more that feeling has changed until now, when the end of the war is so near, it seems that nothing can possibly happen to prevent me from seeing home once more. Last night was hideous and my visions of home went glimmering in the distance more times than six.

A flock of bombers came over early and as I hugged the cold dirt floor they dropped their loads. The flying dirt fell on the roof—that's how close they came. They didn't unload all together, either, but first one and then the other would open up his tail gate. Scared! Say, my blood hasn't warmed up yet.

Half an hour later another bunch came over and still later there was another swarm. These latter were returning from a raid on areas farther back and had but a few bombs left for us. To make us feel that we were not slighted they used their machine guns.

With the little old Dove of Peace beginning to sprout a few tail feathers after a long and almost fatal moulting period the Hun continues to give demonstrations of his more refined practices. Yesterday afternoon shell were breaking with great frequency just over the hill that protects us now. I went up the hill to see how close they were coming and found they were breaking around a field hospital a kilometer away. Just at dark as we were finishing our supper five or six Red Cross soldiers came to our kitchen after a "handout." They were from the hospital that has been shelled and had been forced to evacuate, patients and all.

Our particular outfit continues to do business but not at the same old stand. As the Germans recede we follow and to get ammunition up to our continually advancing infantry and artillery requires work that at times is overcoming the impossible. How our

equipment stands up is one of the wonders of the war to me, and is an illustration of what constant care and attention will do toward preserving machinery. To keep the outfit moving requires continual inspection and repair. The work required to keep that equipment at the required standard is as deserving of commendation as the feats of action performed in the fighting line. Would you rather carry a gun and fire back at the enemy or drive a truck and face his shell unarmed? Of course our men are not continually at the front, but then the hauling of ammunition is not their entire job by any means. Besides their hazards our men must work. When the weekly inspection is made every vehicle must not only roll, but must appear as tho it had been out of the factory but a short time. It is some job to keep equipment in that condition.

The remarkable fact I am trying to lead up to is that we still have the same trucks with which we rolled across France when we went to the front months ago. Every vehicle still does its duty as religiously as a "Henry" and with less rattle.

CHAPTER X.

Those Last Few Days and Nights in Very—"Finis le Guerre"—Negro Pioneer in a Tree—Bois de Placy—When Do We Go Home?—Deloused Again—Metz and "Beaucoup" Souvenirs—Forgotten?—Cruel, Cruel War—Russian Poles of Bois de Nixeville—Bar le Duc Horse Meat—The Move at Last—The Gondrecourt Area and Still Plenty of Work.

DURING the last few days of the war the Train was engaged principally in hauling empty shell back to the dump at Charpentry from along the roadways in the advanced areas and from the old battery positions. Company C continued hauling small arms ammunition. The 57th Brigade was pretty well battered up and without horses and it fell to the Train with its numerous crippled trucks to move the artillery back from the front to the Bois de Bethlainville. When the job was finished on November 9 Companies B and C were attached to the 158th Field Artillery Brigade which was backing the 32nd Division infantry. The divisional infantry after being in reserve went in the front line at Dun-sur-Meuse, east of the Meuse, on November 8.

The 10th of November was spent in preparing for the move back from the front. The Train was completely played out and the equipment was racked to pieces. The morning of the 11th, Train Headquarters, Headquarters and Companies A and D of the Motor Battalion went back to Rampont Woods, with "Fini le guerre" being shouted from every truck or group of Frenchmen which was met. In the midst of all the rejoicing Captain Nelson of Company C was encountered along the roadway and he was the only person in all that morning's trip who was not jubilant. His automobile had been smashed when run into by a French camion the night before in the dark, and among the captain's injuries were a number of teeth

broken squarely off at the gums, making life extremely miserable for him that day and for many days to come.

In the Bois de Compte the Horsed Battalion turned over a great many of its horses to the Third Army a couple of days after the Armistice, and then spent the rest of a long dreary period in caring for equipment, drilling and waiting for orders to move back to some less desolate region. It was a long, long wait for all concerned. Rations, wood and forage were hauled for the brigade for six long weeks until the move was made back to the Gondrecourt area just a couple of days before Christmas. The Motor Battalion and Train Headquarters found a home in Villeroy while the Horsed Battalion were billeted at Gerauvilliers, about four kilometers from Gondrecourt. The trip from Rampont to the Gondrecourt area was 106 kilometers.

No matter where the Train moved to there was always plenty of work and the few weeks with the 88th Division were no exception. Besides policing the towns to make them fit to live in there were numerous details hauling men from regiments of the brigade to the ammunition dump at Mauvages, wood and ration details, in fact, there was so much work there were insufficient trucks in the Motor Battalion and a dozen trucks were assigned from the 313th Ammunition Train. Captain Hill made a trip to Dijon with half his company after motor equipment for the brigade. Lieut. Foizie went up to Toul with another detail after supplies. Men were sent to gas schools at Joire. There were really more details than when the war was on.

On January 6 Major Imhoff, who had been on leave since before Christmas, was injured severely in a motorcycle accident at Gondrecourt when about to start for Villeroy and was taken to the hospital. Captain Dayton was placed in command of the Motor Battalion. While at Bois de Placy, Captain Leach of the Ordnance Department was placed in charge of the Enlisted Ordnance Personnel.

All motor equipment and whatever the Horsed Battalion had left in the way of equipment was turned over to the 313th Ammunition Train on January 11 and the Train relieved from further duty with the 88th Division. Orders had been received sending the Train back to the 32nd Division. The Train left for Coblenz, Germany, the morning of January 14.

Bois de Placy, Bar-le-Duc, France, 11 November, 1918.

The place and the date mark the birth of a new era, and we were "in at the death" of the old. It is "fini la guerre" and we were at the front when it ended.

We are back quite a distance from the line tonight—and the lights! Just came in from outside and "outside" looks like another world, a place to which I am not accustomed because of the lights. Every shack, barrack and dugout is lit up like an excursion steamer, or like some of these soldiers will be their first night in "civies" back in the U.S.A.

It is good to be alive tonight, to know that one has been through it and it is all over. Would like to celebrate tonight. Would like to be in Paris, or London, or New York. My, but I'll bet there are s-o-m-e doings. While I am wishing I may as well make it a good one, so, wish I were back home tonight. It's tough, but I can't celebrate. There isn't even a pump within three miles.

However, there are more ways than one of celebrating. What to me will constitute a regular blow-out to you may seem rather tame. My celebration tonight will consist of a sleep like that of the just and the righteously safe. I am going to bed and simply wallow around among the blankets without a fear of whistling shell or of the drone of a Hun motor. It is great to feel perfectly safe. Since last July we have spent just one week where we felt we were entirely beyond the reach of the Hun's tentacles.

Tonight the only guns we hear are announcing joy—"feu de joie," the French express it—but even last night there was death in the air. Even this morning men of one of our companies were under heavy shell fire and were compelled to abandon their trucks for a time.

Three nights ago, when we were certain the end of the war was a matter of hours, a Hun plane came over and dropped a few too close for comfort. This fellow came as close as any of them ever did.

Around the stove that night the conversation consisted entirely of speculations as to when we would be sent home. An enemy's plane was the farthest thing from our thoughts and when we heard the motor we refused to believe it a Hun's. He was right on us before we realized we were in for another night of it.

He went up our valley and came back, then went up and came back again. I don't know where he carried all the "eggs" he dropped. Twice he missed our shack by a matter of seconds, and

you have no idea of the length of a second until awaiting a bomb to drop. None of his hits were more than a half-mile away.

That night after it was all over I went across the road to a spring after a canteen of water. I needed a drink. The spring is located under a hill and the path leading to it is difficult to follow in the dark so I carried a flash-light. It was merely the "flash" I used and that covered by my hand.

I used the light sparingly, but when near the spring I heard a harsh whisper commanding, "Put out dat light!"

Startled, I involuntarily switched the light in an arc.

"Fo' God's sake, boss, put out dat light," imploringly came out of the air, from the hill, I thought.

I recognized a Negro Pioneer.

"What's wrong, boy?" I asked.

"Is he gone, boss?"

"Sure he's gone. He laid his eggs and has gone home to roost. Come down out of your hole."

"Ah ain't in no hole."

"Well, come down then. You don't have to stay on that hill all night. He's gone. It's safe," I reassured him.

"Ah ain't on no hill."

"Ain't on the hill? Where are you then?"

"Ah'm in dis tree."

"In a tree! For Pete's sake!—what are you doing up a tree?"

Personally I have picked about every place but a tree. I have crawled in holes of every description, laid flat in mud, sought shelter where I found it, as I found it, when occasion demanded, and I have seen others do likewise, lots of times, but never before did I see or hear of anyone climbing a tree to get away from a shell or bomb.

"Ah'll tell yo', boss, Ah don' wan' ma mammy to lose her boy, no suh." Then, reflectively, "Dem Bushes sure do make a heap o' trubbel fo' us soljers, doan' dey? Reckon he's comin' back?"

As I filled my canteen the dusky Pioneer scrambled down the tree and over to the spring for a drink. I asked him where he got the idea of climbing a tree to get away from a bomb, and didn't he know that a tree was the very worst place he could find when a "Bush" was around? I asked him if he didn't know a bursting bomb threw shell splinters right up in the branches of a tree, and that there was about as much sense in climbing a tree to get away from a bomb as there would be in a nigger spitting in a sheriff's face.

"Ah doan' know, boss," he ruminated. "Ah spec's yo'all am kee-rect, but Ah jus' natu'ally gets me in a tree when Ah's in trubbel. Dis a'my am nuthin' but trubbel. Ah neve' had no trubbel befor' dis wa,' and if Ah eve' gits back dere aint a-goin' to be nuthin' dat'll eve' trubbel me ag'in."

The day of the bomber is over. He has had his day, and his night. We have not received official notification of the armistice being signed. We have not seen a newspaper or communiques today, but other visual evidence we have in abundance. "Fini la Guerre," chalked on sides of trucks and yelled by every Frenchman we met would be sufficient to convince us, but the cheers and beaming faces leave not a question of a doubt. The lights and bonfires tonight, in a land where they formerly meant only trouble, are the final proof.

For days we had been in suspense. One night (November 7) a "false alarm" started a celebration which extended from the front to the S.O.S., or from the S.O.S. to the Front, depending on where it started. The celebration was somewhat premature and fortunately fooled the square-heads as well as ourselves, but it was a great disappointment the next morning to learn it was without foundation. The display of lights that night made a great target for the Hun but for once he failed to take advantage of them, no doubt believing the occasion to be founded on facts of which he was in ignorance.

Altho we were in a state of uncertainty we were quite confident of the end and knew that eventually there could be but one result, but, at that, we were suspicious to the last. There was always a possibility of the Kaiser having an "ace in the hole." It didn't seem possible that he would give up everything. We did not know of the seriousness of conditions in Germany. The whole rotten monarchy went to pieces in a minute. We did not realize how really rotten it was. Just the day before the German plenipotentiaries came over I heard a Hun prisoner telling an American, "America will never lick Germany."

Now that it is all over but the shouting the great question is: "When do we go home?" The air is thick with rumors. The "cootie wireless" is working overtime. We do and we don't, belong to the army of occupation. We won't be home before next summer. We leave for home next month. The ship we sail on is tied up at the wharf at St. Nazairre. There must be an organization some place over here whose sole function is to distribute unofficial information.

My opinion is that our Division will be one of the first to go

back home. We were among the first over here and are willing to be the first over there. I do not believe that a Division that fought so hard, so long and so efficiently as the Thirty-Second will be compelled to remain here and do "chores" for the French.

It is no more than fair to expect that the old National Guard divisions will be sent home first. The Regulars are soldiers by profession; they would be expected to remain. Some of the N.A. divisions have been here for quite a lengthy period and have done great work, while others never heard the road of the guns, and it would be expected that these latter would want a chance in the army of occupation. The technical units are needed here to help rebuild France.

But the National Guard, the N. G., the "militia," the old No Good sons-of-guns, who didn't know a thing about soldiering, who were neither soldiers nor selects, who didn't do a thing over here but fight like fighting fools, t-h-e-y are expecting to go home like they came over—by volunteering, and just as willingly.

* * * *

13 November.

Was in Verdun today, my second visit there. On the previous occasion shell, still, occasionally dropped there and bombing planes were nightly raiders. At that time the streets were nearly deserted and I distinctly remember the clatter of my hob-nailed shoes on the city pavement.

Today the streets were thronged with soldiers, officers, Red Cross nurses and civilians. I saluted at least a dozen automobiles bearing the star or stars of generals. I visited the cathedral and the College of Marguerite, the latter an annex of the cathedral. The old edifice survived thru the four-year siege. It bears the scars of shell and bombs but is quite well preserved. The vandals never reached it to pillage. There remain but a few of the old treasurers for the visitor to admire, nearly everything of value that could be removed having been placed in safety at the beginning of the war.

We drove thru the city, across the Meuse, and east until we came to the trenches—deserted. The roads were very poor, practically impassable for an automobile. We got out of the car and walked across the "dead man's land" to the German trenches. They were stripped and deserted, but, as is usual with German trenches, they were fitted up for comfort.

We walked along the old trenches and barbed wire to another road which had been repaired so that a passage for cars was poss-

ible. I saw fully two hundred American ambulances, all nicely washed and cleaned up, on their way into Germany. There was column after column of American soldiers along the road on their way to the Rhine.

My greatest ambition these last two years or more has been to march to the Rhine, but today I was glad I was not headed in that direction. My ambition these days is to march down the main stem of the old home town.

Returning to Verdun we cut across to a more northern roadway and there encountered other strings of marching men. These however, lacked the pep, altho the more joyful. There were streams of them and they were coming out of Germany. They were the returning prisoners just liberated.

They were in rags and tags and beggars' gowns, the most emaciated lot of humanity I ever imagined. They were coming out of hell, and were happy. Those poor, pitable souls. The day was biting cold and they were half clad. Bare legs were exposed between the ragged shoe tops and the breeches' bottoms. They were tired and weak, straggling on.

* * * *

14 November.

I'm stuck—mentally mired. I'm off this dope sheet stuff for life. I'm done figuring. I am thru trying to put two and two together to make six or seven, or even five. Hereafter I believe only what is handed out by G.H. Q.

From sources I thought as reliable as the almanac I heard we were not to be in the army of occupation, and now I understand we are. I planned and figured until I was blue in the face and now it is all shot to pieces.

I had it all doped out that the National Guard outfits would go home first, and now they tell me married men will be first and that some form of registration will determine the order in which the rest of us will be sent back; that those go first whose services are most needed over there. According to that I'll die of old age over here. I'm S.O.L. for fair.

Here I am all heated up when I ought to be perfectly calm and happy. I went thru the delousing station today.

Have you ever been thru a delousing station? You haven't? Well, you most certainly have missed a great pleasure.

It is exhilarating, to say the least; but, still, it is sad.

It is sad to part with friends of months; friends who have stuck to you closer than a brother; comrades. Friends who were with you thru thick and thin, thru shot and shell, thru feast and famine; friends for whom you have cheerfully worn out your fingernails.

This "delousing station," or "pediculus terminal," is a disenfecting plant for humans. The process is bloodless and practically painless, and lice are really a by-product It gets 'em all—fleas, scam squirrels, pants rabbits, fire flies, bedbugs, or whatever seems to be the trouble.

These cootie factories are quite plentiful over here. They are a result of the war and doing big business. I never saw one in operation over there, except on a very small scale, and I believe there is an opening for some wide-awake towns back home to get in on this before they become as plentiful as picture shows. I am sure it would go great. I actualy believe there are millions in it. The initial cost is small and the upkeep is negligible. The returning soldirs would make it a mint. They all have the habit and will be lost without their cootie casino.

Just as an illustration of what one of these institutions will do for a town I will cite the case of the village we patronize.

Previous to the institution of a delousing station it was the deserted village, populated by scarcely a hundred souls, content in their simple life, who wot not of the prosperity in store for them.

Today there were 900 transients in that town, all with money in their pockets and trying to spend it. The station handles 100 an hour and works nine hours a day. Every day is the same. Business is booming; stocks in stores are depleted before the owners have a chance to get the goods on the shelves.

* * * *

26 November.

Yesterday, Sunday, I had the surprise of my life. I spent the entire day over in Lorraine, and in Metz I found a city that fairly took my breath away.

My impression was that Germany was destitute and her people starving; instead, I found in Metz conditions apparently more prosperous than in any place I have been in France.

Metz appeared to me like a thriving and up-to-date city in the United States. Fine, wide, clean streets; nice buildings; shop windows displaying everything to be found in any city anywhere; hardware stores, groceries, dry goods stores, shoe stores, all doing busi-

ness with stocked shelves and the finest kind of goods. Meat markets, bakeries and confectionaries operating as tho there had never been a war.

Streets were crowded with people, principally civilians, but some French soldiers and German soldiers and an occasional American soldier, the latter mostly officers. The French are occupying Lorraine and Americans have no business there, in fact, our party was invited to leave town after the M.P. discovered we were without a pass from G.H.Q. We didn't leave; not until we were good and ready.

Had dinner for eight marks in a real restaurant. We ate at the Metropole. My last real dinner had been in the Metropole in New York city nearly ten months ago. I had a tenderloin steak—a nice, thick, juicy one—fried potatoes, other vegetables, good bread but no butter, a salad of some sort, and a pudding with a delightful sauce.

Memory of the "sauce" reminds me that just about any kind of liquor that ordinarily adorns a first-class back-bar can be had in Metz; and that beer is served just as you have always heard it is served in Germany.

I am not going to attempt to explain this apparent prosperity in Metz. I am without an explanation. Possibly the border towns frequented by German soldiers were kept up for purposes of morale. I don't know. I am merely relating what I saw in Metz. I have no idea of actual conditions in interior Germany other than that we were told by a hotel keeper of Metz that he had traveled considerably quite recently and had not noticed any great difference anywhere.

The captain whom I was with speaks German slightly. There were two sergeants besides myself in the party. We encountered a resident of the city who was anxious to meet Americans. He had not heard from his brother in Brooklyn for four years and was filled with anxiety as to his brother's fate, believing him at least imprisoned, and probably worse had befallen him, the old man believed.

The wife of our companion lived in New York several years and spoke English quite well, so he insisted that we visit his home.

He owned and operated a foundry and had lived in Metz, or at least in Lorraine, previous to 1870 and almost continuously since. French air raiders had dropped a bomb on his factory; French officers, Sunday, were making an inventory of his factory and other property.

He and the French officers did not act in the least like long-lost

brothers. Their conversation, eliminating the gestures which strictly belong, went something like this:

Lorraine Manufacturer—"You don't lose much time to come and figure your assessments."

French Officer—"To the victor belongs the spoils."

L. M.—"Then why don't the Americans come?"

F. O.—"WE are the conquerors."

L. M.—"To h—l you are! It was the Americans that did it."

They were as friendly as the ordinary cat and dog, those long separated "brothers."

In all the places we visited about the city that day the feeling between the residents of Lorraine and French soldiers was about the same as that depicted in the above conversation. "Why don't the Americans take Lorraine?" we were seriously asked a dozen times that day.

The American is the hero. Between the German and the French, between the German and the British, and even between the French and the British, there is that same contemptous opinion of the other's qualification, borne, no doubt, thru years of familarity over the "back yard fence." The American, however, is still an unknown quantity. No one knows how far he might go if he were forced to the limit. He went so far in such a short time they can't quite "get it." It is he who has the superman reputation now.

We acquired a load of souverirs—some we bought, others were thrust upon us. A Prussian Guard gave me his cap and a few other things. He had "discharged" himself from the army by the simple process of changing to civilian clothes and wanted to give me his discarded outfit. I picked up a spiked helmet, a "Gott Mit Uns" (brass) belt, an "Iron Cross," a few other "ornaments" and all the "hardware" I could lug. I got a knife for which any old deer hunter would swap his rifle.

It is quite trick, and one in which I am least adept, hanging on to this "ordnance" of mine when the fellows are offering 200 francs for the helmet, a hundred for the Iron Cross, anything I may ask for the knife, and so on.

This matter of my possessions has really developed into a question of "wealth," and a possible seven-day leave, or "souvenirs." I am afraid I will fall—a ways anyway. If I could get back to the S.O.S. with all my junk I might become independently rich. Back there where Hun helmets are a novelty one that is decently camou-

flaged brings as much as a hundred francs. German souvenirs are like ice—valuation depends on location.

But to get back to Metz.

Saw the Kaiser's statue and the statue of Fredrich the First as they lay where they had been thrown to the ground. Upon the entry of the French into the city the statue of the Kaiser had been lassoed and tumbled off its pedestal. The same thing had happened to "Fredrich." We took in the parks and also drove out into the country, and visited the "Kathedrale" of Metz.

Most striking and beautiful of all we saw was the holiday attire of the younger female population in their Lorraine costumes. This odd dress consists of a lace and silk white cap with slippers and stockings of the same color; a plaid or striped silk skirt and a waist just as brilliant tho of different patterned silk. Over this is worn a gaudy silk shawl and an apron of possibly a solid color but just as rich. The combination makes the rainbow look like a shroud and streets thronged with girls wearing their native dress are beautifully fascinating scenes.

We had supper, too, in Metz, the old foundryman remaining with us, quite elated over our assurances that his brother was as free as we. The brother, Henry, is 29 years old and in the United States ten years or so. We told the old man that Henry no doubt, a citizen of our great country, was probably over here someplace one of the several million Americans who licked the Kaiser. The old man said, "Dot's goot." He wasn't unconditionally pro-German either.

Neither the foundryman, nor the hotel proprietor, whom we invited to our table, and who could talk a sort of two percent English, could quite understand how it was that the captain, an officer, was associating with the common herd, we sergeants. I think we still further befuddled them by explaining that the not infrequent association of officers and enlisted men was merely another of the democratic fancies of Americans who want everything in the world democratic, even Germany. Then the hotel man wanted to know, "Vot iss dis, 'demogratic?' " It seems our "making the world safe for democracy" didn't quite percolate as far as Metz. The enlightening period is yet to come, and I pity the poor fish that attempt it.

We had a nice time at our dinner party, remaining longer than we intended, and had a hard job getting home. The lights on the car refused to work and it took nearly half the night before we reached Verdun. It began to rain about the time we left and it was imposs-

ible to do any speeding over the slippery roads without lights. We found that out after we tipped over in a ditch, spilling ourselves and our souvenirs into the mud.

In the morning on our way to Metz the weather was very nice and the trip very, very interesting. The forty-odd miles from Verdun to Metz is a trip worth taking. From France's impregnable stronghold, in ruins, to the forts and the thriving city of Metz—from the Meuse to the Moselle—across that stretch of Woevre and Lorraine, every degree of war's devastation is shown.

We traveled via Etain, Buzy and Conflans. Etain, about 12 kilometers from Verdun, is in ruins. The entire country for that distance is nothing but great hills and valleys and a scene of gun emplacements and trenches. The south side of the roadway from Etain to within a few miles of Metz is protected by a screen of German camouflage. Conflans, deserted save by soldiers, is marked but little, having escaped destruction. Beyond to Metz is beautiful, rolling country without a scar. Pretty villages nestle deep down in winding valleys and peaceful tilled land on all sides gives one the impression that the country he has just passed thru is but the memory of an unpleasant dream.

The camp of our ammunition train is in the Bois des Placy, near the village of Rampont. You would undoubtedly be unable to find either place on the map and I wish neither place was on the map or the face of the earth long enough at least, for us to get out of here. We are about fifteen kilometers southwest of Verdun. We moved here the day the armistice was signed and have been here since, expecting an order to move at any time. The days are dreary. For a few days following November 11th the sun shone brightly, but now it rains every day.

This is the most desolate country in the world, hereabouts. Farther up toward the old front there is the excitement of passing soldiers and prisoners and traffic, but there is absolutely nothing to do or see here. All we can do is wait. We haven't an idea of what is going to happen to us.

The 32nd Division infantry, east of the Meuse when the armistice was signed, is in the army of occupation and on the way to the Rhine now. We are not in anything as far as I can determine. I believed at first we would be sent back to civilization someplace, but instead we are left in the mud in a woods, probably forgotten en-

tirely. If something like a move order doesn't materalize within the next week I know I'll have a fit, or something worse.

Had not the brigade equipment been all shot to pieces when the war ended we might have gone along with the rest of our division. I wish we could have gone to the Rhine as long as we can't go home.

* * * *

14 December.

This is getting to be a cruel, cruel war. It grows more terrible with each passing day that we are to remain in this darned woods. I fail to recollect a period as unsatisfactory as the time I have spent since the armistice was signed. In the old days it may not have been any great pleasure, but, we, at least, never suffered from ennui.

Since the memorable 11th our outfit has remained camped in this woods—in the mud—not knowing what is to become of it, or what is on the mind of the powers that be regarding it. I suspect they want to get rid of us but don't know exactly how to go about it.

I've got so that I run around in the woods climbing trees looking for nuts, and the sight of a man with a gun scares me. Some way I managed to get thru Friday the 13th without getting bit. I wonder how long a person can stand this sort of thing without going daft completely.

It rains, rains, rains. We must stand reveille and retreat (we are in the army again) when it isn't raining, reveille at 6:15 a.m. and retreat at 4 in the afternoon. It rains all night long and lets up in the morning just long enough to beat us out of another hour's sleep. Then it starts in again and holds forth until time for retreat when we have a dry overhead interval of fifteen minutes.

Once upon a time there was a man in the S.O.S., or someplace, who burst forth with the astonishing statement that the reason it rained so much in France was because of the continued heavy firing of guns, reasoning, I presume, along the line of the old rain-makers out in Iowa. He was correct in his prodigious wisdom only to a certain extent. He went a little too far. He should have quit talking when he said that the reason it rains so much in France is because.

We are fighting the worst part of the war right now. This continual waiting for something to turn up is just a little too much. We are due to leave hereina few days for the Gondrecourt area, southeastofBar-le-Duc. Our train will be billeted in Villeroy. The rest of the brigade will be in the same area, the 120th F.A., at Badonvillers, and the 121st F.A., at Rosieres. This move to Gondrecourt means

one of two things—either we go home or into Germany—and if my wishes are considered it will not be Germany. We join the 88th Division when we move.

The 88th is just one more division to add to our list of acquaintances. During our service at the front our ammunition train fought in twelve different divisions and was attached at different times to sixteen divisions. We have been with the 3rd, 32nd, 40th, 41st, 79th, 88th, 89th, and others; also with First Army artillery, Fifth Corps artillery and 158th Artillery brigade.

We have been connected with so many different outfits that sometimes we don't know where we belong, and the present is one of the times. We were always with the 32nd when the home division was working but when they rested, or were out of the line, we were recuperated by a change of environments—attached to some other division that was just going in.

We saw many divisions in action, saw them when they went in and when they came out, and our little outfit, within its borders, acted as critic on their advance and sometimes on their ineffectiveness when they failed to make their objectives on schedule. It was then we compared the particular division to the 32nd and told each other what the 32nd would have done had it been in line. We had all the confidence in the world in our division. It never failed.

That our pride is justifiable is evidenced in many documents, commendations from the Commander-in-Chief, from an army commander, a corps commander and from commanders of other divisions.

In the Bois de Nixeville, near here, is a large camp of Russian-Poles who were prisoners in Germany when the armistice was signed. When released 4,000 of these men were brought to Nixeville and 46,000 others were placed in other camps hereabouts. They will not be returned to their home land until conditions there become more settled. It would not be practicable to allow this unorganized horde to roam free about France so they are confined to these camps under French guards. They resent the guards, the treatment and the food, and assert they were treated better when prisoners in Germany.

I walked over to the Nixeville camp the other afternoon with "Andrew," of our medical detachment, a Russian-Pole who left his wife in Poland in 1914 and went to America intending she should follow as quickly as he could make the necessary arrangements. The war interfered with his plans and he never heard from his wife again.

When the United States entered the war Andrew enlisted in the Medical Corps.

In Poland he had been druggist apprentice and in our country he continued in similar work. He knows considerable about medicine, has learned our language, is studious and will be a doctor some day. In the various aches and pains I have conceived during the months since our camp in Texas, it has always been to Andrew that I turned for more or less immediate relief. His various colored pills have always had the desired effect, hence my positiveness regarding his future.

He talked with his countrymen and they spread his inquiries all about the camp but from none of those men could he learn any news of his wife. The great majority of them were gathered in when the Hun overrun Poland in the early days of the war. They refused to fight for Germany so were held as prisoners, forced to do what work the Hun decreed.

Andrew found several men whom he personally knew—men from his old home town—and they told him only what he already knew, that she was with her people the last they had seen of her, but what had befallen her when the Huns arrived none could tell him, beyond the statement that "the Boche took all the women."

Those 4,000 Poles wandering about their camp in the mud, or lying around in their barracks, were nearly all big healthy looking men, with the exception of their feet. Bunks in the barracks were occupied by men with bandaged feet. Their greatest hardship while in the German prison camps had been lack of shoes and in many instances feet had become blistered and raw. One man told us that many of them had been without shoes for nearly four years and had wrapped their feet with whatever castoff clothing they could find. They were all hungry, and had been hungry so long it was a habit, I guess, because the French ration, which ordinarily is sufficient if not an abundance, seemed merely an aggravation to them.

About one man in every twenty was engaged in making "souvenirs" to sell to Americans. These souvenirs consisted of rings, crosses, and various crude and fantastic designs of metal. They sold their handiwork for whatever they could get, altho always first demanding something to eat in exchange. They all appeared to have some francs or marks but money does them little good as they have no chance to spend it. "Bread," or "brot," was always the answer to, "How much?" for this or that.

One man had a thin, silver cased watch I tried to buy thru Andrew. I offered fifty francs and got a curt and, I thought, insolent refusal. He wanted "brot." What good was money in an aching void? Andrew told him we would come back the next day with a loaf of bread and ten francs for the watch and the fellow signified a trade.

I would dread the future in store for these men. Not only the immediate future but the years to come. What will the peace conference do for Poland, and for these men? What would a "free Poland" mean with Germany on the west and Bolsheviks on the east? There is something besides "democracy" yet to be wrought on this earth.

The Poles in the Nixeville woods will spend the rest of this winter in the mud and the squalidness of that vermin-infested camp, with that eternal gnawing in their stomachs. They have no glorious or heroic past to sustain their hearts during the wretched months to come; they never even bore arms for their country. Conditions are seldom so bad but that they might be worse. Very likely our plight in this woods might be a whole lot less harmonious than it is.

Just now we fortunately, or unfortunately, have something else to worry about besides being in the woods for the winter. (It snowed—actually snowed—today—a variation from the rain schedule and a substitution of slush for mud). Our orders to move to the Gondrecourt area were dated the 13th—Friday, again—and since then our mail has been going to our new station sixty miles away.

Only three or four men in the battalion have received their Christmas boxes and the rest of us are becoming mighty anxious. Those little 3x4x9's are causing a whole lot of worry. If we only reach Villeroy by Christmas there will be much rejoicing.

We have been getting our mail at Revigny, about twenty-five miles from here, somebody going after it each day. I made the trip one day lately and was in Bar-le-Duc for dinner. Bar-le-Duc has been much frequented by Americans this last year. It is the last city of any size leading to the American sector and has been a sort of junction town for all troops going to the different fronts in this sector.

Some persons dislike being overcharged for their purchases, but, at times, I don't mind it one bit, especially when I spent little more than two-bits, so, personally, I bear no malice toward Bar-le-Duc.

I nearly bought a horse while I was there. I was in search of

some pork chops. It evidently was a porkless day in town for I visited every "boucherie" I could find and was still without my meat. In despair of finding what I wanted, I finally in the last place I inquired, decided to buy a couple of steaks off a particularly nice looking loin, altho there was an absence of any fat and I knew it had never been made in America.

While the much bewhiskered lady behind the block was cutting off my steaks I casually glanced about the place and was suddenly confronted with a sign headed, "CHEVAL," and below followed a price list.

My French being entirely inadequate for an explanation and argument with that he-woman I beat it out of the place.

I remember the first item following the "horse" head. It read: "Beefstak—2 fr 4," for a kilo, I presume, which would be about twenty cents a pound—quite reasonable considering Bar-le-Duc prices, but I object to that woman calling horse-flesh "beefstak."

* * * *

Villeroy, France, 2 January, 1919.

Back once more with the cows and the pigs and the chickens—and this the life again! To bed with the chickens and up with the lark, only the lark has gone south, or someplace, for the winter. Soldiers are no longer needed over here; it is farmers that seem to be required. We are billeted again.

Our village, Villeroy, is the typical French village. Were everybody home its population would be nearly seventy-five. It has a church and a school. A fountain adorns a public square, as does fourteen neatly piled heaps of manure, which are rapidly becoming cured to be ready for the spring fertilization. To the best of my knowledge France does not owe her soil one cent; what is taken from the land by each crop is paid back with interest before anything further is asked.

Our village has three cafes, according to the signs on the buildings, but the signs are the only things about the places that suggest anything to eat or drink. They have a big stock of "fini"—and that's all. I venture to say that the most overworked word in the French language, with the exception of "oui," is "fini."

The Palece de la Fontaine is exactly in the center of the town, an areaway before the church. From the fountain runs the Grande Rue, Rue Haute, Rue de la Fontaine and Rue de Sac. In our langaage each street is about a block long and the houses and barns form

a solid wall along each street. The billeting numbers run from 1 to 71, each house, barn, shed and granary being numbered. From the appearance of the town I at first deduced that the billet numbers were the dates the buildings were constructed but I finally discovered "1768" on the house I thought was built in the year 34.

The more than 600 men in our battalion live in this village crowding the cows and the pigs and the chickens, and the greater part of the time crowding them for warmth. It is quite cold, and when it isn't snowing it is raining. No stoves are allowed in the barns and sleeping in the hay is forbidden. Leaky roofs are numerous. It isn't exactly an ideal existence, but personally I have no kick coming. I am better situated, as far as immediate comforts are concerned, than I have been at any time since I am in the army. I have another million-dollar bed; for a time at least I am off those old daily disturbances, reveille and retreat, and sleep is the best thing I do.

This bed of mine is probably as old as the house in which I live, but the bed clothing is really quite new and there are just oodles of clean, white linen. I have a feather tick below and feather "coverture" above. About 7 o'clock at night I sink in, and come up for air about that hour the next morning. And I honestly believe I haven't a flea on me.

My room, which is also our office, is the parlor and actually the "front room" of the house. An old couple, so old they appear to creak when they move about, own the place. They live alone and sit by the big fireplace in the next room all day long trying to keep warm from the heat of the burning ends of fagots they keep shoving onto the blaze. The fireplace also serves as their kitchen range.

I have never seen either of them doing anything beyond cooking their irregular, meager meals. They are feeble, forgetful and childish, and, while I pity them, I am sometimes amused as they putter around doing nothing as far as I can see.

The old lady comes into the office, looks wise at what I am doing and talks continually, with me and my "wee-wee" satisfactorily holding up my end of the conversation. When she leaves the room she leaves everything she brought in with her and I have to return it.

In nearly every French home somewhere or another there is a great big mirror more or less elaborately framed and as gorgeous as the inevitable "grandfather's" clock which stands to the ceiling. Both of these useful and ornamental articles of furniture are in my

room and the old lady comes in frequently to consult one or the other and forgets to leave. She talks and talks and I know scarcely a word she says. While I continue at my work she keeps jabbering away. She sits on a trunk and tells me the history of the village, and, I believe, she talks about the neighbors.

Christmas morning as the chimes were ringing the old lady came hustling in to the mirror all dolled up like a floral offering. The old man came too and helped with the pins and other fastenings while she primped. Something was unsatisfactory and she removed her long, lace-covered cape. She had forgotten to change to her holiday gown and was attired in the old and ragged and dirty habiliments that had done duty as her "every day" dress, lo, these many years.

We all had quite a laugh about it and the old man evidently thought it was the best joke since Napoleon was a corporal, the way he carried on. Finally madam returned to her part of the house, to change her dress I thought, but pretty soon monsieur and I heard her going out, and she was on her way to church—with dress unchanged and without the cape. I hurried out with the latter and received "beaucoup," "mercis," and then she came back. I forgot her for nearly an hour when happening to go out the back way I found her in the kitchen washing greens with both her cape and bonnet on. She had forgotten all about Christmas and church and everything else. She's a great old lady at that.

And Monsieur. He's a hundred, too. He comes snooping around usually kicking about something—a cracked window-pane; "fumee," when my stove smokes, which it does easily; a slamming door; or, maybe, "sacre Americains." He has lots of trouble. I named him Nick Carter because his makeup is too good to be real.

Today I found out that my Nickname for the old man isn't far out of the way as far as a misleading appearance is concerned.

I was checking up the billets and noting the names of the owners of the buildings. I had a chart of the town and each billet and owner was shown. It was not long before I detected that just about the whole town was owned by a monsieur named Henry and I began to wonder who the village Rothschild might be. Finally I came to No. 56, our office—and M. Henry owned that. Could it be that old Nick Carter, sitting out there in the back room poking the fire, was M. Henry?

The lurking suspicion became a fixed idea and kept cropping up,

as unreasonable and unlikely as I thought it to be, and, finally looking up our French interpreter I asked who this M. Henry guy was that owned, this, at present, thriving village.

Of course, I was confounded when my old friend Nick turned out to be the bloated bond holder, but I was literally swept off my feet to learn further that M. Henry was also the town mayor; that the acting town mayor is merely M. Henry's assistant, by virtue of being his son-in-law; and that the old boy himself, besides being the town capitalist, is the big noise in local politics.

And here, for more than a week, I've been sneaking corn-willy, an occasional candle, a loaf of bread now and then, or soap, or something off the cook to slip to the old folks to keep their poor old bodies and souls together thru this hard, hard winter.

We arrived here the day before Christmas and it was a big job getting settled as we had to clean up the town to make it habitable and sanitary for so many men. The town looked as tho cavalry had been here ahead of us. We were just arrived, wet and tired. Turkey with dressing, cranberry sauce, mince pies, candy and nuts are not included in army travel rations, nor in our reserve rations, so Christmas to us would have been a dreary day of remembrances, and nothing else, had it not been for those little 3 by 9 Christmas packages which were awaiting us here.

Because it just happened to be nice yesterday, I am lame and ache all over today. If I were in the infantry a week I would be in the hospital a month. I walked twenty kilometers yesterday trying to find a village where there were neither American nor French "soldats" and was unsuccessful. Besides being tired and disgusted I came home hungry, and I made the trip purposely to get a change of diet for a day.

It is refreshing to take a day off occasionally and get away from the army, but to really "get away" a person wants to find a town where there are no soldiers, and that is a hard job in this section of France. In a town where there are no Americans one can buy almost anything he wants and get "service," but a village or town with even a small detachment of Americans billeted is "par bon" from the viewpoint of a soldier "tourist."

In such a town, even if U.S.A. restrictions are not in force, "service" is no longer there. So long as the demand is not great there is a desire to sell, but when the demand is created by a bunch of American soldiers stocks can't last, and "service" becomes, instead,

a protestation, and the would-be purchasers a nuisance. A dozen Yanks will ordinarily buy out a French town in an hour and thereafter everything is "fini."

French soldiers in a town don't help any either. They don't spend as we do but they clutter up the places and wherever they are billeted there are always plenty of restrictions with only certain hours in which one can buy. Was in one village yesterday that looked like a regular place and was just getting ready to loosen up with a few francs when the doors closed, shutters came to with a bang, and the closing ordinance went into effect.

It is good fun, tho, to find a town where there are no soldiers. When the inhabitants spy an American they know the lid is off and there is business in sight. "Service," then, is the shop-keeper's middle name and, sometimes, they are even backward about overcharging.

I will always remember a time I once had in a little, dinky village we found one afternoon when we were on our overland trip across France early last June. We reached our day's destination along about three o'clock in the afternoon and there wasn't a town, or even a house, anywhere in sight. It was a pretty countryside but we were surfeited with scenery, having been on the road several days, and with still five hours or more of daylight some of us had no intention of spending all that valuable time around camp.

We pitched our pup-tents and while the cooks and K.P.'s were setting up the field-ranges, and the drivers and their assistants were gassing up their trucks, and everybody else busy settling camp for the night, three of us slipped off up the road, turned at a crossing and were out of sight of camp. We walked scarcely two kilometers when we came to the tiniest and prettiest village snuggled around a curve in a stream at the foot of a great, steep hill.

We were the first American soldiers in that town, and it was so far from the battle zone and out of the way that even a French soldier was a novelty. The residents had heard of Americans—knew the Yanks were coming—but we were the vanguard to those folks, and maybe we didn't get a reception. The population welcomed us with open arms while the dogs barked their greetings.

Everything in the town was ours and we couldn't spend a cent. We finally settled down in a cafe, with the crowd around us and a jam in the doorway, and ordered everything we could make them understand and we wanted. We had "oeffs," "pomme de terre,"

cutlets, and all the things we long for now and can't get, and it was all cooked deliciously.

I asked for "fromage," and the cafe had none, but an old lady from the audience hurried home and brot back something that could have come over itself had she untied it. We ordered wine but it wasn't anything extra so we didn't make any particular fuss about it. An old man in the crowd noticed we were not going into ecstasies over it and he made a trip to his cellar.

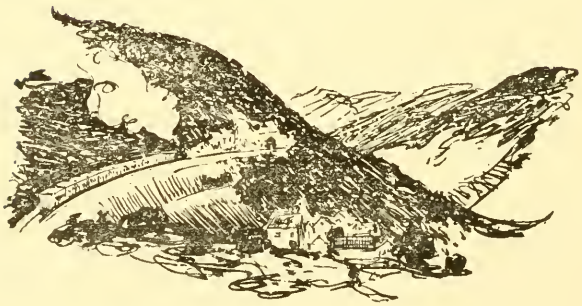
I will never forget that village. It isn't much larger than a picture post card but it represents my idea of the ultimate in hospitality. Since that time the remembrance of it frequently returns, especially when I am hungry and thirsty, and I am living in hopes that some day I may unexpectedly pop out on another village just like it. Occasionally, like yesterday, I deliberately scour the country in search of that surprise.

In all the 20 kilometers of hiking yesterday and the eight kilometers we caught a ride we visited five villages and one fairly large sized town. In the latter we had dinner and for meat we had rabbit because it was rabbit or no meat. Sometimes I like rabbit, rabbit that I know is wild and when it is cooked just right, but over here they raise rabbits for market and the only thing that might make these bunnies wild would be their realization of the fact that they are being brought up like cats. This big town, too, closed up at one o'clock.

We made a detour and took in the other village on the way home, hoping to strike some good place for supper. The best we could do was a can of sick sardines and some wormy nuts.

PART III.

BEYOND THE RHINE IN GERMANY



CHAPTER I.

Additions and Changes In Personnel—The Trip Into Germany—The Beautiful Moselle—Heimbach—Surrounded by Comforts—Attitude of Germans—Real Service—German Cooking—German Consideration—Embarkation Orders No. 13—Going Home?—"Down the Rhine?—Fooled Again—ATrip Up the Rhine--The Kaiser's Castle—A Football Game.

Upon arrival in the 32nd Division's area in the Army of Occupation, near Coblenz, Germany, the Train relieved the 308th Ammunition Train and took over its equipment, trucks and horses, also its billets. The Motor Battalion and Train Headquarters were quartered in Heimbach while the Horsed Battalion made its home in Rommerdorf Castle, adjoining Heimbach. The castle was built in the seventeenth century and was the property of Herr Hobert, a former prince and a captain in the German artillery who had bought himself out of the service. There lived in the castle an English speaking superintendent, with his family, and they had the use of a few rooms, but the remainder of the great building and the grounds and stables were occupied by the companies of the battalion. The castle was in quite good repair and altho quite damp made an excellent home. Some of the rooms were sumptuously furnished and large paintings adorned the walls.

Almost before the men were assigned their billets the usual numerous details were called out and the work started. There were details to the three artillery regiments of the 158th Brigade, to the 107th Engineers and to nearly every other outfit in the Division that wanted any hauling done. The artillery practiced almost continuously and there was much ammunition to be hauled and dumps to be established. Men going on leave to Neuweid, to Coblenz or back into France, from the outfits of the division were picked up and

hauled to either Neuweid or Coblenz. The motor equipment received from the 308th Ammunition Train was in wretched condition and the mechanics were put to it to keep the trucks rolling.

Major Howard Donnelly, a young West Pointer, formerly of the 2nd Ammunition Train, was assigned to the command of the Motor Battalion and took charge January 28. Captain Dayton returned to his old company, B, which had been in charge of Lieut Winch since the latter's return to the organization in December. He had been sick in a hospital back in France for many weeks.

Second Lieut. Charles Curtiss, also formerly of the 2nd Ammunition Train, was assigned to Motor Headquarters as supply officer. John W. Blechacz, who had been promoted from second to first lieutenant had been transferred from Company F to Horsed Headquarters and was the battalion supply officer. At this time 2nd Lieut. Fitchett was assigned to Company F. 2nd Lieut. Charles Wagner, who had been in the 127th Infantry and had returned to the division from the hospital, having been wounded, was assigned to Company C. Captain Nelson also returned to his old company after weeks in a hospital having his teeth treated. Second Lieut. Irl Fast was assigned to Company D, and Lieut. Foizie who had been with Motor Headquarters was reassigned to his old company, D.

Just before the Train had left France for Germany sixty-two men had been given seven-day leave back in one of the army recreation areas and they returned to the outfit the middle of February. They had a long leave, longer than they wanted. They had tried to get back but transportation had never been available for them, and they were glad to get "home" once more—glad to get back where the meals were regular and the billets clean, even if discipline was somewhat more strict.

When Captain Cairy went to the hospital, sick, Captain Theilacker became personnel adjutant and Captain John Snyder was assigned as train adjutant but later was taken back to division headquarters and placed in charge of divisional athletics.

* * * *

Heimbach, Germany, 30 January 1919.

If my living depended upon my ability to foretell future events I would probably starve to death in ten minutes. In civilian life I might get by with the three best bets of the day, or something like that, but, in this man's army I am a flat failure as a prophet, without honor even in my own outfit where I have a chance to present

an immediate alibi upon the slightest provocation. I should never, never get my prognostications in print.

I had it all figured out that about this time we would be out somewhere around 40 degrees West, 45 degrees North where the bounding billows make holiday rations for the fishes, but, instead, we are in Germany, and beyond the Rhine at that—in the Weber and Fields land where there is "nobody home" all the time.

After all those weeks of waiting to be sent home I never thought we would get into Germany, but we are back with the old division once more.

Possibly I am disappointed because we are not on our way home—I know I am—but now that I am here I wouldn't have missed it for anything. As long as we are not among those mentioned in the priority passenger lists I would rather spend the interval which must ensue before that happy day arrives right here in Germany than any other place I know over here. We are surrounded by comforts, sort of wallowing in luxury. The German may not have been built for speed but he sure is fitted up for comfort.

I don't know what sort of propaganda it was that told of starving, destitute, down-to-the-last-crust Germany, but whoever originated those tales was some kidder. I haven't seen a single missing doorknob, strange as it may seem, and I thought all such articles had been melted up for the Berthas. The paper clothes I heard about seem to be all wool and a couple yards around, if not wide. The people look starved just as does the fat lady in the side-show. If appearances count for anything there never was a war; the more I see of Germany the more I think, "Poor France!"

Some day there will be a settlement—some day soon, I hope. There seems to be a sentiment that Germany is bankrupt and that the Allies will have trouble collecting the indemnity to be exacted. If Germany is bankrupt then I'm a Dutchman. There is too much thrift, industry and wealth right in plain sight to cause any scare over a little thing like lack of gold or silver to back their trick currency, and the people who benefit by this visible wealth and prosperity should be made to pay, and, I trust, to feel it, when they pay.

I wish there was some way they could first be made to realize the enormity of their country's crime. They are not in the least apologetic in their actions, and seem not to have an inkling of the crimes of their armies in France and Belgium. They still seem to think that what their armies and submarines did was justified. What blame

they put is on the Kaiser and then, I believe, they blame him only for losing the war and skipping to Holland with a bank roll. Then, too, they blame him for reducing the quality of their beer.

I can't fathom these people. I can't comprehend their denseness, or inability to distinguish right from wrong where the fatherland is concerned. It must be either childishness or pigheadedness. There is only one way to get "at" them and that is thru their purses. and I have an idea that some of these people around here don't care any more for a few marks than an Eskimo does for his winter underwear.

I am far from an authority on Germany's finances. I am merely stating the opinion of a weak sister who was never very strong on finances of any kind, but it is hard for me to believe that Germany is not still rich. Take that one asset of her's we have always heard so much about—efficiency. Why not put it to work on her numerous resources and let the world cash in on that wonderful German qualification?

The Germans are efficient, beyond a question of a doubt, so efficient that their country appears the most prosperous I have seen over here in the territory we occupy. And a country that for more than four years carried on a war such as made it the most hated nation on earth, and lost that war, and losing it still puts up the front Germany does, despite her efforts to hide it, has no business whimpering about the costs.

While Germany is supposed to pay the expenses of the Army of Occupation, I am convinced that the occupation of the territory covered by the American soldiers is really not costing her a cent. This quarter-of-a-million is living at the top of the earth and blowing in the marks at a rate that makes the days of the francs seem mighty tame. There is plenty of opportunity to spend the marks, whereas in France the greater part of the time we didn't care much whether we had a payday or not.

Our move up here was very unexpected, to us. On the 13th (January) we were ordered to turn over our motor equipment to the 313th Ammunition Train and proceed at once to Coblenz, Germany to rejoin the 32nd Division. Had the order been to proceed to a port of embarkation we would not have been as surprised. We entrained at Gondrecourt the next day following a terrible scare on my part.

Back in May of last year we got our motor equipment and since then I have never had to hike a mile, but with this move order came the relinquishment of our transportation. We were 14 kilometers

from Gondrecourt, with orders to march to entraining point carrying full equipment!—to leave villeroy at 1 A.M.—a night march at that!

I asked my C.O. to look for me in a couple of days and to hold the train if possible. I finally managed to convince him of the importance ofproper supervision in moving the office and negotiated a ride to Gondrecourt on one of the trucks moving our baggage. I want to say that an awful load was taken off my mind and a bigger load off my feet by that ride.

I couldn't get a room for the night in Gondrecourt, not even a bed; couldn't get anything to eat or anything to drink—everything was so crowded with soldiers—so got a blanket at the "Y" and spent the night in a chair, greatly missing my big French bed but frequently recalling thruout the night that I was also missing a 14 kilometer hike with one or two hundred pounds of equipment and souvenirs on my back.

We pulled out of Gondrecourt at 11 o'clock that morning on a train which consisted of two big locomotives and forty box cars, the latter American made but short and stubby and lacking only "Chevals 8—Hommes 40" to make them French. There were fifty men to a car and not quite enough room so that every man could stretch his legs when lying down to sleep. This was my first box car sleeper experience in France; when we came to Camp Coetquidan from LaHavre we travelled in passenger coaches and also travelled on real, tho dinky, trains in England. Since then all our travels have been in our own motor train. At Verdun that night we acquired several bales of hay from a flatcar on a siding and the sleeping wasn't half-bad.

It was a very, very slow train on which we travelled. Tuesday morning, the 15th, we were still in Verdun, having made but 50 miles of our journey, but got under way again at 7 o'clock only to be held up for two hours more in the stretch of no man's land just beyond Verdun. At Conflans we were held up again for several hours and were finally given a northern routing thereby missing Metz. We passed thru Thionville, in Lorraine, and Remich, in Luxemburg, skirting the Luxemburg border for twenty miles. We were in Treves for several hours the next day, leaving there at 10 A.M.

That day, Thursday, we travelled along the Moselle river, the railroad taking the river's every turn thru the most wonderful scenery, the nearly-flooded stream on our right and great hills—mountains—on our left. The railroad follows the banks of the river,

along a ledge, at times being almost crowded into the stream by the abruptness of the embankment, and when the mountain's sharp slope continued right to the water's edge we entered great tunnels, one, the Kaiser Wilhelm (the name is still over the entrance), being more than three miles long. I think we went thru seven tunnels that afternoon. As we emerged from each we would invariably pop out into some beautiful little town; and each curve in the ever-interesting Moselle would reveal other strikingly pretty cities colored in the bright, warm sunlight creating a great desire on my part to some day follow this same itinerary in some other vehicle than a boxcar and to visit for awhile in all these pretty places.

Out of the left sidedoor of our Pullman that afternoon we could see extending as far up the steep hillside as we could crane our necks countless, even rows of sticks, which in growing time support the grapevines which yield the fruit from which the wine is made that bears the name of the river. It is beautiful country, this land which will soon belong to France once more.

We arrived in Coblenz about six o'clock and remained until ten. We were not supposed to leave the station but some of us managed to get around quite a bit. Coblenz is a metropolis, a beautiful city at the confluence of the Rhine and Moselle rivers and derives its name from the word "confluence."

At 11 o'clock that night we reached Sayn (pronounced Sine, so we couldn't say we were in-sane) and our train sidetracked for the night, making our third night in a boxcar and it wasn't so bad at that.

Friday morning we detrained and our outfit was billeted for the day and night. I had a nice room and the meals were good. I ate—might almost say, dined—a couple of times at the Krupp Hotel. Everything is "Krupp" hereabouts because Frau Bertha Krupp von Bohlen has a wonderful hunting lodge here, or did have until our 64th Brigade started using it for a headquarters with all modern conveniences. The old Kaiser and his sons are said to have frequently shot the wildboar, deer and fox that abound in this vicinity.

Saturday morning we marched to our present home, Heimbach, a distance of about three kilometers, and here we live surrounded by comforts. We have been issued some more Quads, thirty or more Packard trucks, a few automobiles and motorcycles, and are back on the job with the old division once more, altho we are not hauling ammunition like we did in the old days.

The attitude of the inhabitants is that of being unable to do too much for us and consequently had we not seen the German in the role of a Hun we might be induced to become somewhat friendly. These individual favors, so appealing, are hard to resist, and to consider as just another phase of the great German game of insincerity. They cringe because it is a part of their game. The word German means literally the shouter; but an appropriate interpretation would be the squealer.

Not that I object to these favors. It is such a long time since any civilian did anything for me without the expectancy of being paid for it in cash that the experience is a novelty, and my present desire is that we do not remain here long enough for the novelty to wear off.

I have a most wonderful bed; a combination of feathers and linen that makes the arising hour something too awful to even contemplate. Thoughts of a court martial and possible detachment to a labor battalion to remain A.E.F., until the last dirty dog is hung or exiled is the only reason I ever get out of that bed. So close to the bed that I can touch it is a stove one might imagine to be an ornamented, metallic refrigerator were it not for the warmth it gives out. In France there is the ever-present "grandfathers" clock; in Germany it is the heater. I have seen scores of these stoves, yet I believe I haven't seen two alike, altho each one is a work of art as well as an efficient chill destroyer even if they do not look like a stove.

My room is one of the few in Heimbach without electric light but elaborate candle sticks and fantastically designed lamps answer the purpose very well. The furniture is upholstered in red, and several cabinets, laces, table covers and wall decorations, while not like those in the Kaiser's palace near Bingen—Bingen-on-the-Rhine—yet they are of a different caliber than anything I have seen since we left God's country two service stripes ago.

But, surrounded by all those limousine comforts, it is really the service that I am bragging about. Almost before I am dressed in the morning comes a Dutch handmaiden who makes up my bed and straightens things around; wipes off the furniture and washes the floor; gets me hot water, and maybe cold water, which isn't a bad drink even in Germany; picks up any soiled clothes I may have left laying around; even wipes the dust from my other pair of "hobs" which shine majestically and tryannically beneath my German bed. But the best thing this fraulein does is wiping up the floor without

bending her knees. I've watched here time and time again and while I just know there is some trick in it I can't catch on. She seems to simply bend over and go to work.

Evenings when I am in the office alone, Zimmermann and his frau, whose home this is, actually pester me with pork-chops, sauer-kraut, potatoes, "eirkuchen mit krauten," Hollander kase," "wurst," and such other delicacies heavy enough to sink a stronger man than I. The food shortage in this part of Germany, to the best of my knowledge, is in wheat-flour, soap, butter, coffee and chocolate. They seem to be supplied with everything else in the line of eatables.

For all this service they refuse to accept a pfennig, but I ease my feeling of obligation by forcing a few marks on them now and then. Americans can never get the to-the-victor-belongs-the-spoils spirit so enjoyed by our friends, the French and the English.

I can't say I blame the Zimmermanns much for not wanting to accept any of this funny German money; still, considering the pay for a day's work, marks cannot be quite valueless. The American army is just in all its dealings with civilians of no-matter-what country and our Advanced G.H.Q. has established as maximum wages for civilian labor:

Scrubwoman and laundress—3 marks a day, with board, or 4.5 marks without board.

Common labor—4:15 to 5:15 marks a day with board, or 6 to 7 marks without board.

Tailor—9 marks a day with board, or 11 marks a day without board, or 1.10 marks an hour without board.

Board seems pretty cheap.

A working day is ten hours and the value of a mark in our money at the present time is about 12.9 cents. French exchange on U.S. dollars is 5.45 francs and francs exchange for marks at 100 francs for 142 marks. In Metz in November I got but 80 marks for 100 francs. And the beautiful feature of this shin-plaster script is that we can buy more with a mark here than we could with a franc in France. Just as an illustration: A stein of beer back in France, when we could get it, cost a franc; here we get four steins for a mark. But to tell the truth in neither France nor Germany is this stuff they brew worth what we pay for it.

There is one qualification I have never seen credited to the Germans, altho they possess it in a marked degree in some instances,

and that is consideration for others. Usually at noon I take my filled kit to the cafe on the corner near our kitchen and dine in style at a table near the heater. This noon I noticed an enameled sign on each of the two exists of the place. The sign on one door read, "Vorsicht, 4 Stufen," and on the other, "Vorsicht, 2 Stufen." While my German is better than my French I couldn't quite "verstche." I thought it meant something about being careful not to stuff too much at 2 o'clock or 4 o'clock, or something like that, but, instead, it means, "Be Careful, 4 Steps;" "Be Careful, 2 Steps." Now that is what I call being considerate. One is warned as he leaves the cafe, if he is not too far gone to read, that when he opens the door he must descend four steps before he lands on the wide sidewalk. I know now that the old story is true of the Dutchman who walked out of the side door of a baggage car and as hepicked himself up was heard to mutter, "Der shoult haf peen steps der." He was accustomed to signs when there were steps, and absence of signs warning him of steps signified to him that he had clear sailing.

I am getting along surprisingly well with my conversational German. In France I never got much beyond the "wee-wee manure" stage; never even got into the first reader. The dictionairre was as far as I got in French. But here I am almost to home. I always could get along pretty well in broken-English, knew Yah and Prosit and quite a few German words like that, and with the new ones I am acquiring daily I'll be standing a hundred here some day if we remain long enough, which God forbid!

* * * *

Heimbach, Prussia, Germany, 6 February, 1919.

Ought not be fooling around writing letters; ought to be working on matters that are pressing and really and truly important—on something really essential is what I mean. A certain document, enticingly entitled "Embarkation Orders No. 13," is occupying almost my entire time, and while it keeps me busy days and part of the nights the work is not distasteful.

I think the title is very nice; charming, in fact. Usually our army reading matter has for a designation G.O. or S.O. number something and one cannot tell a thing about the subject from the title. The popularity of "Embarkation Orders No. 13" is assured in the A.E.F. despite the unfortunate "thirteen." It is safe to say that a first edition of two million copies would go over here in less time than it took the Boche to get from the Ourcq to the Vesle.

The order means a great deal of work, and, it may be that it was given an alluring and possibly fictitious title simply to get a lot of work done willingly, altho I am loath to believe it. There are about thirty-five pages to No. 13 and it is the most absorbing literature I have read since Arabian Nights, and, no doubt, as impossible. It tells all about going home!

I haven't the order before me just now but I think it contains thirty-five pages. If it does, then I am on page thirty-three and that far I have complied with all requirements as far as it is within the power of a man in the army to do so. With only two more pages to go I thought I would take an evening off and get some of these troubles of mine out of my system. It is a relief to tell them to somebody besides soldiers. And I do not believe a man would be left on the wharf just because he missed those last two pages. Besides, I have no doubt but that I will have plenty of time in which to conform with the final demands of No. 13.

"Embarkation Orders" is not a recital on how to board a ship. There may be a paragraph hidden away mentioning that delightful sensation, but it is probably somewhere in those last two pages. It deals as far as I can determine with getting records up to date, getting rid of cooties, baths, clean clothes, souvenirs, baggage and passenger lists (12 copies), and a couple pages on morals. I haven't discovered the plot as yet, nevertheless I am very interested. There is a strain of expectancy that I am almost certain will reveal something in those last two pages, or a week or so later; but, to be perfectly candid, it wouldn't smell as sweet by any other name than Embarkation Orders.

I have been fooled so often I refuse to fall for this embarkation stuff. They can't kid me any longer. I am becoming so suspicious they will have to blindfold me and lead me up the gang-plank on a halter to get me aboard a ship.

Never before have we enjoyed such optimistic rumors as are now going the rounds and it is all I can do to keep my spirits from bubbling over; but, as I said before, I have had so many disappointments over misinterpreted dope that I won't believe this latest doughboy propoganda until I begin to get sea-sick.

Division headquarters gets out a daily Summary of Intelligence giving events of the day of interest to our branch of the Army of Occupation and January 29th the statement was published that the 42nd and 32nd would be the first two Guard Divisions to go home.

Later we heard we would preceed the Rainbow outfit their records were so far behind, and for other reasons. It is a fact that in some divisions the paperwork is a mess, and right here I arise to remark that the paper work of any army is second in importance only to the winning of battles. It is second to nothing when time comes to go home.

Yesterday an order came down from Division instructing us in the manner of lettering and numbering all motor transportation and directing that the work be completed by February 22. Which might signify that said transportation would be turned over to somebody else on this anniversary of the birth of the father of Our Dry Country.

In a memorandum published a few days ago were suggestions for a history of the 32nd Division and among other ideas was this statement offered as subject matter for one chapter: "The Trip to the Rhine—The Trip Down the Rhine." Bet money in terms of hundreds of francs that we are out of here by March 5 is laying around with aggravating looseness. The big story is that we go down the Rhine and embark at Rotterdam. I'll not be the only one fooled this time—not with General Lassiter's signature on a document hinting a "trip down the Rhine." It shows somebody is guessing besides me.

Of course the big excitement is caused by the expectation of a trip down the Rhine. If plans materialize the Division will leave this area at the rate of 2,000 men a day on boats bound for Rotterdam, Holland.

The Engineers claim one of their companies is already in Rotterdam erecting delousing stations and other needed buildings. The division surgeon is quoted as authority for the statement that a detachment of medics from Corps are also at Rotterdam and are looking after the interests of the 32nd. I could go on quoting authority for all this optimism. Why, even today, in open meeting at the Quartermaster's, the remark was made by an officer who certainly ought to know that the entire divison would be out of here by March 15th.

And then, on the other hand, the papers are full of Foch's declaration that the Germans may fight again; and with all this antagonism on the matter of disarmament it is only reasonable to suppose that trained troops will be retained where they are the most needed. So there you are. What chance has a fellow to arrive at any conclusion a-tall?

Anyway, if I can't got down the Rhine, I have been up the Rhine. Went to Coblenz the other day and made the river trip. It was quite cold but the boat trip was wonderful. Was up the Rhine as far as St. Goar to the great fortress of Rheinfels, said to be the most magnificent ruin on the Rhine. The fortress was built in 1255 and when the French cleaned up the Germans in 1797 Rheinfels became the magnificent ruin.

At Boppard six valleys enter the Rhine and it is wonderfully beautiful, even on a cold day. At Boppard one gets the famous Vierseenblink—view of the Rhine as four lakes—the result of the mountains and an S curve in the stream. We also passed between the castles Stolzenfels and Lahnek facing each other across the river above Coblenz.

I had previously visited Stolzenfels—the Royal Castle of Stolzenfels—known to the soldiers as the Kaiser's Castle. It is six kilometers from Coblenz and was one of the many castles owned by William II. The original castle was built in 1250, but it seems that in the old days the French were bad luck to the Boche because in 1688 the French made Stolzenfels look as tho the 57th F.A. Brigade had been attached to the invaders.

To give one an idea of the condition it was in following that date the bit of history I read said, "It remained a ruin until the Crown Prince, later King Fredrick William IV, accepted it as a gift from the people of Coblenz." If the people of Coblenz gave it away that ruin must have been in tough shape. I know, because I have seen quite a few of the people of Coblenz.

William IV put in six years, 1836-1842, and a million marks, cleaning up the debris and empty 75 shell cases and erecting a fit place for the future William II and the dearly beloved Crown Prince. Labor was cheap at the time, the rock didn't cost anything and the old boy did a pretty good job building that castle even if he was a Dutchman. You can judge how good it is by the fact that U.S.A. soldiers are not permitted to mar the floor with their hobnails. We were compelled to draw heavy socks over our shoes before we were allowed to enter.

The interior is marvelously decorated with frescoes and antiques, the former principally depicting bible tales and exploits of when knighthood was in flower, if you can imagine such a thing in Germany. Some of the pictures are so large they cover an entire wall of a large room. In the council chamber hang quantities of helmets,

sets of armor and weapons from the days of old. I came near getting Blucher's epaulets but a darned M.P. was looking. In a garden I found a bust of Joan of Arc that wasn't busted, so I judge that Joan's real name was Johanna von Arcmann, and like George Washington, Thomas Jefferson, Marshal Foch and the world's other great personages, she was really born in Germany.

Took in a football game Lincoln's Birthday that was almost as savage as the start of the drive from Avocourt and with just about as much love displayed. The 2nd and 32nd clashed at Neuweid on the Rhine before a regular Thanksgiving Day crowd and the feeling between the "factions" was quite some intense. I had often heard of a "battle royal" but this was the first one I had even seen. The M.P.'s were deployed as skirmishers before the first quarter had a good start and I heard later they sent a courier for a division of Bolsheviks for reserves.

The sassy Sixth Marines who of course, have to live up to their devil-dog rep in their own home outfit, did not add to the peacefulness of the scene. A few divisional flags and officers were mussed up and several provocating remarks were heard. The man who invented West Point turned over in his grave that day. From an educational standpoint the game was not without its value, either, we learned positively who won the war—the 107 M.P.'s.

We lost the game, lost it 0 to 18, but take it from me, those Regs are tickled to death we are booked for home. They don't want this outfit in the army when the return dates are being arranged.

General Pershing reviews the 32nd Division tomorrow or the day after and everybody is in a great flurry over this momentous event. The affair will take place right near our village and I expect to take it in from the sidelines. The significance of this review in my mind is of such importance that it actually makes me nervous. Why should the C. in C. come way up here to give us the once-over if it wasn't to be a sort of a farewell affair?

CHAPTER II.

Theatricals and Athletics—Motor Shows—Details To France—More Details—Swanson and Remich in A.E.F. Finals—Divisional Review—Company A Men Decorated By General Pershing—Trip To Cologne—Fraternizing With the Bloomin' Britishers—Orders For Home Actually Received—Goodbye Deutschland—League of Nations Predicted a Bush League.

AMATEUR theatricals and athletics were the principal amusements during those months in Germany and each affair was greeted with a packed house that shrieked its applause or hissed its disproval. The train was particularly fortunate in its entertainment as Heimbach had the best theater in the area, and besides the home talent affairs the "Y" brought in frequent show troups. Practically every regiment had its own show company and the Ammunition Train had as good bunch of actors as any. In athletics, particularly in boxing, the Train was well represented. Lieut. Christofferson was regimental athletic officer and developed a very creditable string of fighters. Charlie Doster, Company B, while eliminated in the divisional finals continued fighting in the divisional team and appeared in Coblenz, Trier and back in Luxemburg, getting the decision in many bouts. "Chick" Remich, Company A, won the light-weight championship of the division, later defeated the best men in the corps and then won the championship of the Army of Occupation. Sergeant Harry Swanson, Company D, heavyweight and standing better than six-feet, two-inches, with a solar plexus punch that never traveled over fifteen inches, cleaned up everything that looked like a real fighter and likewise won the championship of the Army of Occupation. Both Remich and Swanson appeared in the A.E.F. finals in Paris. Remich, a clean and pretty gentlemanly fighter, whose only fault was that he used up his strength in pushing his opponent away for clean breaks, lost out to the Negro, Patterson. Swan-

son, in all his fighting in Germany, never had a bout that went over two or three rounds. He had never been called upon to exert himself beyond that distance and was not trained for a longer affair. He went ten rounds to a draw in Paris, and the bouts were limited to ten rounds, but this particular bout was allowed to go an additional frame for a decision and Swanson lost.

But life in Germany was not made up entirely of athletics and entertainments by any manner or means. The sports were decid edly a side issue—the avocation of a few. With each day came new details and the steady grind of trucks and tractors. In March the Horsed Battalion turned in nearly all of its horses and received in their place twelve five-ton American tractors with which to practice and become proficient. Six officers and more than two hundred men were sent back to France after new motor transportation for the Third Army. Part of the detachment went to Marseilles and the rest to La Rochelle. They were gone three weeks and returned empty handed, the motor equipment they went after having been shipped by rail. Lieut. Foizie and Captain Weidman had gone to the A.E.F. school at Cote D'Or. With scarcely enough men and trucks left to put on the guard and take care of the ordinary details came orders to prepare for a motor show at Sayn and shortly after came the Divisional Review by General Pershing. Those were busy days for the men of the Train, but it was the Train that took the greater share of the prizes at the motor show and also hauled the most men to the review.

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Heimbach, Prussia, Germany, 1 March, 1919.

All signs failed again; and because I was skeptical, doubting the very evidence of my eyes, I am not so greatly disappointed. We are not going home this month, nor next month. In a previous letter I sort of admitted we was anxious to go home and that signs were somewhat in our favor. I believe I even mentioned a review by the Commander in Chief as a grand finale to our endeavor in the A.E.F. and said review is postponed. My idea of a simple-minded boob is one who believes everything bearing the official stamp which he reads.

The review has been postponed until the first week in May. That is the way the signs are pointing now, but they shift so often there may be another change before I get thru with this letter.

We recently received a statement by G.H.Q., in which were given the probable dates of departure for home of certain divisions in the

A.E.F. The telegram we received gave the estimated shipping capacity available by months and basing the statements on that estimate gave the sailing dates of the divisions. In an explanatory paragraph it was said that divisions, except Regular Army, will be returned in the order of the arrival of their respective headquarters in France. Then it goes on and names a whole list of divisions that came over after we did as sailing before we do. Of all the divisions mentioned only two, the 26th and 42nd, were here before us. We were really the fifth complete divisions of the A.E.F., Headquarters of the 2nd Division preceded headquarters of our division but the 2nd was formed over here from replacements from other divisions and casual detachments.

I believe the schedule will be advanced somewhat and that we will be out of here before May, but I no longer believe the dream tale of the trip down the Rhine to Rotterdam, altho there are hopes. I am no longer so anxious for that trip either, unless it is the shortest way home, because I have seen quite a lot of the beautiful Rhine and its towns and cities.

I have been up the river as far as the rocks of Loreley, where, in the days when Mars was an amateur, the evil sorceress of the golden locks vamped the poor mariners into the "wilde wasser," and as a Hun rival of Circe of the South had a softer job in her mermaid act than did Homer's wild-woman, because, as I remember it, Circe changed some of her victims into swine while the blonde of the Loreley already had that part of her work done for her.

I have been down the Rhine to Cologne, Koln or Coln, as it is variously spelled; had a delightful automobile ride along the winding Rhine, saw the cathedral of Cologne from top to bottom, and spent the remainder of the long, pleasant day fraternizing with the bloomin' Britishers. Cologne is the headquarters of the British Army of Occupation and therefore is out of our visiting area. It was quite a trick negotiating the trip. Left here early in the morning, going to Third Army headquarters at Coblenz, where we obtained (procured is the better word) a pass with the privilege of remaining in Cologne until midnight.

It required about three hours to make the run. We were held up by M.P.'s twice; first when we left the 2nd Division area and again when we left the 42nd Division area entering the British lines. The English didn't bother us for our pass a single time. There is a smooth, stone pavement the entire distance and the weather was fine;

it is spring along the Rhine these days and it seldom rains. That day the sun shone warm and brightly nearly the entire time. I don't suppose there is a prettier three-hour automobile drive in the world than from Coblenz to Cologne along the Rhine. There is a great deal of boat traffic of various kinds; great, long tow barges, tug boats and many other craft, passing up and down the steam bound up to Mainz or Frankfort, or down toward Rotterdam and the sea; and there is the great natural beauty of the country and the many pretty towns and cities.

At Coblenz we crossed the Moselle river at the mouth of the very beautiful Moselle valley, taking the route along the west bank of the Rhine. Islands are quite frequent in the channel of the Rhine. We traveled thru Andernach, where Frankish kings once lived, and on to Remagen with great hills towering over us and each peak surmounted by a castle or a ruin, each succeeding mountain-side covered with prettily constructed and colored homes and hotels. On the highest and steepest summit towers the ruins of Burg Hammerstein mentioned in 1602 as being built on a Roman foundation. Crossing the River Ahr we could see far to the west the mountains where it rises Then we came to Remagen whose reputation rests upon the past performance of Saint Appollinaris, and I don't know why. It may be that the Saint was the first German to discover that water was quite a palatable drink at times. I base my guess upon the remembrance that a certain bottled water, labeled "Appollinaris," costs fifteen cents a split back in the United States. I suppose I have made a poor guess.

From Remagen to Bonn is especially beautiful, so beautiful that it is bewildering. There is Rolandseck, where, according to Alexander von Humboldt, the landscape is the most wonderful in the world. In sight are the Siebengebirge (Seven Mountains). The district has borne the name since the eleventh century. It is a minature mountain country extraordinarily rich in variety of scenery. Idyllic vales and mountain tops with clustered hotels and frequent castles make it indescribable in beauty. There is the watering place of Honnef and the Rhine islands, Nonnerworth and Grafenwerth, with gardens and vineyards even this season of the year unusually picturesque, and the residences of the wealthy; Drachenfels Castle and the cave which was the lair of the dragon which Siegfried slew and is the reason that the wine grown there is called Drachenblut (Dragon's Blood.) Drachenburg follows Drachenfels, and imposing

Petersburg, crowned with an hotel, comes next. Then comes Godesburg, across the river, with the mighty castle ruins left as ruins by the French in 1794 when in its 700th year. The Godesberg ruins were the property of Princess Fredric Karl of Prussia and mark the spot where Emperor Julian is said to have built a castle and a temple to Jupiter in 360 A.D. Bonn, in the hands, or rather, in the mailed fists of the English, is the home ofthe University of Bonn and is also the birthplace of Beethoven. Bonn marks the end of the mountainous district of the Rhine. From Bonn there is wide level country to the sea.

Members of the Grenadier Guards, who spoofed us, don't you know, over our conspicious, golden service-bars denoting a year's service while they were wearing four-and-a-half years of scarcely discernable stripes, welcomed our unannounced arrival as we hitched our automobile before the cathedral in the greatest city in western Germany. They were so friendly I almost suspicioned them of being disguised Dutchmen overdoing their English impersonation. I still remember the week I spent in England more than a year ago and our voyage across on an English boat where our very presence seemed to be resented because we were taking up space on ship which could be used to better advantage, to their notion, by foodstuffs. In those days the Britishers wanted something to eat, not help from amateurs. They would lick the bloomin' Dutchman with one hand tied behind the back some Sunday morning before church just as soon as arrangements were made, but in the meantime they desired an occasional change from their marmalade and cheese diet. Before the day was over I recalled that former attitude to some of my new friends and they insisted I was mistaken. Their apparent unfriendliness at that time, they explained, was because the bloody Yanks were so hard to get acquainted with—so reserved—and they were fearful of making friendly advances for that reason. Imagine Yanks reserved!

Cologne is the capital of the Rhine province, the largest and richest of Germany. While not the largest it is considered one of the most important towns of the former empire. Its population is over 650,000. Formerly Cologne had direct navigation communication with London as well as with the German north and east sea coast harbors. Smoke from the Krupp works, still dabbling in submarines and cannon, it is said, lingers in the sky above the city blown from not far away. A great sign, EAU DE COLOGNE, discloses from whence comes that awful smelling perfume and toilet water. Too

bad that plant could not have been wrecked during the war. The peace commission ought to take up the matter and have the place put out of existence. Cologne possesses a great number of buildings the origin of which goes back to the middle ages, but the distinctive edifice, is, of course, the Cathedral. It is massive and grand, so old that few existing edifices surpass it. It is considered the crown of Gothic architecture. The foundation dates back to 1248 and the final stone was laid by William I in 1880. The loftiest spire is 520 feet high. Since 1842 twenty-one million marks have been expended on its construction and goodness knows how much was spent during the previous 600 years. We obtained tickets and an English guide at the Dom Hotel and went up into one of the towers. From the spire the view of the city and surroundings, of the Rhine and the dim mountains in the distance, was most beautiful. The interior of the cathedral is a bewildering maze of pillars in even rows, but one easily gets lost on a "side street." The altars are costly and grand, but the brass and marble lack lustre. It is as chilly and damp in the place as in a cellar. I imagine it to be an unhealthy place to worship. It certainly was for the Boche who worshipped Gott there.

That evening we were at the British Officers' Club in the Dom Hotel. The fact that I was with an officer endorsed me with the English because there is no explaining the eccentricities of the Americans, and they didn't give a hang whether I was a general or not, altho men and officers mix like oil and water in their own army. The dining room of the club is so large that the three-hundred or more men present were not crowded a bit. TheBritishers certainly loosen up among themselves. In the place was an American lieutenant who had been with the British so long he talked like them and he took us around. If Sir Douglas Haig was in the place I met him, because I met them all.

I even met a man with thesame surname as mine, but his Christian moniker had my poor old John C, faded. His is A. Turkington. We established a second or third cousinship for the evening and thereafter I was jake. It seems that I have been sort of mistaken all these years believing the English to be stuff, ceremonious and formal. That bunch that night was as free and as cordial as I ever encountered. And there is one other feature I observed that is more or less enlightening, or, maybe, makes the problem still more perplexing. An Englishman with a monocle has always appeared deucedly funny to me and affected. Swagger, as they call it. That night I saw monocles but I also saw scores of Englishmen who were entitled to wear

honors upon their breasts, yet there wasn't a medal "swaggering" in sight. The medals were hidden from view and regarded apparently as something personally precious never to be displayed. Frenchmen have no such modesty—absolutely not—they go around decorated like John Philip S., and the Yank isn't exactly a shrinking violet either.

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Heimbach, Germany, 20 March.

Something like sixteen months ago, on a clear, bright day at the parade ground at Camp MacArthur, Texas, I thrilled with pride and expectancy as I watched the Thirty-second Division, 25,000 strong, pass in review before it commanding general; intensively trained soldiers of a few months from the homes of Wisconsin and Michigan about to go to war.

Just the other day I again saw that Thirty-second pass in review. This time on the sun-brightened hills of Dierdorf, beyond the Rhine in Germany, and before the Commander-in-Chief of the American forces on foreign soil. Still 25,000 strong. But of the 25,000 three-fourth were replacements, soldiers from nearly every state in the Union. The Thirty-second had been to war.

I had many thrills as I gazed upon that field of ceremony, thrills caused by many remembrances and emotions as I watched that sea of steel helmets and bayonets in formations as exact as geometrical figures; perfect soldiers of a division at full strength; one man in four an original, the other three representing the toll of battle.

It was a glorious day never to be forgotten. To the Thirty-second, a division in all "caps" in Who's Who in the A.E.F., it represented the grand finale of a series of months of events the likes of which will never be seen again, nor have they ever passed before. General Pershing spent the entire afternoon inspecting and reviewing the division whose regiments were spread out in formation covering the hill-tops and depressions of the greatest heights in our area.

Among the spectators were many Germans—men, women and children—intently interested in everything that took place, mystified by the absence of plumage and colors, keenly disappointed because General Pershing was not helmeted in silver or gold and received in that shining, flashing, glittering pomp to which they are so accustomed. A German woman next to me, who stood in the chill for hours awaiting the General's arrival, said a word when he finally stepped from his car that wasn't a nice word to say even for a kultured Boche

woman, but it exactly expressed her bitter disgust. As the General stepped forward she pointed and inquired of me, "Pershing?" As I nodded confirmation she said that word. Then she snorted and left the field, her expression implying a scornful and haughty contempt. Not a plume, not a bit of brass did the General display. He simply added one to that field of khaki.

I, too, had my disappointment that day. I lugged a vest-pocket kodak since I left home, smuggled it over here contrary to orders, and never used it. Since the armistice one may photograph anything he chooses, and that day I had it along for the express purpose of getting a picture of the C-in-C. For two hours I maneuvered for that picture but my two-and-a-quarter-by-three-and-a-quarter would have required a telescopic lens to get anything that looked like a close-up. I couldn't get anywhere near him and my fingers were getting cold. I finally shot the roll in order to free my hands so I could put on my gloves and get warm. I got a couple views of the 150-piece band, and a very good band it is. I got a picture of two of the decorated reviewing stand with General Lassiter, its sole occupant, "tending door." I snapped General Pershing astride his white horse, and I'll bet that picture will look like a blurred white horse and nothing else. I took a few shots at the troops and I was thru photographing for the day.

After the review was over I stood by the roadside near the general's car bound to get a good look anyway. As he came from the reviewing stand he stopped to speak to a couple of American ladies and he stood so close to me I could hear his low-toned conversation. Among other things I heard him make the abrupt remark, "Mighty fine division—seldom see a division like that." He stood there talking for five minutes, five feet away with the sinking sun shining over my shoulder full upon him. I fingered my kodak and darned my fool self. I didn't have a shot left.

Among those receiving decorations that day were three men from our battalion who distinguished themselves at Juvigny last September. These men, Walter Raleigh, John Shedlewski and James Norton, are of our Company "A" of Menasha. During a heavy bombardment a shell burst near two ammunition trucks that were being loaded at a dump, blowing up one of the trucks and setting fire to the other which was partially loaded with powder charges. The shelling was so heavy the men were lying in shelter but they rushed out and in some manner extinguished the flames, cranked up and

backed the old Quad to a place less dangerous. Their action undoubtedly saved the dump, a few other trucks and other things from going flooey.

While these were the only medals bestowed upon men of our Train they were not the only deserving ones. Never an ammunition convoy came off the front but that it had its tale to tell. The number of medals in an organization is no criterion of its experiences in battle. Many an outfit was too busy working or fighting to keep track of its heroes and make the necessary recommendations. Each individual recommendation requires yards of typewriter ribbons; hence many a buck goes back home ribbonless with only an alibi covering his breast.

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24 March.

The intermission is due to circumstances over which I wish I had control. The other day we all got another shot in the arm. I've been sick—sicker'n a dog—since. I've had chills and fever, headache, backache, aches all over besides an arm twice its ordinary size.

Back home that spring about the time I joined the old guard company I got my first set of threes when we had a typhoid scare in our town. I collected another set at Camp Douglas and still another at Camp MacArthur. When I got my first innoculation I was told I would not be suseptible to typhoid for seven years. I was told the same thing twice after that, so I had arrived at the conclusion that I would require no further protection along that line for twenty-one years. Among other things in Embarkation Orders the Medics slipped in another slam at typhoid.

All the vaccine pumped into me before was just so much water compared to this last shot. This stuff was declared to be triple lipo vaccine. I believe some linotype guy hit the wrong key. This stuff was never meant for humans. It must be something the Docs had fixed up for hipos. Anyway I am safe now for twenty-eight years. I'm going to convert my War Risk insurance into a thirty-year endowment.

The final shot in the arm was a necessary evil, the review was necessary and an inspection of records by G.H.Q. officers was a final necessity. We are all set, with nothing to do but mark time and bite our fingernails. Time is passing quite swiftly so far but I know these next three weeks will simply drag along. We are actually going home!

There is no more guessing, no more figuring; no more need to stew and fret. Everything is settled. The Thirty-second begins pulling out April 15 and the entire division will be gone from here within a week thereafter. We don't go down the Rhine. We don't go to Rotterdam or Amsterdam or any other (deleted) Dutch port. We sail from Brest, undoubtedly, and we make the trip there in box cars. Sixty hours is our schedule time from Coblenz bridgehead to Brest, sixty hours more in a box car, but we should give a darn if it is cattle cars, for, O, boy, we're going home!—and it's any way to get there.

Goodbye Deutschland. Very glad to leave you. Thank you—don't mention it. Maybe in my final hours on earth I'll get that forgive-thine-enemy spirit. I say, maybe. I expect, and hope, to live a good many years more. Had I gone directly home from France I believe I would have felt more kindly toward the Boche than I do now, and I didn't exactly love him then. He has been hypocritical in his every action in our everyday life since we are here. He simulates a friendliness in a manner and for a reason which we know to be false. He pretends to love us with all his heart and soul because we are not French or English, and overdoes it. Our presence here insures his skin and assures him regular meals. Why don't he let it go at that and tolerate us as a good thing instead of slopping over with an assumed affection?

I can't for the life of me imagine these people ruling the world. I wonder where the Kaiser got the idea. Possibly from the history of Europe. Since the year one, and especially since the year one thousand, somebody on this continent gets that idea in every generation and sometimes there are two somebodies. Somebody wants more power than his brother's wife's cousin. If it isn't a kaiser it's a burgomeister wanting it. A League of Nations over here will be a bush league before some of us die. There will be wars in Europe when the equator turns cold. Of course I don't know what I am talking about, but, I'd rather have a home on a barren island out in Lake Michigan than one of these castles on the Rhine. The United States just got thru saving the world. It has been good practice for Uncle Sam. That will be a good steady job for him in his old age.

What is the name of that once-proposed universal language? Esperanto? Get the French, English, Germans, Italians, Bulgarians, Russians, Checks, and a few more of these "foreigners" talking Esperanto for a hundred years or so and then the League of Nations

might take. These countries are too far apart to be so close together. I'll stay here a couple weeks longer and help them out but after that they can shift for themselves. I'm done.

CHAPTER III.

Homeward Bound—Sea-Sick Soldiers—A Fourth-Class Battleship—Dizzy Bunks—Incident of the Rolling Ship—Navy Suffers in Comparison With Army—Everything Going Out; Nothing Coming In—Details of the Trip Out of Germany and Life At Brest—The Hurry To Get Home — Over the "Hump" — Amusements Aboard Ship—New York Instead of Newport News—End of Voyage and Out of the Army.

NEVER were army orders so welcomed as those which sent us home. The order which officially declared the Armistice was not received with as great joy. Men and officers all wanted to go home. There were no inducements great enough to keep a member of the Train in the army. The campaign for volunteers to remain in the Army of Occupation met with complete failure in the Train.

One of the last acts by the personnel of the Train was the formation of the 107th Ammunition Train Veterans' Association with Captain Edward Dayton, president; Captain Joseph Zawodny, vice-president, and Sgt. Maj. John C. Acker, secretary.

Sgt. Walter E. Bauer of Train Headquarters was commissioned second-lieutenant just a few days before the Train left Germany.

All motor equipment including the tractors and rolling kitchens were turned in either at Sinzig, Neuweid, Coblenz or turned over to the 158th F.A. Brigade. The Motor Battalion, less Company D, entrained at Niederbieber at midnight, April 21. The remainder of the Train entrained at Engers at 6 o'clock the next morning. Each railroad train consisted of about fifty cars and carried about 1,000 men, other outfits of the Division traveling with the Ammunition Train.

At Brest the Train was quartered in Section 14 at Camp Pontanezen. There were inspections, delousing, new clothing issued and

passenger lists compiled. Just before noon of April 30 the Train marched to Brest and at 1:30 P.M. embarked on the U.S.S. Louisiana which cleared the following morning at 8 o'clock.

The 107th Ammunition Train organized at Camp MacArthur, Texas, with 26 officers and 951 men, all from Wisconsin. The day, at Camp Merritt, N. J., when the Train ceased to be an organization its 34 officers and 1,142 men were from nearly every state in the Union. There were men in the outfit from every state except North Carolina, Vermont and New Hampshire.

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On Board U.S.S. Louisiana, 6 May, 1919.

This letter will be mailed at Newport News, U.S., sometime, I hope. If I should die before this ship reaches port the letter will be mailed anyway. I've seen to that. These may be my last words so I intend making the most of the opportunity while there is yet life.

First, I wish to retract any statement or statements I have made at any time that in any way reflects upon life in the army. I take back everything evil I have wished upon the army. Had I sack-cloth and ashes I would willingly do repentance in the most approved manner.

Before I die, and from present indications I will survive about twenty-four hours longer, I mean to request burial on land and I want to be buried by the army. I am just crazy about the army. If there was any hope of my seeing land once more I almost believe I would re-enlist in the army. The more I see of the navy the more I love the army.

There may be a ray of hope, so I will not commit myself to re-enlist, and understand, if I should happen to live thru this none of the stuff in the preceding paragraph goes. I was able to take a little nourishment this noon and it is still down so there may be a chance for me, and I intend to pray tonight.

Since April 30th we have been aboard the U.S.S. Louisiana, a fourth-class battleship. It is fourth-class, I believe, because of its accommodations for troops, and I can't for the life of me understand why it is rated so high. There should be a bridge across the Atlantic and then the navy could be used for the purpose for which it was intended, whatever that is; but this I know, that it was never intended the army should go to sea.

"Join the Navy and See the World," has induced many a poor boob to forget that his creator never intended him to be a fish. "Join

the Navy and See Your Breakfast Twice," would never entice the younger generation from the farm. For ten minutes, two years ago I was undecided whether to enlist in the army or the navy. For once I exhibited some sense, but I deliberated ten minutes and I hold that against myself. The delay was entirely uncalled for. "Rolling deep," "raging billows," ,'bounding main," and a few other of those salty phrases sound romantic all right but they are nothing more or less than some skipper's propaganda. Old Solomon Gills, and I are of one mind regarding the sea. Remember?—in Dombey and Son?—"As to the sea," he told Wally, "that's well enough in fiction but it won't do in fact—it won't do at all." No, it won't do a-tall. If the United States ever gets into another war and wants me the game will have to be played on the home grounds or else somebody will have to build a bridge.

I don't know what got into me this trip. Going to France I wasn't a bit sick and we had considerable rough weather. It was a February crossing and a northern route. And I am quite used to water, too. I have been around water since I was a boy, made lots of trips on all kinds of craft on theLakes; sailed one time from New Orleans to Colon and coming back was in a regular hurricane, and I was never seasick.

We cleared from Brest at 8 o'clock in the morning May 1st in rain and mist and we ran into the worst kind of a sea in the Bay of Biscay. This old six- or seven-million-dollar hulk wallowed around in the trough of the sea and finally headed west inclination forty-some-odd degrees either up or down. It would be better when we got out into the ocean some "gob" assured us, but as a weather forecaster he is a good blacksmith. We ran into a storm outside, and the Bay of Biscay had been as a plowed field in Kansas is to the Rocky Mountain range. One afternoon from 12 o'clock until 6 P.M. we made as much as thirty-six miles. A quad truck mixed up in a convoy of artillery tractors advancing thru the Argonne forest could do better than that.

Still I wasn't sick. Of the 1402 soldiers aboard this craft 1400 were sick soldiers, feeding the Spanish mackerel. Even some of the gobs wished they were back home on the farm. Another wise bird and myself put on the old salt expression and paraded the decks pitying the poor land-lubbers who were wishing they had remained in the service in France. Sealegs?—I had 'em. The bigger the waves the better I thought I liked it.

And then I got it! The fourth day out the bottom fell out of everything. I can't imagine what happened to me. Ordinarily I would think it was something I ate, but we don't get anything to eat. I remained on deck until it became dark, swallowing great mouthfuls of fresh air and converting it into a yellow-greenish substance. Someway, I managed to crawl down to my bed. We sleep in hammocks arranged in tiers of threes which are hauled up to the ceiling during the daytime and let down at night. There are seventy-four hammocks in our casemate, which is about twenty by thirty feet and seven feet high. My hammock is a lower on the edge of a small open area. It is really a desirable bunk compared to locations some of the men drew. There is good ventilation besides the benefit of the open space.

But there is an iron pillar that stands directly in the course of my swinging hammock. It stands far enough away so that a collision occurs only when the ship makes an unusual lurch. That night of my probably fatal illness I staggered down the companionway and groped my way between the swaying beds of that madhouse, managing to fall into my own dizzy bunk. Back and forth I swayed until the seventh wave. I thought the ship had struck a floating mine, at least I hoped so, The blow caught me directly above my right eye and the flares and flashes equaled anything I saw at the front. My next sensation was that of falling. On the rebound I had fallen out of the other side of that darned hammock.

I made measurements and now nights when I go to bed I wrap my sweater around the post just at the right height so that it acts as a pad when in what I imagine to be my last throes of agony, I loan my head over the side of that bunk and reach for the receptacle some sailor has so kindly provided for my use.

I wonder how long a person can live with everything going out and nothing coming in. This is said to be a fifteen-day trip. Exactly fifteen-months from the day we sailed from the United States we sailed from France for home, which suggests the remark that I would rather be in the army fifteen months than in the navy fifteen days, and I mean it.

* * * *

7 May.

Still alive with quite remarkable prospects for complete recovery. The principal thing now is to get something to eat. The nourishment we receive aboard this boat may be all right for a sailor, but

personally I would like a meal occasionally. The sun came out today and the sea is comparatively calm. We are in the Gulf Stream and it is quite warm. I sat on the deck for hours occasionally trusting my pins to a stroll the length of the ship and back. However, I am afraid to exercise for fear of creating an appetite. Tomorrow I intend spending the day below smoking cigarettes and reading, trying to kill this terrible hunger. Actually I could eat the tin off a can of corn willy.

To get my mind off my stomach I will tell of our trip from Germany. Our moving order stating the exact day and hour was not received until April 15. The movement of the division was scheduled to start the 18th. We had been anxiously awaiting that order for weeks. For days we knew all about the trip. Division headquarters, or somebody connected with it, told us everything.

We were to travel from the Rhine to Brest in American box-cars in sixty hours, and as we had completed all our passenger lists and other paper work we would load directly on the George Washington, Imperator, or some other six- or seven-day boat. From New York we would entrain immediately for Camp Grant and be discharged within forty-eight hours. We would be home by May 4th. Raptures!

Everything worked out just as contemplated with the exception of a few minor details. In the first place, our Ammunition Train did not leave Heimbach until April 21. Our section entrained at Niederbieber, departing at midnight in box-cars that were American only because they had been turned over to the American A.O. by the Boche. The sixty-hour ride was extended to eighty-hours in order that all the hard-bread and corn-beef hash on the train could be consumed. There was quite a lot left over when the sixty-hours was up.

So that we could tell the folks back home how nice everything is now at Camp Pontanezen, Brest, we were allowed to remain there five days. The George Washington being engaged in carrying back to the United States one complete set of Arguments to Combat Objections to the League of Nations, and the Imperator held up by adverse winds or criticism or something, we submitted to a hitch in the navy, never expecting to be taken seriously.

Our six-day crossing will take fifteen days at least, we are told; the Louisiana takes us to Newport News instead of New York; and, instead of entraining directly from the boat we are to be held at the port of debarkation for five days. It seems now we are to be split

up into demobilization camp detachments at Newport News, instead of having that job completed on the boat as intended, and we must be deloused once more. It is more than a week since we were deloused and we have gone thru only three cootie inspections aboard ship, so I suppose we must be in a disgraceful condition.

I haven't any idea how long it takes to travel from Virginia to Illinois these modern days, and when we do finally arrive at Camp Grant I wouldn't be a bit surprised if we were put to doing squads east and west, so I don't know when we will get back to Wisconsin.

Y' understand I'm not kicking; fact is I am tickled to death to even be headed west; but I dislike being kidded. I suspicion Fate or some other power of putting something over on us now that time is so valuable. Time to a soldier is not supposed to matter. What's time to a soldier? He has lots of it. Ordinarily it doesn't make much difference whether the day of the month be the 4th or 24th, or the month June or December, but at this crisis every minute counts. The United States goes dry at midnight June 30; and here we are—seventeen hundred miles from land.

* * * *

8 May.

Had beans and catsup for breakfast today which is quite an improvement over the beans and tapioco of yesterday morning. I wonder who devises the meals aboard this ship—the combinations are so unusual. One time at a kermiss where I stayed over night I had prune pie, beef stew and a quart bottle of beer set before me for breakfast. That was my farthest north in breakfasts until I got on this battleship. If I can only retain this appetite of mine one month after I am out of the army I will feel repaid for the inability to satisfy it now.

Things are breaking a little better today. We went over the "hump" last night and it is all down hill the rest of the way. It took an awful long time to get half way but from now on it will be smooth sailing. Had a scare today. Some comedian started a tale to the effect that the U.S.S. Georgia, which is twelve hours ahead of us, had a broken crankshaft, or propeller shaft, or whatever-you-call-it, and the Louisiana would have to stand by when she caught up until repairs were made on the sister ship. The story was disgustingly believed until this same cheerful gloom-getter spread another report to the effect that the U.S.S. Kansas, which is twelve hours behind us, had a puncture, or leaking radiator, or something, and we had to

check our speed and wait for her. This last one was too much for my shattered nerves so I went to one of the ship's officers and got set on the right course. We are gaining on the Georgia and leaving the Kansas behind and they should worry, not us, he explained. It is 3290 miles from Brest to Newport News; we have made 1886 miles and are picking up speed every hour. We will be making 300 miles a day from now on, maybe.

The trip isn't so bad after all; in fact, excepting the slow progress, it hasn't been half-bad, to be perfectly fair. The train ride from Germany across France was not near as tiresome as I had expected it to be. Even the five days we spent at CampPontanezen came to an end in time.

I want to tell of the anguish and torn hearts we left behind in Germany. Our outfit lived in Heimbach just as the other U.S. outfits lived in scores of other German towns in that area, so I presume the experiences of all of us are similar.

We lived in the homes of the Germans but had our own mess. We slept in their beds. Members of Heimbach's male population between the ages of six and sixty years gave up their beds without a murmur to the soldiers—by order of the American army. So we lived right in their homes and privately fraternized as much as we pleased regardless of all orders to the contrary, tho in public we ignored the natives. The day before we left was a busy time among the households of Heimbach. In every home in which soldiers were living there was much baking and cooking going on, and as the columns marched away the next morning nearly every soldier was burdened with a bundle of German cooking of some kind, adding considerable weight to his already overloaded souvenir-stuffed pack. There had actually been many tearful farewells. Women had cried and ex-Boche soldats had shaken hands as tho they were losing lifelong friends. The population lined the streets waving handkerchiefs and shouting "goodbyes."

The remembrance of that pall of gloom which chokes Germany since our departure almost brings tears to my eyes. The sad parting was so sincere. They implied that their sorrow was caused not because we were Americans going home, nor because we might go back to the United States and tell how wonderfully kind and generous are the German people; but that it was because of our own endeared individual selves, so like the German people themselves.

When we came to Heimbach we were welcomed with joy; we

left it in tears. When the American outfit that was there ahead of us left for home they too were sped on their way with the kindest of wishes, taking with them the impression of leaving behind aching hearts of a sorrowing people. But one outfit of the Second Division, U.S.A., which succeeded us in the hearts of Heimbach, will leave there with no such notion in their noodle.

The people of Heimbach knew for weeks we were leaving shortly and believed we were to be the last troops to occupy their town. They arrived at this belief by the fact that there was no other division coming up into the Army of Occupation to relieve the Thirty-Second. But what they didn't know was that the First and Second Divisions were to spread out and take over our territory. Before we were fully out of Heimbach an artillery outfit of the Second began pulling in. The tearful countenances reverted to the natural Hun type.

Coming out of Germany we traveled back thru the beautiful Moselle valley and from Metz we went down thru the St. Mihiel area. We were not in the St. Mihiel drive, excepting in army reserve, so this trip gave us an opportunity to see the job the American troops did in that short but effective and important battle. We were in Pont-a-Mousson noon of the second day of our trip and our route across France was thru Nancy, Toul, Neufchateau, Chaumont, Auxerre, Bourges, St. Aignan, Tours, LeMans, Leval, Rennes, Montford, St. Brieuc, Brest.

Our German box-cars were quite warm and comfortable and the variety of the ever-changing scenery made the time pass more quickly than does the eternal and infernal sameness of the ocean with its ever-present westerly wind. Our train consisted of fifty box-cars exclusive of the cook and baggage cars, and while we had two regular meals each day we had with us for the frequent emergency a plentiful supply of our old John D. Standby—hardbread and cornwilly.

From the unfavorable publicity given conditions at Camp Pontanezen, Brest, I was very much surprised at what we found. Pontanezen, to me, appeared a wonderful camp. While there we lived in pyramidal tents equipped with Sibley stoves with a plentiful supply of wood and coal at hand; meals were very good with "Boo-Koo Seconds" as a large sign reads. Inspections, bathing schedules and issues of clothing were put thru with a speed and a system I had never before suspected within the army.

Considering the rapidity with which the camp was built and organized, and I understand that practically all the work was done

since last January, I cannot understand why the "big kick" was made. The only complaint worthy of consideration is why the work of constructing the camp was not started sooner. There is one unsatisfactory condition at Brest that cannot be attributed to the army, nor to any other human agency, and it cannot be remedied. It rains at Brest, just as it does all over northern France, practically all of the time. No camp in the world can be made ideal in a region where duck boards are as necessary to a soldier's navigation as web feet are to duck's.

* * * *

10 May.

We are nearer our destination than we thought. Naval orders, like those of the army, are subject to change at any moment, upsetting all calculations. A radio received about midnight changed our destination to New York. It shortens our voyage and we ought to reach port in time to unload next Tuesday morning. We go to Camp Merrit. Everybody on board is happy with the exception of a few married men who wired their respective wives to meet them at Newport News. It costs $1.60 for a ten-word radio to Newark, N. J., besides the "collect" the wife in Wisconsin pays for the relay telegram.

This is Saturday afternoon and a half-holiday aboard ship. The sun is bright and the sea quite calm. The ship's photographer is a busy man. Aft on the gun deck we are to have boxing and wrestling matches at 2 o'clock. In the superstructure on the weather deck there is a movie already in action. Across the way from the movie the ship's orchestra and an able-bodied seamen's quartette are entertaining the movie overflow. This is certainly a gay life.

* * * *

12 May

Had a very stormy Sunday and a wretched night. We are anxious for tomorrow to come for it will be all over. We unload at Pier No. 2, Hoboken, at 3 P.M. Seas mountain high, driven by a gale that howled like a March blizzard, washed over our ship all day long; and with hatches battered down we were forced to spend the day, and the night, in the stuffiness and heat between decks. We had wretched weather for our trip with the exception of but two days. The storm of yesterday, bad as it was, makes our landing tomorrow possible. The storm was out of the east and drove us before

it. Each wave kicked us a little farther on our way. Had it not been for the storm we would not have docked until Wednesday.

We are glad it is all so nearly over. Great as is the army we are anxious to live our own individual lives without restraint. We want to sleep and we want to eat the way we want. We want to live the way we want and meet real folks and talk to them in a language where we don't have to shake our heads or wave our arms to make them understand. It has been a long drag. We are tired. It has been a wonderful, wonderful experience, but we are glad it is already experience and not anticipation.

["FINI"]

APPENDIX

ENLISTED PERSONNEL

One Hundred Seventh Ammunition Train

TRAIN HEADQUARTERS

Regtl. Sgt. Major Walter W. Singer, Port Washington, Wis.
Regtl. Sgt. Major George B. Kendall, Plymouth, Wis.
Regtl. Sup. Sgt. Edw. Naus, Sheboygan, Wis.
Regtl. Sup. Sgt. Fred E. Rothermel, Plainfield, Wis.
Sergt. Victor Ferry, Providence, R. I.
Sergt. Louis B. Oxley, Oklahoma.
Sgt. Oswald E. Callan, Platteville, Wis.
Cpl. Asa T. Bearse, Atlanta, Ga.
Cpl. Richard J. Rothermel, Plainfield, Wis. (Killed in action Oct. 5, 1918).
Cpl. Frank A. Rothermel, Plainfield, Wis.
Cpl. James V. Garland, Huntington, W. Va.
Cook Edward J. Frank, Red Granite, Wis.
Wag. Ben W. Ferguson, Crandon, Wis.
Wag. Peter A. Madsen, California.
Pvt. 1cl. Thomas J. Connally, New York City.
Pvt. 1cl. Arthur L. Dubke, Plainfield, Wis.
Pvt. 1cl. Emil Ebeling, Cole Camp, Wis.
Pvt. 1cl. Doyle E. Stock, Montpelier, Idaho.
Pvt. 1cl. Ether C. Wolfley, Afton, Wyoming.
Pvt. 1cl. William E. Wiehr, California.
Pvt. 1cl. William McClusky, Clovis, New Mexico.
Pvt. Joe V. Burdette, Seattle, Washington.
Pvt. Elmer R. Williams, Indiana.
Pvt. Melvin E. Warner, Jump River, Wis.
Reg. Sgt. Maj. James P.Woods, Madison, Wis. (Commissioned 2nd Lieut.)
Sgt. Walter E. Bauer, Milwaukee, Wis. (Commissioned 2nd Lieut.)

MOTOR HEADQUARTERS

Olson, Wallace R., Reg. Sup. Sgt., Edgerton, Wis. (Died Sept. 26, 1918, Lobar Pneumonia.)
Pondelick, Raymond M., Reg. Sup. Sgt., Hartford, Wis. (Commissioned 2nd Lieut.
Wendell, James C., Reg. Sup. Sgt., Hartford, Wis.
Acker, John C., Bn. Sgt. Maj, Sturgeon Bay, Wis.

Beerer, Roy M., Sgt., Hartford, Wis.
Neacy, Clarence B., Sgt., Milwaukee, Wis.
Waite, James R., Sgt., Aberdeen, S. D.
Parma, Emil J., Sgt., Two Rivers, Wis.
Shanahan, George, Cpl., Healdsburg, Cal.
Stai, Roy O., Cpl., Black River Falls, Wis.
Babbitz, John B., Cook, Dale, Wis.
Heder, Hugo V., Cook, Hartford, Wis.
Bancroft, Forrest B., Wag., Cambridge, Mass.
Brevik, Adolph N., Wag., Harvey, N. D.
Collins, Cyril F., Wag., Ferndale, Cal.
Hammer, Peter T., Wag., Odin, Minn.
Hesselbein, Alfred, Wag., Milwaukee, Wis.
Kunkel, George E., Wag., Fessenden, N. D.
James, Virgil, M., Wag., Hillsboro, Ala.
Johnston, John B., Wag., Clare, Mich.
Veum, Russell, Wag., Owattona, Minn.
Anderson, William, Pvt. 1cl.,Saxeville, Wis.
Carollo, John, Pvt. 1cl., Redgranite, Wis.
Fournier, Arthur J., Pvt. 1cl, Rumford, Maine.
Henderson, David H.,Pvt. 1cl, Lime Springs, Iowa.
Mayfield, Ethel H., Pvt. 1cl, Raleigh, Miss.
McCall, Thomas P., Pvt. 1cl, St. Paul, Kansas.
Melton, Mike, Pvt. 1cl, Redgranite, Wis.

HORSED HEADQUARTERS

Fritzen, J. C., Reg. Sup. Sgt., Neenah, Wis.
Reimer, P. J., Bn. Sgt. Maj., Neenah, Wis.
Parmenter, Ronald E., Bn. Sgt. Maj., Neenah, Wis. (Commissioned 2nd Lieut.)
Gaffney, J. P., Sgt., Stanley, Wis.
Brothen, Roy, Sgt., Stanley, Wis.
Louis Larson, Sgt., Stanley, Wis.
Parker, C. A., Sgt., Boyd, Wis.
Gardner, C. D., Cpl., Platteville, Wis.
Slothower, D. W., Cpl., Platteville, Wis.
Lynn, Paul, Cpl., Crandon, Wis.
Olson, V. G., Pvt. 1cl, Stanley, Wis.
Vesser, Leo, Stanley, Wis.
Risic, H. D , Platteville, Wis.
Mattie, Joseph, Bugler, Menasha, Wis.
Oyer, K. B., Lancaster, Wis.
Podvin, William, Stanley, Wis.
Hall, H. M., Peru, Ind.
Helker, H. C., Platteville, Wis.
Kadingo, Joseph, Stanley, Wis.
Nelson, C. A., Wag., Boyd, Wis.
Sikorski, F. L., Milwaukee, Wis.
Ferguson, Benjamin W., Cpl., Crandon, Wis.
Solie, Henry D., Cpl., Stanley, Wis.
Scott, George D.,Pvt. 1cl, Neenah, Wis.
Sweet, Foster L., Pvt. 1cl, Stanley, Wis.
Solie, George, Pvt. 1cl, Stanley, Wis.

VETERINARY DETACHMENT

McLean, P. E., Saginaw, Mich.
Sweeney, A. L., New London, Wis
Tierney, A. H., Detroit, Mich.

ORDNANCE DETACHMENT

Kuntz, Phillip, Ord. Sgt., Stanley, Wis.
Staffeld, Alvin A., Ord. Sgt., Neenah, Wis.
Forby, Winthrop C., Ord. Sgt., Zion City, Ill.
Moen, Tollef A., Sgt., Stoughton, Wis.
Biron, Louis S., Sgt., Rice Lake, Wis.
Frey, Herman, W., Marshall, Wis.
Sabin, Raymond M., Cpl., Hayward, Wis.
Stencel, Albert, Cpl., Milwaukee, Wis.
Barron, James E., Cpl., Platteville, Wis.
Keiber, Irving F., Cpl., West Liberty, Ohio.
Rineer, Edgar P., Cpl., Woodland, Cal.
Kaiser, Gordon A., Pvt. 1cl, Waterloo, Wis.
Peters, Fay C., Pvt. 1cl, Waterlook, Wis.
Stonesifer, William M., Pvt. 1cl, Centralia, Ill.
Virchow, Alvin E., Pvt. 1cl, Sun Prairie, Wis.
Kroncke, Arthur E., Pvt. 1cl, Sun Prairie, Wis.
Beth, William H., Pvt., Green Bay, Wis.
Flint, Archie O., Neenah, Wis.
Frank, Arthur E., Pvt., Baraboo, Wis.
Goetz, Fred W., Pvt., Stratford, Wis.
Kammers, Louis S., Pvt., Hayward, Wis.
Munro, Hugh K., Pvt., Cambridge, Wis.
Peters, Ernest S., Pvt., Blue River, Wis.

MEDICAL DETACHMENT

Haas, Frank S., Sgt. 1cl, Milwaukee, Wis.
Patterson, Robert P., Sgt., Lake Trobe, Pa.
Winiecke, Edward S., Sgt., Saginaw, Mich.
Wojcek, Andrew, Pulaski, Wis.
Smuczkrewicz, Vincent, Milwaukee, Wis.
Lamb John I., Philadelphia, Pa.
Mehegan, Charles J., Sgt., Brooklyn, N. Y.
Cather, Robert L., Cleveland, Ohio.
Caldwell, Royo H., Sulphur Springs, Texas.
Martinez, Ambrosio, Belasde, N. Mex.
Jastrozembski, Anton, Detroit, Mich.
Allen, Melvin W., Kalamazoo, Mich.
Van Dusen, Emory B., Philadelphia, Pa.
Bacon, Gerald H., Austin, Texas.
Bowers, Ray E., Geneva, N. Y.
Price James D., Edwardsville, Pa.
Grabill, Harold G., Grand Rapids, Mich.
Sandoval, Joseph T., Los Ventouor, New Mex.
Billings, Henry M., Platteville, Wis.

Levine, Morris, South Fork, Pa.
Hanna Glenn L., Chardon, Ohio.
Howard William C., Moody, Texas.
Shaw, Boyd M., Frost, Texas.
Thirkell, Clarence H., Cleveland, Ohio.
Buesse Paul E., Webster Grove, Mo.
Romero, Estebau, S., Antonichico, N. Mex.
Salos, Gregroio, Penabona, N. Mex.
Romero, Leonardo, Trenchas, N. Mex.
Martinez, Bonifacio, Lucero, N. Mex.
Freeman, Joseph, Fairburg, Nebraska.

COMPANY A

Jankowski, Henry A., 1st Sgt., Menasha, Wis.
Gaertner, Henry P., Sgt., Menasha, Wis.
Lewandowski, Edward H., Sgt., Menasha, Wis.
Sieber, Fred, Sgt., Tilleda, Wis.
Gaard, Selmar N., Sgt., Boyceville, Wis.
Milsap, Wallace J., Sgt., Shawano, Wis.
Zielinski, Michael J., Sgt., Menasha, Wis.
Kellnhauser, Henry A., Sgt., Menasha, Wis.
Hill, Earl J., Sgt., Menasha, Wis.
Adam, Bruce C., Corp., Marlette, Mich.
Andersen, Clarence, Corp., Neenah, Wis.
Baenke, Oliver A., Corp., Menasha, Wis.
Henk, Raymond M., Corp., Menasha, Wis.
Lornson, Russell, A., Corp., Menasha, Wis.
Luka, Harry, Corp., Menasha, Wis.
Melcher, John C., Corp., Menasha, Wis.
Mericle, George H., Corp., Menasha, Wis.
Remich, Lyall N., Corp., Menasha, Wis.
Remmel, Leslie A., Corp., Menasha, Wis.
Rosenow, Albert, Corp., Menasha, Wis.
Scanlon, John R., Corp., Menasha, Wis.
Schmidt, Clarence C., Corp., Menasha, Wis.
Schmitzer, William J., Corp., Menasha, Wis.
Riechl, Frank, Corp., Menasha, Wis.
Wieckert, Harold E., Corp., Neenah, Wis.
Lewandowski, Dennis, Cook, Menasha, Wis.
Scheffler, John, Cook, Menasha, Wis.
Malenofsky, George, Cook, Menasha, Wis.
Diedrick, Joseph, Chief Mec., Chassel, Mich.
Aller, Fred, Wagoner, St. Clair Heights, Mich.
Baenke, Alfred, Wagoner, Menasha, Wis.
Calder, James, Wagoner, Menasha, Wis.
Calder, John C., Wagoner, Menasha, Wis.
Cole, Earl W., Wagoner, Menasha, Wis.
Flenz, Emil, Wagoner, Menasha, Wis.
Gamsky, John T., Wagoner, Menasha, Wis.
Heinz, Edward C. F., Wagoner, Nekoosa, Wis.
Jaskolske, George, Wagoner, Green Bay, Wis.
Jedwabny, Anton, Wagoner, Menasha, Wis.
Konetzke, Ben A., Wagoner, Menasha, Wis.
Konetzke, Frank L., Wagoner, Menasha, Wis.

Kozlowski, Frank J., Wagoner, Menasha, Wis.
LaSalle, Calice R., Wagoner, Iron Mountain, Mich.
Latondress, Edward J., Wagoner, Iron Mountain, Mich.
Lefave, Joseph M., Wagoner, Oconto, Wis.
Lefave, Thomas, Wagoner, Menasha, Wis.
Norton, James A., Wagoner, Columbia, So. Dakota. (Decorated for bravery in action at Juvigny, Sept. 2, 1918. Croix de Guerre and Distinguished Service Cross.)
Panfil, Victor, Wagoner, Crivitz, Ellis Junction, Wis.
Pukall, Henry F., Wagoner, Birnamwood, Wis.
Rands, Oswin P., Wagoner, Rexburg, Idaho.
Ryan, George T., Wagoner, Menasha, Wis.
Scheleski, John A., Wagoner, Menasha, Wis.
Scovronske, Leo, Wagoner, Menasha, Wis.
Seksetarski, Frank, Wagoner, Chicago, Ill.
Skalmoski, Frank, Wagoner, Menasha, Wis.
Steffenhagen, Carl F., Wagoner, Menasha, Wis.
Steffens, Joe, Wagoner, Menasha, Wis.
Ulrich, Carl, Wagoner, Menasha, Wis.
Urban, John J., Wagoner, Menasha, Wis.
Ziolkowsky, Joe, Wagoner, Menasha, Wis.
Coveney, Earl W., Bugler, Fairbault, Minn.
Martin, Clarence H., Bugler, Frontier, Wyo.
Bodner, George, Pvt 1cl, Menasha, Wis.
Cooper, Conrad W., Pvt. 1cl, Canton, Ohio.
Dalton, Cliff, Pvt. 1cl, Lawrenceville, Ga.
Duerrwachter, Emil J., Pvt. 1cl, Menasha, Wis.
Erdall, Oscar E., Pvt. 1cl, Meeteetse, Wyo.
Fenske, Emil A., Pvt. 1cl, Menasha, Wis.
Fenske, Fred, Pvt. 1cl, Menasha, Wis.
Flenz, Albert, Pvt. 1cl, Menasha, Wis.
Flenz, Ferdinand F., Pvt. 1cl, Menasha, Wis.
Geisler, Fred J., Pvt. 1cl, Menasha, Wis.
Heckner, Andrew, Pvt. 1cl, Menasha, Wis.
Heckner, Fred, Pvt. 1cl, Menasha, Wis.
Hill, Tracy J., Pvt. 1cl, Cody, Wyo.
Kozlowski, Ben, Pvt. 1cl, Menasha, Wis.
Marquardt, Richard, Pvt. 1cl, Fremont, Wis.
Martin, Edgar, Pvt. 1cl, Benton, Mont.
Miller, Charles R., Pvt. 1cl, Hotchkiss, Colo.
Mottl, Joseph P., Pvt. 1cl, Menasha, Wis.
O'Brein, Earl B., Pvt. 1cl, Menasha, Wis.
Pawley, William, Pvt. 1cl, Cody, Wyo.
Poe, Joseph M., Pvt. 1cl, Covina, Calif.
Powell, David, Pvt. 1cl, Scranton, Penn.
Raleigh, Walter J., Pvt. 1cl, Menasha, Wis. (Decorated for bravery in action at Juvigny, Sept. 2, 1918. Croix de Guerre and Distinguished Service Cross.)
Richardson, Ben, Pvt. 1cl, Tyvon, Sack, Canada.
Rieschl, John, Pvt. 1cl, Menasha, Wis.
Robinson, Edwin M., Pvt. 1cl, Ferguson, Mo.
Rohrer, Leviette D., Pvt. 1cl, Menasha, Wis.
Shedlewski, John F., Pvt. 1cl, Menasha, Wis. (Decorated for bravery in action at Juvigny, Sept. 2, 1918. Croix de Guerre and Distinguished Service Cross.)
Steffens, Charles, Pvt. 1cl, Menasha, Wis.
Suchodolski, Joseph J., Pvt. 1cl, Menasha, Wis.

Suchodolski, Leo V., Pvt. 1cl, Menasha, Wis.
Tennessen, Harvey J., Pvt. 1cl, Menasha, Wis.
Tratz, Arthur H., Pvt. 1cl, Menasha, Wis.
Tratz, Edward C., Pvt. 1cl, Menasha, Wis.
Wisnefski, Stephen J., Pvt. 1cl, Menasha, Wis.
Brown, Clinton H., Pvt., Akron, Ohio.
Bussell, Melvin J., Pvt., Durand, Mich.
Chapleau, William, Pvt., Menasha, Wis.
Chism, Buford V., Pvt., Oklahoma City, Okla.
Cookson, Edward W., Pvt., Cleveland, Ohio.
Daniher, John P., Pvt., Ransom, Ill.
Dunsworth, Thomas M., Pvt., Brownswood, Texas.
Godward, Bert F., Pvt., Los Angeles, Calif.
Greenwood, William L., Pvt., Shellsburg, Iowa.
Grigsby, John B., Pvt., Davenport, Okla.
Halley, Charles M., Pvt., Brooklyn, N. Y.
Halterman, James O., Pvt., Franklin, Ohio.
Hansen, Peter C., Pvt., Yuma, Colo.
Hanson, Olaf H., Pvt., Starbuck, Minn.
Henrich, Vincent C., Pvt., Massillon, Ohio.
Hover, William M., Pvt., Lamenceville, Va.
Jones, Orbin C., Pvt., White Cloud, Kas.
Lewis, Stanley, Pvt., Cleveland, Ohio.
Mackin, James, Private, Menasha, Wis.
McCain, Gordan J., Pvt., Atwood, Kas.
McCrossen, Harold D., Pvt., Detroit, Mich.
Miller, Floyd H., Pvt., Canfield, Ohio.
Mumma, Clarence C., Pvt., Bluffton Allen, O.
Murphy, Harold T., Pvt., Cleveland, Ohio.
Odom, Chafin A., Pvt., Sanford, No. Carolina.
Porter Jared, Pvt., Escalante, Utah.
Ray, John W., Pvt., Corinth, Miss.
Rea, John T., Pvt., Queensland, Australia.
Sanderson, Alfred W., Pvt., Detroit, Mich.
Schrieber, Ben J., Pvt., Menasha, Wis.
Shafar, Edward B., Meridan, Idaho.
Skalmosky, Ben, Pvt., Menasha, Wis.
Slapnicka, Charles O., Pvt., Cleveland, Ohio.
Snyder, Charles M., Pvt., Atwater, Ohio.
Strom, Carl Oscar, Pvt., Taylor, No. Dakota.
Stovall, Harry M., Pvt., Gillett, Ark.
Uriens, Roy F., Pvt., Casper, Wyo.
Sutter, Oliver, Pvt., Fostoria, Ohio.
Wallace, Harvey R., Pvt., Alliance, Ohio.
Ward, Urell, Pvt., Hiram, Mo.
Wilson, Levin D., Pvt., Mize, Miss.
Wheeler, Franklin E., Pvt., Akron, Ohio.
White, Milton, Pvt., Handley, W. Va.
Woolstenhulme, George S, Pvt., Duggs, Idaho.
Wysong, Commodore, Pvt., Carryhurst, Wyo.
Carrick, Kenneth. Sgt., Menasha, Wis., (Wounded)
Shedlewiski, Harry W., Cpl., Menasha, Wis (Transfrd).
Johnson, Henry C., Pvt. 1cl, Menasha, Wis. (Transfrd)
Rowmiel, Leslie A., Pvt. 1cl, Menasha, Wis. (Transfrd)
Grebb, Delbert E., Pvt. 1cl, Shawano, Wis. (Transfrd).
O'Brien, Michael F., Pvt., Menasha, Wis. (Transfrd).
Schrieber, Ben J., Pvt., Menasha, Wis. (Transfrd).

COMPANY B

Theisen, Edwin J., 1st Sgt., Schleisingerville, Wis.
Baumgartl, Joseph M., Mess Sgt., Hartford, Wis.
Voight, Alvin E., Supply Sgt., Milwaukee, Wis.
Kreutz, Peter C., Sgt., Hartford, Wis.
Gibson, George J., Sgt., Grand Rapids, Wis.
Krueger, Henry R., Sgt., Waukesha, Wis.
Weber, John J., Sgt., Hartford, Wis.
Lohr, Herbert F., Sgt., Hartford, Wis.
Leidiger, Erich F., Sgt., Fall Creek, Wis.
Connors, Earl J., Sgt., Hartford, Wis.
Roe, James J., Cpl., Milwaukee, Wis.
Spoerke, Dennis W., Cpl., Oconomowoc, Wis.
Campbell, Norman A., Cpl., Hartford, Wis.
Chapman, Harry D., Cpl., Jacksonville, Ill.
Christman, Raymond P., Cpl., Hartford, Wis.
Doster, Charles C., Cpl., Brooklyn, N. Y.
Hahn, Clarence O., Cpl., Hartford, Wis
Hays, Lloyd D., Cpl., Rubicon, Wis.
Kruck, Emil, Cpl., Jefferson, Wis.
Lechner, Tonie P., Cpl., Hartford, Wis.
Lemke, Louis O., Cpl., Oshkosh, Wis.
Loew, Arthur J., Cpl., Hartford, Wis.
McCrathy, Leo A., Cpl., Fox Lake, Wis.
Schaller, Michael P., Cpl., Hartford, Wis.
Schroeder, Arthur F., Cpl., Sheboygan Falls, Wis.
Serres, John E., Cpl., Hartford, Wis.
Yaeger, Ernest, Cpl., Hartford, Wis.
Black, Frank, Cook, Hartford, Wis.
Schaller, Albert J., Cook, Hartford, Wis.
Habel, William W., Cook, Ripon, Wis.
Krueger, Paul A., Chief Mechanic, Fall Creek, Wis.
Baier, Edward H., Wagoner, Hartford, Wis.
Belanger, John V., Wagoner, Marinette, Wis.
Brose, Erwin P., Wagoner, Hartford, Wis.
Brown, Harry, Wagoner, Hartford, Wis.
Brown, Herman, Wagoner, Hartford, Wis.
Compton, Hallie V., Wagoner, Hartford, Wis.
Cox, John R., Wagoner, Streator, Ill.
Deaver, Benjamin F., Wagoner, Marshalltown, Iowa.
Gibson, Harry, Wagoner, Grand Rapids, Wis.
Hahn, Hubert P., Wagoner, Hartford, Wis.
Hamann, Fred, Wagoner, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Hoehn, Carl W., Wagoner, Fall Creek, Wis.
Houston, Edward, Wagoner, Pittsville, Wis.
Kramer, William P., Wagoner, Hansen, Wis.
Koczorowski, Peter, Wagoner, Nolida, Ohio.
Loos, Benjamin H., Wagoner, Hartford, Wis.
Mashuda, Walter J., Wagoner, Princeton, Wis.
McGinley, Harold T., Wagoner, Milwaukee, Wis.
Ohrmund, Arthur P., Wagoner, Hartford, Wis.
McGuire, Vincent C., Wagoner, Chicago, Ill.
Parent, Walter J., Wagoner, Chippewa Falls, Wis.
Paskey, Walter O., Wagoner, Waupun, Wis.
Place, Elmo F., Wagoner, Hartford, Wis.

Raschka, Herbert, Wagoner, Hartford, Wis.
Shinners, Joseph, Wagoner, Hartford, Wis.
Sonnenburg, Emil, Wagoner, Hartford, Wis.
Taplin, Raymond P., Wagoner, Wautoma, Wis.
Thompson, William, Wagoner, Sharon, Penn.
Upham, Earl A., Wagoner, Hartford, Wis.
Weber, Peter, Jr., Wagoner, Hartford, Wis.
Wegner, Alvin, Wagoner, Wautoma, Wis.
Zuleger, Benjamin F., Wagoner, Hartford, Wis.
Braekevelt, Cyriel, Pvt. 1cl, East Detroit, Mich.
Cellan, Jacob R., Pvt. 1cl, Crofton, Neb.
Cornelison, Vernie R., Pvt. 1cl, Knight, Wyo.
Crosby, Earl, Pvt. 1cl, Boulder, Colo.
Enos, Frank E., Pvt 1cl, Concord, Calif.
Hahn, Raymond, Pvt. 1cl, Hartford, Wis.
Hansen, George O., Pvt. 1cl, Linden, Mich.
Holtz, Alfred, Pvt. 1cl, Hartford, Wis.
Jones, Roy R., Pvt. 1cl, Cody, Wyo.
Kincaid, Albert J., Pvt. 1cl, Dayton, Wyo.
Loos, Raymond, Pvt. 1cl, Hartford, Wis.
Lundgren, Alfred, Pvt. 1cl, Bay Point, Calif.
Mandis, Perechlis, Pvt. 1cl, Pittsburg, Calif.
McGinty, Charles F., Pvt. 1cl, Oronville, Wash.
Morrison, Roy F., Pvt. 1cl, St. Paul, Neb.
Mullen, Howard, Pvt. 1cl, Grand Rapids, Wis.
Munsinger, Edwin, Pvt. 1cl, Thermopolis, Wyo.
Murphy, William H., Pvt. 1cl, Blackwell, Wyo.
Nell, Orly C., Pvt. 1cl, Neosho, Wis.
Newton, Frank C., Pvt. 1cl, Marinette, Wis.
Norman, Jack, Pvt. 1cl, Gussarfshyttan, Kuista, Sweden.
Phifer, Jack, Pvt. 1cl, Seattle, Wash.
Ponder, Boyd, Pvt. 1cl, Juar Dior, New Mexico.
Richard, Herman J., Pvt. 1cl, Hartford, Wis.
Saulnier, Augustus, Pvt. 1cl, Haverhill, Mass.
Simon, John A., Pvt. 1cl, Hartford, Wis.
Seitz, Fred J., Pvt. 1cl, Hartford, Wis.
Stevens, Hyrum E., Pvt. 1cl, Mt. Vieu, Wyo.
Sweet, Delmar, Pvt. 1cl, Oakland, Calif.
Thompson, Samuel, Pvt. 1cl, Lone Tree, Wyo.
Atkinson, Hallis F., Pvt., Buffalo, West Va.
Barnes, John L., Pvt., Milwaukee, Wis.
Barney, Frank C., Pvt., Lewiston, Mich.
Bergin, Edward, Pvt., Cleveland, Ohio.
Bernauer, Louis, Pvt., New York, N. Y.
Best, Ross E., Pvt., Adena, Ohio.
Binder, Ernest C., Pvt., Cleveland, Ohio.
Claude, Howard, Pvt., Cleveland, Ohio.
Cox, Benjamin F., Pvt., Orlando, Fla.
Decker, Silas, Pvt., Holbrook, Ariz.
DeShane, Milton, Pvt., Young, Ariz.
Ferrell, Charles B., Pvt., Clarksville, Ark.
Green, Maurice A., Pvt., Philadelphia, Pen
Haroian, John W., Pvt., Portland, Me.
Howe, George M., Pvt., Wallinford, Conn.
Innis, Howard S., Pvt., Dorchester, Mass.
Lepke, Edward W., Pvt., Cleveland, Wis.
Levine, Jack, Pvt., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Lyskawinski, Martin, Pvt., Milwaukee, Wis.
McGee, William B., Pvt., Brooklyn, N. Y.
Meaux, F. Fenwick, Pvt., Guyden, La.
Merwin, George D., Pvt., Olivet, Mich.
Monson, Ditlif, Pvt., Whitehall, Mont.
Nichols, Louis H., Pvt., Dickinson, No. Dakota
Polos, George H., Pvt., Asites, Crete.
Price, Lewis, Pvt., Dayton, Ohio.
Ratliff, Frank L., Pvt., Lynville, Iowa.
Reidenbach, Ralph, F., Pvt., Cleveland, Ohio.
Schaeffer, Abraham, Pvt., Bristol, Conn.
Schweder, Oscar F., Pvt., Washington, D. C.
Smith, Edward A., Pvt., Cleveland, Ohio.
Sommerville, Thomas, Pvt., Merry Road, Amargh, Ireland
Stoner, Austin, Pvt., Prescott, Mich.
Taft, Samuel, Pvt., Brooklyn, N. Y.
Tarshis, Samuel, Pvt., Philadelphia, Penn.
Thomas, Solon, Pvt., Losanos, New Mexico.
Truman, Alton W., Pvt., Fairbault, Minn.
Unger, Adolph, Pvt., New York, N. Y.
Vernon, Willard C., Pvt., Keeline, Wyo.
Weir, Arthur, J., Pvt., Sheepshead Bay, N. Y.
Weisbarth, Edward C., Pvt., Cleveland, Ohio.
Wilbert, Harry E., Pvt., Philadelphia, Pa
Witowski, Ignacy, Pvt., Brooklyn, N. Y.
Zarck, Sol, Pvt., New York, N. Y.

Courtney, John E., Pvt., Hartford, Wis. (Died Mar. 24, 1918, at General Hospital, St. McHenry, Md.)

Askew, James A., Reg. Sup. Sgt., Port Washington, Wis. (Transferred).

Grissman, John, Cook, Hartford, Wis. (Transferred).

Beck, Paul T., Pvt. 1cl, Elmwood, Ind. (Wounded in action at Chery Charteves, August 12, 1918).

Looney, William, Pvt., Belcher, Conn. (Wounded in action near Colonges, August 15, 1918).

Trujillo, Paul, Pvt., (Wounded in action at Tartiers, August 28, 1918).

Mck Davies, William, Pvt. (Wounded in action at Tartiers, Sept. 4, 1918).

Brown, Albert, Pvt. 1cl, Hartford, Wis. (Wounded in action at Esnes, September 24, 1918).

Heimert, Emil F., Pvt., Three Oaks, Mich. (Wounded in action at Montfaucon, October 9, 1918).

Koczorowksi, Peter, Wagoner, Nolida, Ohio. (Wounded in action at Very, November 6, 1918).

Harp, Walter, Wagoner, Hartford, Wis. (Transferred).

Esser, Fred T., Pvt., Hartford, Wis. (Transferred).

Laahs, William C., Pvt. 1cl, Hartford, Wis. (Transferred).
Knobel, Benjamin, Pvt., Hartford, Wis. (Transferred).
Behrens, William, Pvt., Hartford, Wis. (Transferred).
Blum, Joseph P., Pvt., Hartford, Wis. (Transferred).
Loos, Edwin E., Pvt., Hartford, Wis. (Transferred).
Martin, Lovell, Pvt., Hartford, Wis. (Transferred).
Pontow, Otto A., Pvt., Hartford, Wis. (Transferred).
Prautsch, Arthur O., Hartford, Wis. (Transferred).
Uebele, William H., Hartford, Wis. (Transferred).

COMPANY C

McCoy, Robert C., 1st Sgt., Sparta, Wis.
Rosenkrans, Milton C., Sup. Sgt., Hixton, Wis.
Amundson, Christian, Mess Sgt., Black River Falls, Wis.
Weeden, Donald S., Sgt., Waupaca, Wis.
Jones, Robert L., Sgt., Black River Falls, Wis.
Tucker, Gerald J., Sgt., Black River Falls, Wis.
Anderson, Hakon, Sgt., Black River Falls, Wis.
Horswill, Merlin C., Sgt., Black River Falls, Wis.
Jones, Lawrence E., Sgt., Black River Falls, Wis.
Parker, Oscar B., Sgt., Wenatchee, Wash, D. C.
Caves, John O., Chief Mech., Black River Falls, Wis.
Hagen, Eilert M., Corp., Black River Falls, Wis.
Heiser, Fred W., Corp., Platteville, Wis.
Hanson, Oscar O., Corp., Northfield, Wis.
Kleven, Sven O., Corp., Black River Falls, Wis.
Thomason, Dwight A., Corp., Holmen, Wis.
Kimball, Joe M., Corp., Melrose, Wis.
Greenlee, Eugene H., Corp., Black River Falls, Wis.
Quackenbush, Frank H., Corp., Black River Falls, Wis.
Hanson, Sigurd, Corp., Black River Falls, Wis.
Johnson, George, Corp., Black River Falls, Wis.
Nolop, Clyde N. Corp., Hixton, Wis.
Spence, Samuel A., Corp., Melrose, Wis.
Stephens, Harold, Corp., Livingston, Wis.
Tollefson, James M., Corp., Black River Falls, Wis.
Clatt, George W., Corp., Ettrick, Wis.
Roseland, Alvie, Corp., Ettrick, Wis.
Wortman, John, Corp., Disco, Wis.
Gunderson, Aleck L., Cook, Bemidji, Minn.
Wussow, George A., Cook, Black River Falls, Wis.
Tjorstad, Lewis R., Cook, Taylor, Wis.
Borreson, Oscar, Wagoner, Black River Falls, Wis.
Capen, Edwin C., Wagoner, Black River Falls, Wis.
Dell, Charles F., Wagoner, Black River Falls, Wis.
Dutcher, Jess J., Wagoner, Melrose, Wis.
Fifer, Hugh E., Wagoner, Millston, Wis.
Franks, Dana R., Wagoner, Millston, Wis.
Glennie, Clayton R., Wagoner, North Bend, Wis.
Hanson, Peter, Wagoner, Northfield, Wis.
Haralson, Earl M., Wagoner, Black River Falls, Wis.
Harmon, Percy A., Wagoner, Black River Falls, Wis.
Helbling, Harry A., Wagoner, Black River Falls, Wis.
Knutson, John, Wagoner, Black River Falls, Wis.
Kot, Peter J., Wagoner, Stanley, Wis.
Larson, Clarence, Wagoner, Hixton, Wis.
Larson, Oscar M., Wagoner, Hixton, Wis.
Madsen, Walter, Wagoner, Wheeler, Wis.
Messelt, Albert, Wagoner, Black River Falls, Wis.
Olson, Albert M., Wagoner, Millston, Wis.
Olson, Edwin, Wagoner, Melrose, Wis.
Olson, Louis, Wgnr, Naustdal, Sandfjord, Bergen, Norway
Olson, Nels E., Wagoner, Iola, Wis.,
Paulson, Oscar, Wagoner, Osseo, Wis.
Reynolds, Edrian A., Wagoner, Antigo, Wis.

Rinehart, Dan, Wagoner, Cashton, Wis.
Sprester, Algie R., Wagoner, Black River Falls, Wis.
Taylor, George L., Wagoner, Black River Falls, Wis.
Thompson, Martin A., Wagoner, Northfield, Wis.
Tweed, Victor, Wagoner, Northfield, Wis.
Vennes, Alfred, Wagoner, Wheeler, Wis.
Washatko, Frank J., Wagoner, Almond, Wis.
Wortman, Frank J., Wagoner, Disco, Wis.
Zimmerman, Oscar, Wagoner, Fairchild, Wis.
Berg, Tony, J., Pvt. 1cl, Milwaukee, Wis.
Berger, Glenn L., Pvt. 1cl, Cologne, Minn.
Bowers, Fred S., Pvt. 1cl, Melrose, Wis.
Carey, Lowell, Pvt. 1cl, Fairmount, Iowa.
Clatt, Henry L., Pvt. 1cl, Ettrick, Wis.
Corwin, Stanley E., Pvt. 1cl, Milford, Ohio.
Fowler, Grady, Pvt. 1cl, Clyattville, Ga.
Franklin, Wayne, Pvt. 1cl, Oakland, Miss.
Freeney, William E., Pvt. 1cl, Carthage, Miss.
Hanson, Albert O., Pvt. 1cl, Black River Falls, Wis.
Ibinger, John, Pvt. 1cl, Black River Falls, Wis.
Kleven, Arthur E., Pvt. 1cl, Black River Falls, Wis.
Krager, Arthur G., Pvt. 1cl, Chippewa Falls, Wis.
Malek, Bruno A., Pvt. 1cl, Ashland, Wis.
Mattson, Martin, Pvt. 1cl, Melrose, Wis.
McGonigal, Joseph, Pvt. 1cl, Philadelphia, Penn.
McNulty, William J., Pvt. 1cl, Black River Falls, Wis.
Molde, Olaf O., Pvt. 1cl, Black River Falls, Wis.
Olson, Rudolph M., Pvt. 1cl, Osseo, Wis.
Orth, Myron P., Pvt. 1cl, Redwood Falls, Minn.
Robinson, William H., Pvt. 1cl, Akron, Ohio.
Roseland, John, Pvt. 1cl, Ettrick, Wis.
Schwachtgen, Felix E., Pvt. 1cl, Amery, Wis.
Sims, Ren C., Pvt. 1cl, Melrose, Wis.
Tomlinson, Jimmie, Pvt. 1cl, Walnut, Miss.
Wallen, Arthur S., Pvt. 1cl, Taylor, Wis.
Banks, Arza, Bugler, Corbers Ridge, Ill.
Alberto, Louis, Pvt., East New York, N. Y.
Albrecht, Anthony H., Pvt., Cleveland, Ohio.
Allard, Louis, Pvt., Evanston, Wyo.
Asnin, Philip, Pvt., New York, N. Y.
Baskin, Curtis L., Pvt., Drifton, Penn.
Beilke, Clarence A., Pvt., Dysart, Iowa.
Blake, Raymond F., Pvt., Conneaut, Ohio.
Behm, Carl, Pvt., Cleveland, Ohio.
Bowman, Charles N., Pvt., Violin, La.
Brunt, Frederick A., West Haven, Conn.
Carroll, William J., New York, N. Y.
Carter, Robert P., Pvt., Brunswick, Maine.
Celeste, Gustino, Pvt., Providence, R. I.
Chiocca, Antone P., Pvt., Salians, Calif.
Christopherson, Roy, Pvt., Afton, Wyo.
Courell, Thomas R., Pvt., New York, N. Y.
Crawford, John F., Pvt., Roxbury, Mass.
Damm, Joseph, Pvt., Brooklyn, N. Y.
Flanell, Philip R., Pvt., New York, N. Y.
Friedman, Edward F., Pvt., New York, N. Y.
Friedman, Irving, Pvt., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Dunn, Hugh A., Pvt., Steubenville, Ohio.
Gardella, Andrew, Pvt., Brooklyn, N. Y.
Graham, Alvin, Pvt., Thompsonville, Ill.
Guile, Albert M., Pvt., Little Rock, Ark.
Heath, Ben F., Pvt., Portland, Ore.
Hutchinson, Henry, Pvt., Steubenville, Ohio.
Jensen, Merlin, Pvt., Fairview, Wyo.
Keese, Charles, Pvt., Brooklyn, N. Y.
Korostoff, Nathan, Pvt., Brooklyn, N. Y.
Kuntz, Harry, Pvt., New York, N. Y.
Lesser, Sidney, Pvt., New York, N. Y.
Levine, John, Pvt., Chicago, Ill.
Lytle, William P., Pvt., Kinsman, Ohio.
McGrath, Roy, Pvt., Thermopolis, Wyo.
Miller, Adolph, Pvt., Cleveland, Ohio.
O'Rourke, John, Pvt., New York, N. Y.
Pagano, Antonio, Pvt., Long Island City, N. Y.
Sassano, Patsy, Pvt., Cusson, Penn.
Scheuring, Henry, Pvt., Brooklyn, N. Y.
Schuster, Leo, Pvt., Milwaukee, Wis.
Sibley, Harry E., Pvt., Farmington, Maine.
Simuro, Joseph E., Brooklyn, N. Y.
Smiley, Charles C., Pvt., Rea, Penn.
Stone, Hyman, Pvt., Brooklyn, N. Y.
Timmons, Charles, Pvt., Hazel, Ohio.
Turner, Frank A., Pvt., St. Albans, Vt.
Wallwork, Thomas, Pvt., Watertown, Mass.
Walters, Charles R., Pvt., Newark, Ohio.
Walther, Charles, Pvt., Jamaica Plain, Mass.
Watkins, Willis W., Pvt., Hobonia, Ill.
Wilhelm, Jacob, Pvt., Brooklyn, N. Y.
Gibson, Alex M., 1st Sgt., Black River Falls. (Commissioned 2nd Lieut.)
Plummer, Harold L., Sgt., Black River Falls. (Commissioned 2nd Lieut.)
Reiels, Clarence W., Sgt., Black River Falls. (Transferred)
Brandon, Alfred, Cook, Black River Falls. (Transferred)
Spaulding, John J., Pvt., Black River Falls. (Transferred)
Taylor, William A., Pvt., Black River Falls. (Transferred)
Lutz, Roy, Pvt. 1cl, Black River Falls. (Transferred)
Craig, William, Pvt. 1cl, Waupaca, Wis. (Transferred)
Bunn, Arthur, Pvt. 1cl, Waukesha, Wis. (Transferred)
Horne, Clarence E., Pvt., Black River Falls. (Transferred)
Hostrawser, Harley V., Pvt., Black River Falls. (Wounded in action near Montfaucon, Oct. 4, 1918)
Lyon, Ray, Pvt., Black River Falls. (Transferred)

COMPANY D

Swanson, Harry C., 1st Sgt., Draper, Wis.
Swanson, Samuel L., Sup. Sgt., Draper, Wis.
Peterson, Melvin, Mess Sgt., Hayward, Wis.
Josephson, Oscar M., Sgt., Hayward, Wis.
DuRoy, Lewis R., Sgt., Pioneer, Ohio.
Russell, Irvin, Sgt., Marinette, Wis.
Neste, Anton L., 1st Sgt., Springbrook, Wis.
Larson, Raymond, Sgt., Stone Lake, Wis.

Hoaglund, George, Sgt., Beloit, Wis.
Berry, Chauncey C., Cpl., Stone Lake, Wis.
Britton, Norman, Cpl., Minneapolis, Minn.
Coit, Ben L., Cpl., Climax Springs, Mo.
Corbine, Dave, Cpl., Couderay, Wis.
Corbin, Hollis N., Cpl., South Acworth, N. H.
DeMarr, Lawrence, Cpl., Reserve, Wis.
Hamblin, Richard L., Cpl., Hayward, Wis.
Hogue, William E., Cpl., Hayward, Wis.
Johnson, Minor J., Cpl., Wild Rose, Wis.
Leonard, Racil, Cpl., Abrams, Wis.
McGreal, Walter L., Cpl., Los Angeles, Calif.
Olson, Arthur, Cpl., Hayward, Wis.
Oshogay, Joseph, Cpl., Reserve, Wis.
Petring, Edward W., Cpl., Akron, Ohio.
Sandstrom, Carl A., Cpl., Hayward, Wis.
Stolp, Guy W., Cpl., Union City, Mich.
Turnbull, Richard, Cpl., Hayward, Wis.
White, John J., Cpl., Reserve, Wis.
Lund, Andrew, Cook, Hayward, Wis.
Rader, Warren R., Cook, Ripley, W. Va.
Seawright, Ryan H., Cook, Hartwell, Ga.
Crawford, Roy B., Ch. Mech., Rice Lake, Wis.
Ackley, Wilson I., Wagoner, Winter, Wis.
Allen, Roy E., Wagoner, Loomis, So. Dak.
Beauprie, Luke, Wagoner, Keshena, Wis.
Berry, Clyde, Wagoner, Stone Lake, Wis.
Kingfisher, John, Pvt. 1cl, Reserve, Wis.
Knox, Charles, Pvt. 1cl, Reserve, Wis.
LaRonge, George, Pvt. 1cl, Reserve, Wis.
LaRush, Archie, Pvt. 1cl, Winter, Wis.
Lowers, Asa E., Pvt. 1cl, Winter, Wis.
Lynk, Joe, Pvt. 1cl, Reserve, Wis.
Marchinek, Frank K., Pvt. 1cl, Independence, Wis.
Marler, Claude J., Pvt. 1cl, Kinston, Ala.
Marsden, Noel H., Pvt., 1cl, Richmond, Mo.
McLemore, Oliver D., Pvt. 1cl, Athens, Ala.
Pariseau, Frank J., Pvt. 1cl, Hayward, Wis.
Roark, Wiley, Pvt. 1cl, Worth, W. Va.
White, Charles, Pvt. 1cl, Reserve, Wis.
Anderson, John W., Pvt. 1cl, Georgiana, Ala.
Bartelmey, Frank R., Pvt., Laredo, Mont.
Batiste, John, Pvt., Reserve, Wis.
Branch, Grover M., Pvt., Albany, Ga.
Buchanan, Frank R., Pvt., Amsterdam, Carroll, Ohio.
Cadotte, John, Pvt., Hayward, Wis.
Cavanaugh, George J., Pvt., Sommerville, Mass.
Chester, Cornelius, Pvt., St. Waburn, Mass.
Denasha, Antoine, Pvt., Reserve, Wis.
Dennis, Charles, Pvt., Reserve, Wis.
Duggan, William J., Pvt., Whiteland, Ind.
Erzinger, Charles, Pvt., Dix, Neb.
Faulk, Plez, Pvt., Dotham, Ala.
Fiala, Joe F., Pvt., Schuyler, Neb.
Eisen, Herman, Pvt., Brooklyn, N. Y.
Foust, Carl H., Pvt., Bridger, Mont.
Foutz, Lowell E., Pvt., Shirley, Ind.

Fraser, Earl A., Pvt., Brooklyn, N. Y.
Gillen, Joseph, Pvt., Brooklyn, N. Y.
Hackley, Roy J., Pvt., Erwin, Tenn.
Hendrickson, Clarence, Pvt., Deer Lodge, Mont.
Hickey, John J., Pvt., Holyoke, Mass.
Brandsvick, Andrew, Wagoner, Drummond, Wis.
Burr, Nathan A., Wagoner, Lepeer, Mich.
Chapin, Leonard E., Wagoner, Stanton, Mich.
Christ, John B., Wagoner, Hayward, Wis.
Coker, Walter J., Wagoner, Colero, Ala.
Delzer, Louis, Wagoner, Harvey, No. Dak.
Edberg, Ernest P. J., Wagoner, Winter, Wis.
Gagnon, Stanley, Wagoner, International Falls, Minn.
Gewalt, Arthur, Wagoner, Milwaukee, Wis.
Harris, Fred E., Wagoner, Birmingham, Ala.
Holland, Tom B., Wagoner, Newbrockston, Ala.
Jones, Clyde A., Wagoner, Milwaukee, Wis.
Krug, Arthur R., Wagoner, Twisp, Wash.
LaRush, Dosie, Wagoner, Hayward, Wis.
McLaughlin, Walter O., Wagoner, Kettle Falls, Wash.
Mondt, Leo, Wagoner, Seattle, Wash.
Olmstead, Arthur, Wagoner, Winter, Wis.
Peterson, Henry G., Wagoner, Selma, Calif.
Sander, Alfred H., Wagoner, Rice Lake, Wis.
Sorlie, Edwin, Wagoner, Hayward, Wis.
Stiles, Irvin E., Wagoner, Port Austin, Mich.
Tonstad, Sigurd O., Wagoner, Hayward, Wis.
White, George E., Wagoner, Athens, Ala.
Wood, John W., Wagoner, Cedar Bluff, Ala.
Wood, Walter W., Wagoner, Winter, Wis.
Belille, Dave, Pvt. 1cl, Reserve, Wis.
Bohn, George, Pvt. 1cl, Shell Lake, Wis.
Boyle, Charles, Pvt. 1cl, Hayward, Wis.
Christenson, Gust, Pvt. 1cl, Hayward, Wis.
Coon, Charley, Pvt. 1cl, Winter, Wis.
Coon, George, Pvt. 1cl, Reserve, Wis.
DeMarr, William, Pvt. 1cl, Reserve, Wis.
Dennis, Bazil, Pvt. 1cl, Reserve, Wis.
Dennis, David, Pvt. 1cl, Reserve, Wis.
Gasink, Francis H., Pvt. 1cl, Staples, Minn.
George, William, Pvt. 1cl, Hayward, Wis.
George, Wilson C., Pvt. 1cl, Palmetton, Carbon, Pa.
Hicks, Emmitt T., Pvt. 1cl, State Line, Miss.
Hunt, Charles L., Pvt. 1cl, Cloverton, Minn.
Isham, William, Pvt. 1cl, Couderay, Wis.
Hoey, Patrick G., Pvt., Jamica Plain, Mass.
Instance, Lester, Pvt., Brookfield, Ohio.
Jahnke, Fred., Pvt., Kenosha, Wis.
James, Alex, Pvt., Winter, Wis.
Jones, Harry E., Pvt., Kincaid, Ill.
Kelly, John D., Pvt., Mason, Wis.
Kvancz, John, Pvt., Norwalk, Conn.
Larson, John, Pvt., Minneapolis, Minn.
Leyon, Henning V., Pvt., Red Wing, Minn.
Lunn, Louis P., Pvt., Seattle, Wash.
Maroon, Christopher, Pvt., Osan, Ark.
Martell, William, Pvt., Reserve, Wis.

McDermott, Harold, Pvt., Hayward, Wis.
Nyback, Leonard E., Hayward, Wis.
Nyman, William O., Pvt., Amesbury, Mass.
Pearl, Harold D., Pvt., Baker, Mont.
Pinchak, John, Pvt., Alleghany, Pa.
Pomerlo, John, Pvt., Winter, Wis.
Potenziani, Antonio, Pvt., Wilson Creek, Wash.
Quaderer, Tom, Pvt., Reserve, Wis.
Roe, Harry E., Pvt., Mapleton, Minn.
Rogan, George N., Pvt., Rock Springs, Wyo.
Ross, Howard, Pvt., Akron, Ohio.
Sampson, Engvald, Pvt., Mondovi, Wis.
Sidwell, Chester L., Pvt., Hale, Mo.
Strucker, Grover C., Pvt., Cullom, Ill.
Tainter, Andrew, Pvt., Couderay, Wis.
Underwood, Harry E., Pvt., Anahiem, Calif.
Weber, Harold C., Pvt., Justus, Ohio.
Butler, George, Pvt., Reserve, Wis. (Died of shrapnel wounds August 29, 1918, Evacuation Hospital No. 5, Am. E. F.)
Kappers, Clarence, 1st Sgt., Chippewa Falls, Wis. (Commissioned 2nd Lieut.)
Dumont, Fred J., Sgt., Hayward, Wis. (Transferred)
Devine, Barney, Sgt., Hayward, Wis. (Transferred)
De Marr, Alex, Sgt., Hayward, Wis. (Transferred)
Long, John, Sgt., Hayward, Wis. (Transferred)
Bisonette, Jim, Pvt. 1cl, Hayward, Wis. (Transferred)
Isham, Ira, Pvt. 1cl, Couderay, Wis. (Transferred)
Dillon, Frank, Pvt. 1cl, Hayward, Wis. (Transferred)
Gregerson, Harry P., Pvt. 1cl, Hayward, Wis., (Transferred)
Billers, Jonas I, Pvt., Hayward, Wis. (Transferred)
Baker, Harry, Pvt., Hayward, Wis. (Transferred)
Coon, Louis, Pvt., Winter, Wis. (Transferred)
Dennis, Willie, Pvt., Reserve, Wis. (Transferred)
Isham, Charles, Pvt., Couderay, Wis. (Transferred)
Jockey, Charles, Pvt., Hayward, Wis. (Transferred)
Kammers, Louis J., Pvt., Hayward, Wis. (Transferred)
Seng, Charles W., Pvt., Hayward, Wis. (Transferred)
Wright, George H.,Pvt., Hayward, Wis. (Transferred)
Anderson, Harry, Pvt., Hayward, Wis. (Transferred)
Fairfield, Lloyd N., Pvt., Hayward, Wis. (Commissioned 2nd Lieut)
Varley, John W., Pvt. (Wounded in action near Montfaucon Sept. 28, 1918)
Jones, Clyde A, Wag, Milwaukee, Wis. (Wounded in action Sept. 28, 1918, near Montfaucon)
Domenico, Alfred D., Sgt.

COMPANY E

Hackett, Carrol E., 1st Sgt., Platteville, Wis., (Commissioned 2nd Lt.)
Fuelberg, Clarence, Mess Sgt., Platteville, Wis.
Desmond, John T., Sup. Sgt., Platteville, Wis.
Friedland, Waldo, Stab. Sgt., Menasha, Wis.
Bowman, Willard A., Sgt., Platteville, Wis.
Barron, James E., Sgt., Platteville, Wis.
Merry, Roscoe C., Sgt., Platteville, Wis.

MacCulloch, Lucion V., Sgt., Platteville, Wis.
Ralph, Homer D., Sgt., Platteville, Wis.
Richards, Benjamin S., Sgt., Platteville, Wis.
Billings, Henry M., Corp., Platteville, Wis.
Callan, Oswald, E., Corp., Platteville, Wis.
Cordingly, Edwin H., Corp., Platteville, Wis.
Gardner, Claude, Corp., Platteville, Wis.
Goodlad, John A., Corp., Platteville, Wis.
Slothower, David W., Corp., Platteville, Wis.
Wilkins, Robert A., Corp., Platteville, Wis.
Karrmann, Bernhard P., Corp., Platteville, Wis.
Manuel, Timothy C., Corp., Platteville, Wis.
Martin, Virgil C., Corp., Platteville, Wis.
McDermott, Eldren R., Corp., Platteville, Wis.
Tomlinson, Theodore, Corp., Platteville, Wis.
Temby, John O., Corp., Platteville, Wis.
Shuman, Ross E., Corp., Platteville, Wis.
Adkins, William H., Corp., Platteville, Wis.
Peart, Harry H., Corp., Platteville, Wis.
Wells, Charles L. Corp., Platteville, Wis.
Johnson, Hartwig, Hs., Shawano, Wis.
Powell, Charles C., Hs., Platteville, Wis.
Palmer, Harry L. Mec., Platteville, Wis.
Wright, Robert A., Mec., Platteville, Wis.
Stephan, Harry J., Sad., Platteville, Wis.
Kuehling, Charles C., Wag., Platteville, Wis.
Graham, Richard, Ck., Waupaca, Wis.
Cummins, George A., Ck., Platteville, Wis.
Schneider, Arthur, Ck., Waukesha, Wis.
Roach, Gordon, Bugler, Platteville, Wis.
Snyder, Thomas C., Bugler, Platteville, Wis.
Alcott, Harold T., Pvt. 1cl, Platteville, Wis.
Bennett, Paul D., Pvt. 1cl, Platteville, Wis.
Benson, Tom F., Pvt. 1cl, Platteville, Wis.
Berneman, Joseph S., Pvt. 1cl, Platteville, Wis.
Brown, William J., Pvt. 1cl, Platteville, Wis.
Burlingame, Ernest E., Pvt. 1cl, Platteville, Wis.
Byrne, Vincent H., Pvt. 1cl, Platteville, Wis.
Cardy, Clyde R., Pvt. 1cl, Platteville, Wis.
Cushman, Clarence J., Pvt. 1cl, Platteville, Wis.
Deglemann, Michael J., Pvt. 1cl, Platteville, Wis.
Eustice, Raymond R., Pvt. 1cl, Platteville, Wis.
Garvey, Irvin E., Pvt. 1cl, Platteville, Wis.
Hottenstein, William C., Pvt. 1cl, Platteville, Wsi.
Howland, John F., Pvt. 1cl, Platteville, Wis.
Hughes, Idrys O., Pvt. 1cl, Platteville, Wis.
Kane, Leo M., Pvt. 1cl, Platteville, Wis.
Karmann, Walter C., Pvt. 1cl, Platteville, Wis.
Kennedy, Earl D., Pvt. 1cl, Platteville, Wis.
Krog, Walter C., Pvt. 1cl, Platteville, Wis.
Lewis, Frank R., Pvt. 1cl, Platteville, Wis.
Long, Bernhard R., Pvt. 1cl, Platteville, Wis.
Ludwig, Raymond, Pvt. 1cl, Platteville, Wis.
Norris, Claude L., Pvt. 1cl, Platteville, Wis.
Plourde, Harold O., Pvt. 1cl, Platteville, Wis.
Risic, Harry D., Pvt. 1cl, Platteville, Wis.
Speth, John P. R., Pvt. 1cl, Platteville, Wis.

Staver, Charles C., Pvt. 1cl, Platteville, Wis.
Staver, Phillip L., Pvt. 1cl, Platteville, Wis.
Steele, Edward L., Pvt. 1cl, Plattevile, Wis.
Stephan, Andrew M., Pvt. 1cl, Platteville, Wis.
Stonesifer, William H., Pvt., 1cl, Platteville, Wis.
Tarrell, Russell M., Pvt. 1cl, Patteville, Wis.
Walters, Caissus M., Pvt. 1cl, Platteville, Wis.
Wawzynick, Joe, Pvt. 1cl, Platteville, Wis.
Webb, John E., Pvt. 1cl, Platteville, Wis.
Browne, Ross, Pvt. 1cl, Waukesha, Wis.
Bolenbaugh, Seymour G., Pvt. 1cl, Waukesha, Wis.
Dinkel, Walter C., Pvt. 1cl, Waukesha, Wis.
Dunham, Fred, Pvt. 1cl, Waukesha, Wis.
Drewry, Robert B., Pvt. 1cl, Waukesha, Wis.
Erdman, Arthur E., Pvt. 1cl, Waukesha, Wis.
Gebmann, George A., Pvt. 1cl, Waukesha, Wis.
Nuss, Albert, Pvt. 1cl, Waukesha, Wis.
Wallace, Ralph E., Pvt. 1cl, Waukesha, Wis.
Wallrabenstein, George, Pvt. 1cl, Waukesha, Wis.
Wheeler, Ralph F., Pvt. 1cl, Waukesha, Wis.
Ames, William A., Pvt., Platteville, Wis.
Ames, George J, Pvt., Platteville, Wis.
Ames, Christopher A., Pvt., Platteville, Wis.
Alexander, Raymond J., Pvt., Platteville, Wis.
Bennett, Robert, Pvt., Platteville, Wis.
Beyer, George A., Pvt., Platteville, Wis.
Boldt, Benjamin A., Pvt., Platteville, Wis.
Burnes, James A., Pvt., Platteville, Wis.
Bruner, Joseph L., Pvt., Waukesha, Wis.
Bernhagen, Henry F., Pvt., Waterloo, Wis.
Bullion, William R., Pvt. Baraboo, Wis.
Buchanan, Benjamin, Pvt., Waterloo, Wis.
Carpenter, George F., Pvt., Waterloo, Wis.
Cook, Vincent O., Pvt., Platteville, Wis.
Crosby, Carl C., Pvt., Platteville, Wis.
Derr, Charles E., Pvt., Platteville, Wis.
Detert, Herman F., Pvt., Waterloo, Wis.
Dixon, John C., Pvt., Platteville, Wis.
Dolan, Frank R. Pvt., Platteville, Wis.
Danahoe, William T., Pvt., Platteville, Wis.
Doyle, James L., Pvt., Platteville, Wis.
Elliott, Forrest L., Pvt., Waukesha, Wis.
Ehlenfeldt, Edward J., Waterloo, Wis.
Fleege, Leo B., Pvt., Platteville, Wis.
Fuller, Woodburn J., Pvt., Waukesha, Wis.
Bardenier, Edward J., Platteville, Wis.
Genthe, Harvey E., Pvt., Platteville, Wis.
Gierens, George C., Pvt., Platteville, Wis.
Griffiths, William J., Pvt., Platteville, Wis.
Giles, Arthur, Pvt., Waukesha, Wis.
Gibbs, Ray W., Pvt., Waukesha, Wis.
Gebmann, John R., Pvt., Waukesha, Wis.
Gerheairt, Elmer, Pvt., Waukesha, Wis.
Greb, Ray, Pvt., Waukesha, Wis.
Griffiths, David J., Pvt., Waukesha, Wis.
Gruber, Merel J., Pvt., Platteville, Wis.
Grundy, John H., Pvt., Platteville, Wis.

Hartshorn, William F., Pvt., Platteville, Wis.
Habermann, Mark F., Pvt., Waterloo, Wis.
Hargrave, John, Pvt., Waukesha, Wis.
Helker, Howard C., Pvt., Platteville, Wis.
Hooser, Harry B., Pvt., Platteville, Wis.
Hughes, Arthur G., Pvt., Platteville, Wis.
Hutchcrot, John, Pvt., Platteville, Wis.
Hunt, Arthur, Pvt., Waukesha, Wis.
Johnson, Ralph B., Pvt., Platteville, Wis.
Johnson, Bert, Pvt., Platteville, Wis.
Johnston, Charles, Pvt., Platteville, Wis.
Kies, Guerdon F., Pvt., Platteville, Wis.
Kies, Ray A., Pvt., Platteville, Wis.
Kitto, William J., Pvt., Platteville, Wis.
Knudtson, Henry C., Pvt., Waterloo, Wis.
Henderleiter, William, Pvt., Baraboo, Wis.
Lee, Austin, Pvt., Kenosha, Wis.
Long, Leo W., Pvt., Platteville, Wis.
Long, Daniel J., Pvt., Platteville, Wis.
Manion, Will F., Pvt., Platteville, Wis.
Margan, Joseph, Pvt., Platteville, Wis.
Malone, Mark, Pvt., Waukesha, Wis.
McKoy, Byron, Pvt., Shawano, Wis.
Meyer, John L., Pvt., Platteville, Wis.
Meske, Walter B., Pvt., Waterloo, Wis.
Miller, Eddie T., Pvt., Waterloo, Wis.
Mock, Archie L., Pvt., Platteville, Wis.
Monson, Ivar R., Pvt., Platteville, Wis.
Mundon, John M., Pvt., Platteville, Wis.
Mundon, William M., Pvt., Platteville, Wis.
Michalek, Lewis, Pvt., Waukesha, Wis.
Morin, George, Pvt., Waukesha, Wis.
Mueller, George E., Pvt., Waukesha, Wis.
McCarthy, Byran, Pvt., Waukesha, Wis.
Oates, Elgie E., Pvt., Platteville, Wis.
O'Brien, Paul S., Pvt., Platteville, Wis.
Orwcke, John, Pvt., Platteville, Wis. (Drowned July 9, 1918, near Fousse-mange, Alsace.)
Oyer, Kenneth B., Pvt., Platteville, Wis.
Pallett, Ray B., Pvt., Platteville, Wis.
Phillips, Clarence D., Pvt., Platteville, Wis.
Powell, Willie J., Pvt., Waterloo, Wis.
Redmond, Robert B., Pvt., Platteville, Wis.
Peterson, Alfred, Pvt., Waukesha, Wis.
Richards, Elmer E., Pvt., Platteville, Wis.
Rickard, John R., Pvt., Platteville, Wis.
Schmelzer, Benjamin, Pvt., Platteville, Wis.
Schmelzer, Henry W., Pvt., Platteville, Wis.
Shaw, John C., Pvt., Platteville, Wis.
Snyder, John C., Pvt., Platteville, Wis.
Splane, John W., Pvt. Platteville, Wis.
Wagner, Charles A., Pvt., Platteville, Wis.
Wallace, Maurice L., Pvt., Waukesha, Wis.
Walker, Andy I., Pvt., Waukesha, Wis.
Ware, Earl G., Pvt., Platteville, Wis.
Jones, James P., Pvt., Baraboo, Wis.
Bartels, Edward T., Pvt., Platteville, Wis.

Bell, Raymond, Pvt., Waukesha, Wis.
Dorsey, Edward, Pvt., Platteville, Wis.
Ashley, John H., Pvt., Platteville, Wis.
Brady, Edward M., Pvt., Chippewa Falls, Wis.
Cusse, Florent, Pvt., Chippewa Falls, Wis.
Webster, Lester J., Pvt., Platteville, Wis.
Weber, George, Pvt., Waukesha, Wis.
Nawrocki, Sylvester A., Pvt., Platteville, Wis.
McLaughlin, Victor J., Pvt., Platteville, Wis.
Adkins, Joseph S., Pvt., Platteville, Wis.
Wallace, Carl, Pvt., Baraboo, Wis.

COMPANY F

Czarnecki, Henry, F., Mess Sgt., Milwaukee, Wis.
Piechowski, Joseph S., Sup. Sgt., Milwaukee, Wis
Gorski, Joseph, Sgt., Milwaukee, Wis.
Jarzyna, Casimir, Sgt., Milwaukee, Wis.
Kosciolowski, Zygmunt, Sgt., Milwaukee, Wis.
Lassa, Felix C., Sgt., Milwaukee, Wis.
Lesak, Andrew, Sgt., Milwaukee, Wis.
Molenda, John J., Sgt., Milwaukee, Wis.
Milewski, Barney, Sgt., Milwaukee, Wis.
Witt, Clemeic A., Sgt., Milwaukee, Wis.
Borchardt, Joseph, Corp., Milwaukee, Wis.
Chmielewski, Walter J., Corp., Milwaukee, Wis.
Czerniewski, Stefan, Corp., Milwaukee, Wis.
Dworczyk, Anton, Corp., Milwaukee, Wis.
Felski, Walter, Corp., Milwaukee, Wis.
Gajkowski, Frank, Corp., Milwaukee, Wis.
Haak, Stanley, Corp., Milwaukee, Wis.
Helminiak, Albert, Corp., Milwaukee, Wis.
Gradelski, Konstanty, Corp., Milwaukee, Wis.
Janicki, Albert, Corp., Milwaukee, Wis.
Niemojewski, John, Corp., Milwaukee, Wis.
Roszak, Joseph, Corp., Milwaukee, Wis.
Sobczak, Stanley, Corp., Milwaukee, Wis.
Stec, Adam, Corp., Milwaukee, Wis.
Staszak, Anton, Corp., Milwaukee, Wis.
Szatkowski, Ignacy, Corp., Milwaukee, Wis.
Stachowiak, Gerard, Corp., Milwaukee, Wis.
Chmura, Anton, Ch. Mec., Milwaukee, Wis.
Kotowicz, Frank, Mec., Milwaukee, Wis.
Kowalski, Edmund, Mec., Milwaukee, Wis.
Buczynski, Joseph, Ck., Milwaukee, Wis.
Kozminski, Stanislaus, Ck., Milwaukee, Wis.
Ratkowski, Frank, Ck., Milwaukee, Wis.
Balcerak, Joseph, Pvt. 1cl, Milwaukee, Wis.
Bogadajewicz, Henry, Pvt. 1cl, Milwaukee, Wis.
Boreisszis, Joseph, Pvt. 1cl, Milwaukee, Wis.
Chycinski, Frank, Pvt. 1cl, Milwaukee, Wis.
Cieslak, Michael, Pvt. 1cl, Milwaukee, Wis.
Duznski, Andrew, Pvt. 1cl, Milwaukee, Wis.
Garstecki, Alex, Pvt. 1cl, Milwaukee, Wis.
Garstecki, Ladislaus, Pvt. 1cl, Milwaukee, Wis.

Gorski, Stanley, Pvt. 1cl, Milwaukee, Wis.
Jagodzinski, Roman, Pvt. 1cl, Milwaukee, Wis.
Karas, Leo, Pvt. 1cl, Milwaukee, Wis.
Karolewicz, Bernard, Pvt. 1cl, Milwaukee, Wis.
Kelszczynski, William, Pvt. 1cl, Milwaukee, Wis.
Kocz, John, Pvt. 1cl, Milwaukee, Wis.
Kolodziejski, Mikolaj, Pvt. 1cl, Milwaukee, Wis.
Krygier, Frank, Pvt. 1cl, Milwaukee, Wis.
Majchrzak, Stanley, Pvt. 1cl, Milwaukee, Wis.
Nowak, Casimir, Pvt. 1cl, Milwaukee, Wis.
Nowicki, Adam, Pvt. 1cl, Milwaukee, Wis.
Pawlak, John, Pvt. 1cl, Milwaukee, Wis.
Pigolski, Stanislaus, Pvt. 1cl, Milwaukee, Wis
Radowicz, Michael, Pvt. 1c, Milwaukee, Wis
Smigaj, Stanley L., Pvt. 1cl, Milwaukee, Wis.
Stelmachowski, Joseph, Pvt. 1cl, Milwaukee, Wis.
Serdak, Stanley, Pvt. 1cl, Milwaukee, Wis.
Szatkowski, Leo J., Pvt. 1cl, Milwaukee, Wis.
Szulc, Andrew, Pvt. 1cl Milwaukee, Wis.
Tuzinski, Boleslaw, Pvt. 1cl, Milwaukee, Wis.
Wojciechowski, Stanley, Pvt. 1cl, Milwaukee, Wis.
Woznik, Joseph, Pvt. 1cl, Milwaukee, Wis.
Zalewski, August, Jr., Pvt. 1cl, Milwaukee, Wis.
Zalewski, Roman, Pvt. 1cl, Milwaukee, Wis.
Alceser, Heromin, Pvt., Milwaukee, Wis.
Anczak, John, Pvt., Milwaukee, Wis.
Badewicz, Stanley, Pvt., Milwaukee, Wis.
Bieske, August, Pvt., Milwaukee, Wis.
Boinski, Sylvester, Pvt., Milwaukee, Wis.
Borzych, Paul, Pvt., Milwaukee, Wis.
Cieska, John, Pvt., Milwaukee, Wis.
Cywinski, Joseph, Pvt., Milwaukee, Wis.
Czerwinski, Constanty, Pvt., Milwaukee, Wis.
Czarkowski, Mieczslaw, Pvt., Milwaukee, Wis.
Chlebowski, Frank, Pvt., Milwaukee, Wis.
Czerniewski, Joseph, Pvt., Milwaukee, Wis.
Danielak, Stanislaw, Pvt., Milwaukee, Wis.
Danielski, Walter, Pvt., Milwaukee, Wis.
Domanski, Joseph, Pvt., Milwaukee, Wis.
Dziemian, Frank Pvt., Milwaukee, Wis.
Dudek, John, Pvt., Milwaukee, Wis.
Gajkowski, Edward, Pvt., Milwaukee, Wis.
Gallon, Vincent, Pvt., Milwaukee, Wis.
Gembicki, Stanley, Pvt., Milwaukee, Wis.
Glish, Bennie, Pvt., Milwaukee, Wis.
Glaszczak, Michael, Pvt., Milwaukee, Wis.
Glowacki, Joseph, Pvt., Milwaukee, Wis.
Gnatkoski Leon, Pvt., Milwaukee, Wis.
Gondek, Joseph, Pvt., Milwaukee, Wis.
Grubich, Kasimir, Pvt., Milwaukee, Wis.
Gruss, Bronoslaw, Pvt., Milwaukee, Wis.
Hanke, Stanislaus, Pvt., Milwaukee, Wis.
Helminiak, Frank, Pvt., Milwaukee, Wis.
Hensiak, Frank, Pvt., Milwaukee, Wis.
Homanski, Ludwig, Pvt., Milwaukee, Wis.
Jablonowski, Stanley, Pvt., Milwaukee Wis.
Jakimczjy, Joseph, Pvt., Milwaukee, Wis.

Janik, Witold, Pvt., Milwaukee, Wis.
Janiszewski, Waclaw, Pvt., Milwaukee, Wis.
Jankowski, Michale, Pvt., Milwaukee, Wis.
Japczynski, Walter, Pvt., Milwaukee, Wis.
Jasinski, John, Pvt., Milwaukee, Wis.
Jakubinak, Stanley, Pvt., Milwaukee, Wis.
Juzwik, Chester, Pvt., Milwaukee, Wis.
Karolewicz, Frank, Pvt., Milwaukee, Wis.
Karolewicz, Frank M., Pvt., Milwaukee, Wis.
Kadingo, Frank, Pvt., Milwaukee, Wis.
Kadingo, Joseph, Pvt., Milwaukee, Wis.
Kaminski, Edward, Pvt., Milwaukee, Wis.
Karnowski, George A., Pvt., Milwaukee, Wis.
Karpinski, Valentine, Pvt., Milwaukee, Wis.
Kloweski, Joseph, Pvt., Milwaukee, Wis.
Kocorowski, John, Pvt., Milwaukee, Wis.
Koralewski, Walter, Pvt., Milwaukee, Wis.
Korczynski, Nililas, Pvt., Milwaukee, Wis.
Kosinski, Alexander, Pvt., Milwaukee, Wis.
Kostecki, Mathew, Pvt., ilwaukee, Wis.
Kotowicz, Peter, Pvt., Milwaukee, Wis.
Koziczki, Ignatz, Pvt., Milwaukee, Wis.
Kozlowski, Joseph, Pvt., Milwaukee, Wis.
Kozlowski Leo, Pvt., Milwaukee, Wis.
Krupnik, Stanislau, Pvt., Milwaukee, Wis.
Kurowski, Maxymilliau, Pvt., Milwaukee, Wis.
Kuskowski, Peter, Pvt., Milwaukee, Wis.
Kulbacki, Kazimier, Pvt., Milwaukee, Wis.
Kulbacki, Witold, Pvt., Milwaukee, Wis.
Kwiatkowski, Harry, Pvt., Milwaukee, Wis.
Lenz, Adolf, Pvt., Milwaukee, Wis.
Lewandowski, Joseph, Pvt., Milwaukee, Wis.
Ludka, Alois, Pvt., Milwaukee, Wis.
Maciaszyk, John, Pvt., Milwaukee, Wis.
Makarewicz, Jacob, Pvt., Milwaukee, Wis.
Makowski, Andrew, Pvt., Milwaukee, Wis.
Malinowski, Michael, Pvt., Milwaukee, Wis.
Michalski, Walter, Pvt., Milwaukee, Wis.
Mikolajczak, Frank, Pvt., Milwaukee, Wis.
Milzarek, Frank, Pvt., Milwaukee, Wis.
Niewinski, Paul, Pvt., Milwaukee, Wis.
Nowaczyk, Stefan, Pvt., Milwaukee, Wis.
Nowak, Leon, Pvt., Milwaukee, Wis.
Nowakowski, Mathew, Pvt., Milwaukee, Wis.
Noworolnik, Martin, Pvt., Milwaukee, Wis.
Olszewski, Frank, Pvt., Milwaukee, Wis.
Orlowski, Michael, Pvt., Milwaukee, Wis.
Para, Stanley, Pvt., Milwaukee, Wis.
Parsly, Stanley, Pvt., Milwaukee, Wis.
Paszak, Felix, Pvt., Milwaukee, Wis.
Piontek, John, Pvt., Milwaukee, Wis.
Piontek, Mathew, Pvt., Milwaukee, Wis.
Polachowski, Frank, Pvt., Milwaukee, Wis.
Polubitz, Wyllem, Pvt., Milwaukee, Wis.
Puczylowski, Izydor, Pvt., Milwaukee, Wis.
Rakowski, Ingnaczy, Pvt., Milwaukee, Wis.
Reniak, Stephan, Pvt., Milwaukee, Wis.

Remiszewski, Stanley, Pvt., Milwaukee, Wis.
Rewolinski, Leon, Pvt., Milwaukee, Wis.
Rolerat, Boleslaw, Pvt., Milwaukee, Wis.
Rybicki, Valenty, Pvt., Milwaukee, Wis.
Sawicki, Vincent, Pvt., Milwaukee, Wis.
Sinka, Joseph, Pvt., Milwaukee, Wis.
Sudzinski, Leo, Pvt., Milwaukee, Wis.
Skorupski, Kazmer, Pvt., Milwaukee, Wis.
Smolkowicz, Lorenc, Pvt., Milwaukee, Wis.
Smykacz, Peter, Pvt., Milwaukee, Wis.
Stapski, Stanislaw, Pvt., Milwaukee, Wis.
Starczewski, Frank, Pvt., Milwaukee, Wis.
Staszak, Lawrence, Pvt., Milwaukee, Wis.
Stec, Stanislaus, Pvt., Milwaukee, Wis.
Stefanski, Joseph, Pvt., Milwaukee, Wis.
Stempin, Joseph, Pvt., Milwaukee, Wis.
Strzyewski, Tony, Pvt., Milwaukee, Wis.
Tarkowski, Frank, Pvt., Milwaukee, Wis.
Tomczyk, James, Pvt., Milwaukee, Wis.
Wawrzyniak, Adolf, Pvt., Milwaukee, Wis.
Wesolowski, Marion M., Pvt., Milwaukee, Wis.
Wicherski, Casimir, Pvt., Milwaukee, Wis.
Wiesniewski, Stanley, Pvt., Milwaukee, Wis.
Winski, John, Pvt., Milwaukee, Wis.
Wipijewski, Michael, Pvt., Milwaukee, Wis.
Wisniewski, Vincent, Pvt., Milwaukee, Wis.
Wojciechowski, Frank, Pvt., Milwaukee, Wis.
Wojciechowski, John, Pvt., Milwaukee, Wis.
Wroblewski, Alex, Pvt., Milwaukee, Wis.
Wyka, Sebestyn, Pvt., Milwaukee, Wis.
Zagorski, John, Pvt., Milwaukee, Wis.
Zdrojewski, Stephan, Pvt., Milwaukee, Wis.
Zakrzewski, Joseph, Pvt., Milwaukee, Wis.

COMPANY G

Majerowski, Frank 1st Sgt., Milwaukee, Wis.
Gill, Clement, Sup. Sgt., Milwaukee, Wis.
Czerwinski, Stanley J., Mess Sgt., Milwaukee, Wis.
Boinski, Roman, Stab. Sgt., Milwaukee, Wis.
Czarnyszka, Anthony, Sgt., Milwaukee, Wis.
Czechorski, Roman, Sgt., Milwaukee, Wis.
Czerwinski, Max J., Sgt., Milwaukee, Wis.
Gromowski, Bleslaw, Sgt., Milwaukee, Wis.
Gwitt, Stanley F., Sgt., Milwaukee, Wis.
Karas, Joseph, Sgt., Milwaukee, Wis.
Majerowski, John A., Sgt., Milwaukee, Wis.
Matyasik, Philip, Sgt., Milwaukee, Wis.
Przytarski, Anthony J., Sgt., Milwaukee, Wis.
Sperka, Alois, Sgt., Milwaukee, Wis.
Sperka, Stanley, Sgt., Milwaukee, Wis.
Czarniak, Frank, Corp., Milwaukee, Wis.
Dendor, Stanislaw, Corp., Milwaukee, Wis.
Goralski, Idzi, Milwaukee, Wis.

Kloman, Joseph, Corp., Milwaukee, Wis.
Klotecki, Walter, Corp., Milwaukee, Wis.
Lang, Daniel, Corp., Milwaukee, Wis.
Lisiecki, Roman, Corp., Milwaukee, Wis.
Mankiewicz, Dan, Corp., Milwaukee, Wis.
Ludke, Frank, Corp., Milwaukee, Wis.
Materna, Leo, Corp., Milwaukee, Wis.
Mlodzik, Harry M., Corp., Milwaukee, Wis.
Pochowski, Louis L., Corp., Milwaukee, Wis.
Szwanka, Stanley, Corp., Milwaukee, Wis.
Stencil, Albert, Corp., Milwaukee, Wis.
Szmania, Valentine, Corp., Milwaukee, Wis.
Stanczyk, Frank, Corp., Milwaukee, Wis.
Sarnowski, Anton, Corp., Milwaukee, Wis.
Swiatkowski, Stanley, Corp., Milwaukee, Wis.
Wysocki, Andrew, Corp., Milwaukee, Wis.
Wnuk, August, Corp., Milwaukee, Wis.
Zukowski, Walter, Corp., Milwaukee, Wis.
Zywny, Joseph, Corp., Milwaukee, Wis.
Ludwin, Frank, Hs., Milwaukee, Wis.
Kopydlowski, Alex, Hs., Milwaukee, Wis.
Rumacki, Frank, Hs., Milwaukee, Wis.
Brengoss, Toofil, Mec., Milwaukee, Wis.
Tyjowski, Walter, Mec., Milwaukee, Wis.
Boran, Felix, Sad., Milwaukee, Wis.
Benkowski, August, Wag., Milwaukee, Wis.
Bilot, Joseph L., Wag., Milwaukee, Wis.
Chmiolowski, Joseph L., Wag., Milwaukee, Wis.
Chibicki, Alex, Wag., Milwaukee, Wis.
Dura, Alex, Wag., Milwaukee, Wis.
Frelka, Anton, Wag., Milwaukee, Wis.
Golinski, Frank, Wag., Milwaukee, Wis.
Gromowski, Phillip, Wag., Milwaukee, Wis.
Glyzowski, Joseph, Wag., Milwaukee, Wis.
Holowinski, Joseph, Wag., Milwaukee, Wis.
Jagiolski, Stanley, Wag., Milwaukee, Wis.
Jankowaki, John, Wag., Milwaukee, Wis.
Jozofiak, Alex, Wag., Milwaukee, Wis.
Krajewski, Alexander, Wag., Milwaukee, Wis.
Kondziorski, Roman, Wag., Milwaukee, Wis.
Kuklinski, Alois, Wag., Milwaukee, Wis.
Linda, Alois, Wag., Milwaukee, Wis.
Majowski, John, Wag., Milwaukee, Wis.
Mrozinski, John J., Wag., Milwaukee, Wis.
Nowicki, Frank, Wag., Milwaukee, Wis.
Nyka, Thomas, Wag., Milwaukee, Wis.
Olszowski, Frank, C., Wag., Milwaukee, Wis.
Poplinski, Walter V., Wag., Milwaukee, Wis.
Poloczynski, Stanley F., Wag., Milwaukee, Wis.
Przybycien, Stancy, Wag., Milwaukee, Wis.
Przybyla, Andrew, Wag., Milwaukee, Wis.
Racinowski, Walter, Wag., Milwaukee, Wis.
Ratajowski, John, Wag., Milwaukee, Wis.
Racowicz, Andrew, Wag., Milwaukee, Wis.
Rakowski, Stanley, Wag., Milwaukee, Wis.
Romanski, Frank, Wag., Milwaukee, Wis.
Stroick, Matt, Wag., Milwaukee, Wis.

Sucharski, Stanley, Wag., Milwaukee, Wis.
Walocki, Anton, Wag., Milwaukee, Wis.
Walczak, Walter, Wag., Milwaukee, Wis.
Zywicki, Edward, Wag., Milwaukee, Wis.
Grabowski, Leo, Ck., Milwaukee, Wis.
Kosinski, Julius, Ck., Milwaukee, Wis.
Szelicki, Frank Ck., Milwaukee, Wis.
Maziarz, John, Bugler, Milwaukee, Wis.
Szyszkowski, John, Bugler, Milwaukee, Wis.
Buda, Andrew, Pvt. 1cl, Milwaukee, Wis.
Czarniak, Michael, Pvt. 1cl, Milwaukee, Wis.
Dora, Charles, Pvt. 1cl, Milwaukee, Wis.
Gradecki, John, Pvt. 1cl, Milwaukee, Wis.
Goch, John, Pvt. 1cl, Milwaukee, Wis.
Jablonski, Ladislaus, Pvt. 1cl, Milwaukee, Wis.
Jaronski, John, Pvt. 1cl, Milwaukee, Wis.
Kacanowski, Leon, Pvt. 1cl, Milwaukee, Wis.
Mozak, John, Pvt. 1cl, Milwaukee, Wis.
Lelo, Frank, Pvt. 1cl, Milwaukee, Wis.
Lesniak, Joseph, Pvt. 1cl, Milwaukee, Wis.
Leszczynski, Edward, Pvt. 1cl, Milwaukee, Wis.
Mankiewicz, Christy, Pvt., 1cl Milwaukee, Wis.
Michalski, Stanley, Pvt. 1cl, Milwaukee, Wis.
Nitkowski, John L., Pvt. 1cl, Milwaukee, Wis.
Paulikas, Anton, Pvt. 1cl, Milwaukee, Wis.
Slaski, John, Ppt. 1cl, Milwaukee, Wis.
Szurpik, Stephen, Pvt. 1cl, Milwaukee, Wis.
Tackowiak, Joseph, Pvt. 1sl, Milwaukee, Wis.
Tuchalski, Stanley, Pvt., 1cl, Milwaukee, Wis
Truszkowski, Anton, Pvt. 1cl, Milwaukee, Wis.
Wichowski, Leopold, B., Pvt. 1cl, Milwaukee, Wis.
Adamski, Boloslaw, Pvt., Milwaukee, Wis.
Bril, Wladyslaw, Pvt., Milwaukee, Wis.
Doresinski, Victor, Pvt., Milwaukee, Wis.
Draczka, Casimir, Pvt., Milwaukee, Wis.
Dzicbck, Stanley, Pvt., Milwaukee, Wis.
Czerwinski, Alexander, Pvt., Milwaukee, Wis.
Franckowiak, Frank, Pvt., Milwaukee, Wis.
Gorocki, Kazimierz, Pvt., Milwaukee, Wis.
Grzona, Walter, Pvt., Milwaukee, Wis.
Jasinski, Wincenty, Pvt., Milwaukee, Wis.
Kaminski, Stanley, Pvt., Milwaukee, Wis.
Kolasinski, Charles R., Pvt., Milwaukee, Wis.
Klota, John, Pvt., Milwaukee, Wis.
Komasiewicz, Joseph, Pvt., Milwaukee, Wis.
Kroska, Wincenty, Pvt., Milwaukee, Wis.
Kubaszewski, Stephan, Pvt., Milwaukee, Wis.
Kunikowski, Martin, Pvt., Milwaukee, Wis.
Laskowski, Benjamin, Pvt., Milwaukee, Wis.
Majewski, Felix A., Pvt., Milwaukee, Wis.
Mikolajczak, John, Pvt., Milwaukee, Wis.
Moranski, Stanley, Pvt., Milwaukee, Wis.
Nycz, Ludwig, Pvt., Milwaukee, Wis.
Crzochowski, Michael, Pvt., Milwaukee, Wis.
Polaszka, Frank Pvt., Milwaukee, Wis.
Porazynski, Walter, Pvt., Milwaukee, Wis.
Rofiiski, Adam, Pvt., Milwaukee, Wis.

Rogalski, Leon A., Milwaukee, Wis.
Sampolinski, Anthony, Pvt., Milwaukee, Wis.
Strcompkowski, Barney, Pvt., Milwaukee, Wis.
Sikorski, Frank L., Pvt., Milwaukee, Wis.
Sosnowski, Joseph, Pvt., Milwaukee, Wis.
Skalba, Stanley, Pvt., Milwaukee, Wis.
Smaira, John, Pvt., Milwaukee, Wis.
Szoffor, Andrew, Pvt., Milwaukee, Wis.
Szymczali, Anton, Pvt., Milwaukee, Wis.
Truchan, George, Pvt., Milwaukee, Wis.
Urbanski, Casimir, Pvt., Milwaukee, Wis.
Ulicki, Chester, Pvt., Milwaukee, Wis.
Wasilewski, Frank, Pvt., Milwaukee, Wis.
Woitekajtis, Joseph, Pvt., Milwaukee, Wis.
Wnuczek, John, Pvt., Milwaukee, Wis.
Wrecza, Joseph, Pvt., Milwaukee, Wis.
Wojtalewicz, Ignac, Pvt., Milwaukee, Wis.
Witkowski, Stephan, Pvt., Milwaukee, Wis.

Actions
In Which the 107th Ammunition Train Engaged.

Alsace Sector—June 16 to July 23, 1918; Aisne-Marne Offensive—July 29 to August 24, 1918; Oise-Aisne Sector (Juvigny Offensive)—August 28 to September 7, 1918; Meuse-Argonne Offensive—September 26 to November 11, 1918; Army of Occupation—January 18 to April 21, 1919.